THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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In This Number

BANZAI! By Samuel G. Blythe
H. R., By Edwin Lefèvre—PERFECTLY NEUTER, By Montague Glass

The York

(By the House of Kuppenheimer)

THERE is a bit of daring about the YORK one-button model, but see how graceful it is!

A *high novelty* if you like—but as correct as you please and not difficult to wear. It is destined for great popularity, especially with the younger men.

Note the long graceful sweep of the coat front, rolled back to show the waistcoat with its soft roll collar and the top button open. The coat closes with one button, which is placed at the waist-line, accentuating the shaped military effect at the waist and back.

We are proud of the YORK, if for no other reason than that it points a needed lesson in clothes-making—however extreme the fashion, its first essential is that it should be graceful and becoming.

Clothes design, like music and public-speaking, is largely a matter of emphasis. The art is to put the emphasis in the right place.

With the fastest growing young men's business in America, two things are clear: We are making the right clothes, and men everywhere are more and more alive to the Kuppenheimer dealer and the values he offers them.

Prices—$20 to $40

Kuppenheimer Clothes are sold by a representative store in nearly every Metropolitan center of the United States and Canada. Your name on a post card will bring you our Book of Fashions.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER
CHICAGO

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Holeproofs are the ideal summer hose—six pairs are guaranteed to need no darning for six months

DURING the past 16 years millions of people have come to know the vast improvements that Holeproof Hose provide.

Now men, women and children—hundreds of thousands of entire families—enjoy additional hosiery *style*, *comfort* and *economy*. We make Holeproof in silk for men and women. In cotton for grown-ups, and children, too.

Three pairs of the silk are guaranteed to wear three months without holes—six pairs of the cotton are guaranteed for six months.

If any of the pairs fail in that time we will replace them with new hose absolutely FREE.

Such hose are the result of experience and of paying the price for the finest materials the world affords. That is all there is to it.

25c to $1.00 Per Pair

And note that Holeproof, with all their advantages, cost the same as common hose. In fact, because Holeproof *wear* longer than others, they are the *least expensive hose on the market.*

Ask your dealer for Holeproof. *Look for the trademark.* There's only *one genuine Holeproof* and it bears that mark on the toe.

The genuine is sold in your town. Ask for dealers' names. We ship direct where no dealer is near, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance. Write for free book that tells all about these hose.

Men's, 25 cents per pair and up—Women's, 35 cents per pair and up—Children's, 35 cents per pair.

Holeproof Trade Mark Hosiery

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA, Ltd., LONDON, CANADA
HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, 10 Church Alley, LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND (652)

BY INVITATION MEMBER OF RICH LEADERS OF THE WORLD ASSOCIATION

A New Feature in Women's Stockings

The Holeproof Elastic Ribbed Cotton Top on either silk or cotton stockings—a feature that means ideal comfort for both stout and slender women.

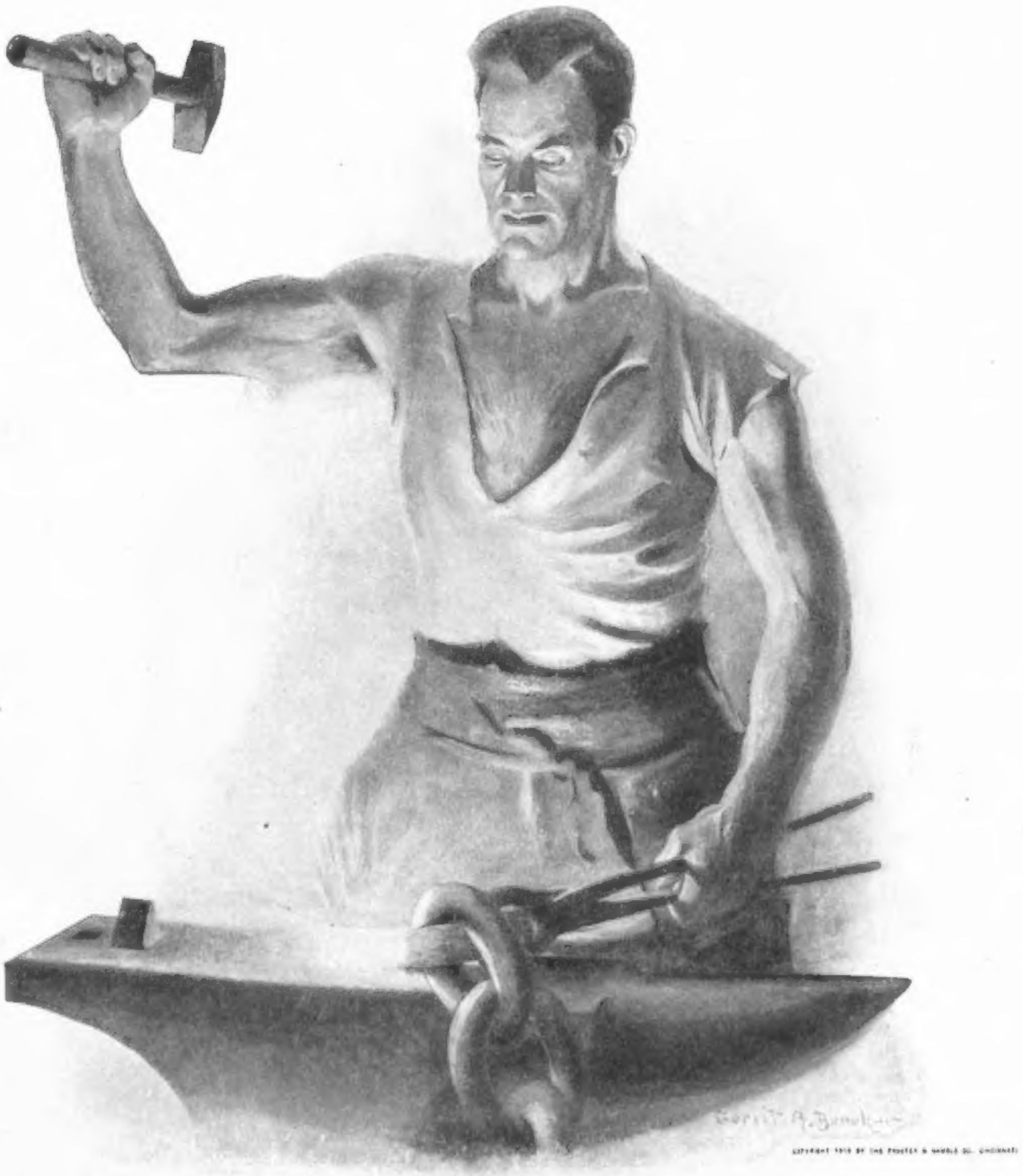
A top that stretches wide but always returns to shape—it is fast becoming our most popular number.

Ask your dealer about it. If he can't supply you write us and we'll see that you get it. Holeproof, of course, can be had also with the regular hemmed garter tops.

Holeproof Guaranteed Silk Gloves FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Every man and woman should also examine Holeproof Silk Gloves. They are now sold in many stores. Made of the best quality silk, with *reinforced* finger tips that are *guaranteed* to outwear the gloves themselves.

We would not give the name "Holeproof" to any but the most durable gloves on the market. Write for prices and free book that tells all about them. We send them direct upon receipt of price if we have no dealer near you.



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Ivory Soap is not limited to any one kind of cleaning because it does not depend upon ingredients suitable only for special kinds of work. Ivory Soap is nothing but pure soap of the best quality. It cleans thoroughly because it is pure, high-grade soap. It cleans gently because it is pure, high-grade soap. Its purity and quality make Ivory Soap safe and effective for every purpose.

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H. R.

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

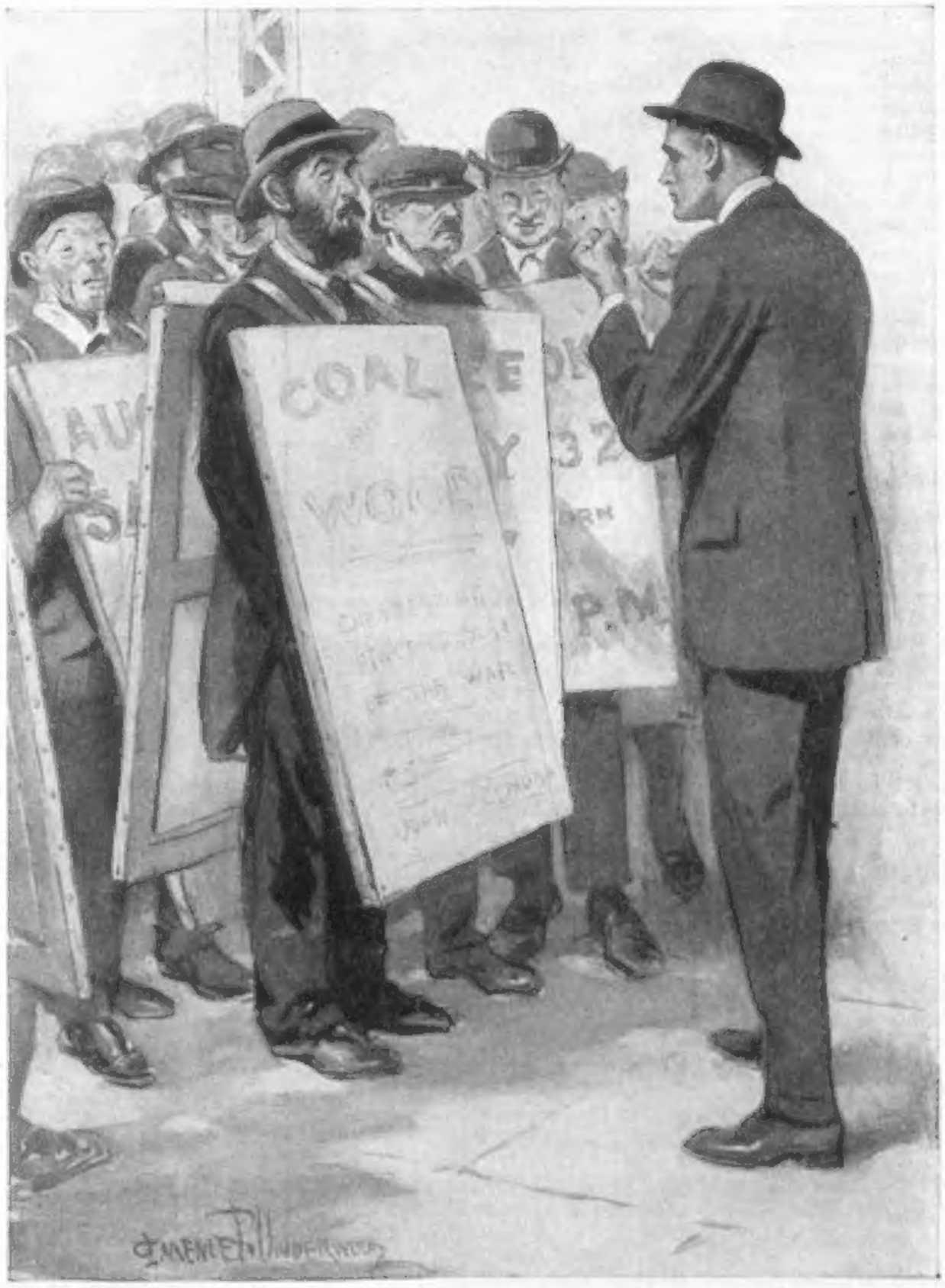
ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

THE trouble was not in being a bank clerk, but in being a clerk in a bank that wanted him to be nothing but a bank clerk. That kind always enriches first the bank and later on a bit of soil somewhere.

Hendrik Rutgers had no desire to enrich either bank or soil. He was blue-eyed, brown-haired, clear-skinned, rosy-cheeked, tall, well-built and square-chinned. He always was in fine physical trim, which made people envy him so that they begrudged him advancement. But it also made them like him, because they were so flattered when he reduced himself to their level by not bragging of his muscles. He had a quick-gaited mind and much fluency of speech; also the peculiar sense of humor of a born leader, which enabled him to laugh at what any witty devil said about others even while it prevented him from seeing jokes aimed at his sacred self. He not only was congenitally stubborn—from his Dutch ancestors—but he had his Gascon grandmother's ability to believe whatever he wished to believe and his Scandinavian great-grandfather's power to fill himself with berserker rage in a twinkling. This made him begin all arguments by clenching his fists. Having in his veins so many kinds of un-American blood he was one of the few real Americans in his own country, and he always said so. It was this blood that now began to boil for no reason; though the reason was really that it was spring. He had acquired the American habit of reading the newspapers instead of thinking, and so his mind always worked in headlines. This time it worked like this:

MORE MONEY AND MORE FUN!

Being an American he instantly looked about for the first rung of the ladder of success. He had always liked the cashier. A man climbs at first by his friends; later by his enemies. That is why friends are superfluous later. Hendrik, so self-confident that he did not even have to frown, approached the kindly superior.



"Just Now You are Nothing But a Bunch of Dirty Hoboes—Scum of the Earth!"

"Mr. Coster," he said pleasantly, "I've been on the job over two years. I've done my work satisfactorily. I need more money." You could see from his manner that it was much nicer to state facts than to argue.

The cashier was looking out of the big plate-glass window at the wonderful blue sky. New York! April! He swung on his swivel-chair, and facing Hendrik Rutgers stared at a white birch by a trout stream three hundred miles north of the bank.

"Huh?" he grunted absently. Then the words he had not heard indented the proper spot on his brain and he became a kindly bank cashier once more.

"My boy," he said sympathetically, "I know how it is. Everybody gets the fit about this time of year. What kind of a fly would you use for—I mean, you go back to your cage and confine your attention to the K-L ledger."

A two hours' walk in the Westchester hills would have made these two men brothers. Instead, Hendrik allowed himself to fill up with that anger which is apt to become indignation and thus lead to freedom. Anger is wrath over injury; indignation is wrath over injustice. Hence the freedom.

"I am worth more to the bank than I'm getting. If the bank wants me to stay——"

"Hendrik, I'll do you a favor. Go out and take a walk. Come back in ten minutes—cured!"

"Thanks, Mr. Coster. But suppose I still want a raise when I come back?"

"Then I'll accept your resignation."

"But I don't want to resign. I want to be worth still more to the bank, so that the bank will be only too glad to pay me more. I don't want to live and die a clerk. That would be stupid for me, and also for the bank."

"Take the walk, Hen. Then come back and see me."

"What good will that do me?"

"So far as I can see it will enable you to be fired by no less than the big chief himself. Tell Morson you are going to do something for me. Walk round and look at the people—thousands of them. They are working! Don't forget that, Hen—working; making regular wages! Good luck, my boy. I've never done this before, but you caught me fishing. I had just hooked a three-pounder," he finished apologetically.

Hendrik was suffocating as he returned to his cage. He did not think, he felt—felt that everything was wrong with a civilization that kept both wild beasts and bank clerks in cages. He put on his hat, told the head bookkeeper he was going on an errand for Mr. Coster and left the bank.

The sky was pure blue and the clouds pure white. There was in the air that which even when strained through the bank's window screens had made Hendrik so restless. To breathe it outdoors made the step more elastic, the heartbeats more vigorous, the thoughts more vivid, the resolve stronger. The chimneys were waving white plumes in the bright air—waving toward heaven! He wished to hear the song of freedom of streams escaping from the mountains, of the snow elves liberated by the sun; to hear birds with the spring in their throats, admitting it; and the impatient breeze telling the awakening trees to hurry up with the sap. Instead, he heard the noises that civilized people make when they make money. Also, whenever he ceased to look upward, in the place of the free sunlight and the azure liberty of God's sky he beheld the senseless scurrying of thousands of human ants bent on the same golden errand. When a man looks down he always sees dollar-chasing insects—his brothers!

He clenched his fists and changed, by the magic of the season, into a fighting man. He saw that the ant life of Wall Street was really a battle. Men here were not writing on ledgers, but fighting deserts and swamps and mountains and heat and cold and hunger—fighting Nature; fighting her with gold for more gold. It followed that men were fighting men with gold for more gold! So, of course, men were killing men with gold for more gold! So greatly has civilization advanced that to-day man not only is able to use dollars to kill with, but boasts of it.

"Fools!" he thought, having in mind all other living men.

After he had definitely classified humanity he felt more kindly disposed toward the world. After all, why should men fight Nature or fight men? Nature was only too willing to let men live who kept her laws; and men were only too willing to love their fellow-men if only dollars were not sandwiched in between human hearts. He saw in great happy flashes the comfort of living intelligently, brothers all, employers and employed, rid of the curse of money—the curse of making it, the curse of coining it out of the sweat and sorrow of humanity.

"Fools!" This time he spoke his thought aloud. A hurrying broker's clerk smiled superciliously, recognizing a stock-market loser talking of himself to himself, as they

all do. But Hendrik really had in mind bank clerks who, instead of striking off their fetters, caressed them as though they were the hands of sweethearts; or wept, as though tears could soften steel; or blasphemed, as though curses were cold chisels! And every year the fetters were made thicker by the blacksmith habit. To be a bank clerk now and always—now and always nothing!

He now beheld all about him hordes of sheep-hearted things with pens behind their ears and black-cloth sleeve protectors, who said, with the spitefulness of magazine editors:

"You also are of us!"

He would not be of them! He might not be able to change conditions in the world of finance, not knowing exactly how to go about it; but he certainly could change the financial condition of Hendrik Rutgers. He would become a free man. He would do it by getting more money, if not from the bank then from somebody else. In all imperfectly Christianized democracies a man must capitalize his freedom or cease to be free.

He returned to the bank. He was worth thousands to it. This could be seen in his walk. And yet when the cashier saw Hendrik's face he instantly rose from his chair, held up a hand to check unnecessary speech, and said:

"Come on, Rutgers. You are a fool, but I have no time to convince you of it. You understand, of course, that you'll never work for us again!"

"I shall tell the president ——"

"Yes, yes. He'll fire you."

"Not if he is intelligent, he won't," said Rutgers with assurance. The cashier looked at him pityingly and retorted:

"A long catalogue of your virtues and manifold efficiency will weigh with him as much as two cubic inches of hydrogen. But I warned you."

"I know you did," said Hendrik pleasantly. Whereupon Coster frowned and said:

"You are in Class B—eight hundred dollars a year. In due time you will be promoted to Class C—one thousand dollars a year. You knew our system and what the prospects were when you came to us. Other men are ahead of you; they have been here longer than you. We want to be fair to all. If you were going to be dissatisfied you should not have kept somebody else out of a job."

Hendrik did not know how fair the bank was to clerks in Class C. He knew they were not fair to one man in Class B. Facts are facts. Arguments are sea foam.

"You say I kept somebody out of a job?" he asked.

"Yes, you did!" The cashier's tone was so accusing that Hendrik said:

"Don't call a policeman, Mr. Coster!"

"And don't you get fresh, Rutgers! Now, see here, you go back and let the raise come in the usual course. I'll give you a friendly tip: Once you are in Class C you will be more directly under my own eye!"

Instead of feeling grateful for the implied promise, Hendrik could think only that they classified men like cattle. All steers weighing one thousand pounds went into pen C, and so on. This saved time to the butchers who, not having to pause in order to weigh and classify, were enabled to slit many more throats per day. He did not know it, but he thought all this because he wished to go fishing. Therefore, he said:

"I've got to have more money." His fists clenched and his face flushed. He thought of cattle; of the ox-making bank; of being driven from pen A into pen B. And in the end—fertilizer!

"I've got to!" he repeated thickly.

"You won't get it, take it from me. To ask for it now simply means being instantly fired."

"Being fired" sounded so much like "Being freed" that Hendrik retorted pleasantly:

"Mr. Coster, you may yet live to take your orders from me if I am fired. But if I stay here you never will, that's sure."

The cashier flushed angrily, opened his mouth, magnanimously closed it, and with a shrug of his shoulders preceded Hendrik Rutgers into the private office of the president.

"Mr. Goodchild," said Coster, so deferentially that Hendrik looked at him in surprise for a full minute before the surprise changed into contempt.

Mr. Goodchild, the president, did not even answer. He frowned, deliberately walked to a window and stared out of it sourly. A little deal of his own had gone wrong, owing to the stupidity of a subordinate. He had lost Money! He was a big man, with jowls and little puffs under the eyes; also suspicions of purple in cheeks and nose, and suspicions of everybody in his eyes. Presently he turned and spat upon the intruders. He did it with one mild little word:

"Well?"

The Old Fellow Wore the Hunted Look That Comes From Thirty Years of Fear of Dismissal

He then confined his scowl to the cashier. The clerk was a species of the human dirt that unfortunately exists even in banks, and has to be apologized for to customers at times when said dirt, before arrogance, actually permits itself vocal cords. They spoil the joy of doing business, damn 'em!

"This is the K-L ledger clerk," said Coster. "He wants a raise in salary. I told him 'No,' and he then insisted on seeing you." Years of brooding over the appalling possibility of having to look for another job had made the cashier a skillful shirker of responsibilities. He always spoke to the president as if he were giving testimony under oath.

"When one of these chaps, Mr. Coster," said the president in the accusing voice bank presidents use toward those borrowers whose collateral is inadequate, "asks for a raise and doesn't get it he begins to brood over his wrongs. People who think they are underpaid necessarily think they are overworked. And that is what makes Socialists of them!"

He glared at the cashier, who acquiesced awestrickenly.

"Yes, sir!"

"As a matter of fact," pursued the president, still accusingly, "we should reduce the bookkeeping force. Dawson tells me that at the Metropolitan National they average one clerk to two hundred and forty-two accounts. The best we've ever done is one to one hundred and eighty-eight. Reduce! Good morning."

"Mr. Goodchild," said Hendrik Rutgers, approaching the president, "won't you listen to what I have to say?"

Mr. Goodchild was one of those business men who in their desire to conduct their affairs efficiently become mind-readers in order to save precious time. He knew what Rutgers was going to say, and therefore anticipated it by answering:

"I am very sorry for the sickness in your family. The best I can do is to let you remain with us for a little while until whoever is sick is better." He nodded with great philanthropy and self-satisfaction. But Hendrik said very earnestly:

"If I were content with my job I wouldn't be worth a whoop to the bank. What makes me valuable is that I want to be more. Every soldier of Napoleon carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack. That gave to Napoleon soldiers who always won. Let us clerks understand that a vice-presidency can be won by any of us, and you will see a rise in efficiency that will surprise you. Mr. Goodchild, it is a matter of common sense to ——"

"Get out!" said the president.

Ordinarily he would have listened; but he had just lost money. That made him think only of one thing—that he had lost money! The general had suddenly discovered that his fortress was not impregnable. He did not wish to discuss Feminism.

Of course Hendrik did not know that the president's request for solitude was a confession of weakness, and therefore in the nature of a subtle compliment; so instead of feeling flattered Hendrik saw red. It is a common mistake. But anger always stimulated his faculties. All men who are intelligent in their wrath have in them the makings of great leaders of men. The rabble in anger merely becomes the angry rabble—and stays rabble.

Hendrik Rutgers aimed full at George G. Goodchild, Esq. (Aa1), a look of intense astonishment.

"Get out!" repeated the president.

Hendrik Rutgers turned like a flash to the cashier and said sharply: "Didn't you hear? Get out!"

"You!" shouted Mr. George G. Goodchild.

"Who, me?" Hendrik's incredulity was abysmal.

"Yes, you!" And the president, dangerously flushed, advanced threateningly toward the insolent beast.

"What?" exclaimed Hendrik Rutgers skeptically. "Do you mean to tell me you really are the jackass your wife thinks you?"

Fearing to intrude upon private affairs, the cashier discreetly left the room. The president fell back a step. Had Mrs. Goodchild ever spoken to this creature? Then he realized it was merely a fashion of speaking, and he approached, one pudgy fist uplifted. The uplift was more for rhetorical effect than for practical purposes, which has been a habit with most uplifts since money-making became an exact science. But Hendrik smiled pleasantly, as his forbears always did in battle, and said:

"If I hit you once on the point of the jaw it'll be the death chair for mine. I am young! Please control yourself!"

"You infernal scoundrel!"

"What has Mrs. Goodchild ever done for me that I should make her a widow?" You could see he was sincerely seeking information in order to be just. The president of the bank gathered himself together. Then, as one flings a dynamite bomb, he utterly destroyed this creature:

"You are discharged!"

"Tut, tut, I discharged the bank ages ago! I'm only waiting for the bank to pack up. Now listen to me."

"Leave this room, sir!" He said it in that exact tone of voice!

But Hendrik did not vanish into thin air. He commanded: "Take a good look at me!"

The president of the bank could not take orders from a clerk in Class B. Discipline must be maintained at any cost! He therefore promptly turned away his head. But Hendrik drew near and said:

"Do you hear?"

There was in the lunatic's voice something that made Mr. George G. Goodchild instantly bethink himself of all the hold-up stories he had ever heard. He stared at Hendrik with the fascination of fear.

"What do you see?" asked Rutgers tensely. "A human soul? No, you see K-L! You think machinery means progress, and therefore you don't want men, but machines, hey?"

The president did not see K-L, as at the beginning of the interview. Instead of the two enslaving letters he saw two huge emancipating fists. This man was far too robust to be a safe clerk. He had square shoulders. Yes, he had!

The president was not the ass that Hendrik had called him. His limitations were the limitations of all irreligious people who regularly go to church. He thus attached too much importance to to-day, though perhaps his demand loans had something to do with it. His sense of humor was altogether phrasal, like that of most multimillionaires. But if he was too old a man to be consistently intelligent he was an experienced banker. He knew he had to listen or be licked. He decided to listen. He also decided, in order to save his face, to indulge in humorous speech.

"Young man," he asked with a show of solicitude, "do you expect to become governor of New York?"

But Hendrik was not in a smiling mood, because he was listening to a speech he was making to himself and his own applause was distinctly enjoyable, besides preventing him from hearing what the other was saying. That is what makes all applause dangerous. He went on, with an effect of not having been interrupted:

"Machines never mutiny. They therefore are desirable in your system. At the same time the end of all machines is the scrapheap. Do you expect to end in junk?"

"I was not thinking of my finish," the president said with much politeness.

"Yes, you are. Shall I prove it?"

"Not now, please," pleaded the president, with a look of exaggerated anxiety at the clock. It brought a flush of anger to Hendrik's cheeks, seeing which the president instantly felt that glow of happiness which comes from gratified revenge. Ah, to be witty! But his smile vanished very suddenly. Hendrik, his fists clenched, was advancing. The president was no true humorist, not being of the stuff of which martyrs are made. He was ready to recant, when ——

"Good morning, Daddy," came in a musical voice. Hendrik drew in his breath sharply at the narrowness of his escape.

She who approached the purple-faced tyrant was the most beautiful girl in all the round world! It was spring. The girl had brought in the first blossoms of the season on her cheeks and she had captured the sky and permanently imprisoned it in her eyes. She was more than beautiful. She was everything that Hendrik Rutgers had ever desired, and even more!

"Er—good morning, Mr.—ah ——" began the president in a pleasant voice.

Hendrik waved his hand at him with the familiar amiability we use toward people whose political affiliations are the same as ours at election time. Then he turned toward the girl, looking at her straight in the eyes for a full minute before he said with impressive gravity:

"Miss Goodchild, your father and I have failed to agree in a somewhat important business matter. I do not think he has used very good judgment, but I leave this office full of forgiveness toward him because I have lived to see his daughter at close range in the broad light of day!"

The only woman before whom a man dares to be a physical coward is his wife, because no matter what he does she knows him. Mr. Goodchild looked frightened, but said blusteringly: "That will do, you—er—you!" He pointed toward the door theatrically. But Hendrik, putting his fingers to his lips, said: "Hush, George!" and spoke to her again:

"Miss Goodchild, I am going to tell you the truth, which is a luxury mighty rare in a bank president's private office, believe me."

She stared at him with a curiosity that was not far from fascination. She saw a well-dressed, well-built, good-looking chap with particularly bright, understanding eyes, who was on such familiar terms with her father that she wondered why he had never called.

"Let me say," he pursued fervently, "without any hope of reward, speaking very conservatively, that you are without question the most beautiful girl in all the world! I have been nearly certain of it for some time, but now I know! You are not only perfectly wonderful, but wonderfully perfect! All of you! And now take a good look at me ——"

"Yes, just before he is put away," interjected the president, trying to treat tragedy humorously before this female of the species. But for fear of the newspapers he would have rung for the private detective whose business was to keep out cranks, bomb-throwing anarchists and those fellow-Christians who wished to pledge their word of honor as collateral on time loans of less than five dollars. But she thought this friendly persiflage meant that the interesting young man was a social equal as well as a person of veracity and excellent taste. So she smiled noncommittally. She was, alas, young!

"They will not put me away for thinking what I say," asserted Hendrik with such conviction that she blushed. Having done this she smiled at him directly, that there might be no wasted effort. Wasn't it spring and wasn't he young and fearless? And more than all that, wasn't he a novelty and she a New York woman?

"When you hear the name of Hendrik Rutgers, or see it in the newspapers, remember it belongs to the man who thought you were the only perfectly beautiful girl God ever made."

"Mr. Rutgers, I am sorry you must be going," said the president with a pleasant smile, having made up his mind that this young man was not only crazy, but harmless—unless angered.

"But you'll come back, won't you, when you are famous? We should like to have your account."

Hendrik ignored him. He looked at her and said:

"Do you prefer wealth to fame? Anybody can be rich. But famous? Which would you rather hear: 'There goes Miss $80,000-a-Year Goodchild' or 'That is that wonderful Goodchild girl everybody is talking about'?"

She didn't know what to answer, the question being a direct one and she a woman. But this did not injure Hendrik in her eyes; for women actually love to be compelled to be silent in order to let a man speak—at certain times about a certain subject. Her father, after the immemorial fashion of unintelligent parents, answered for her. He said stupidly: "It never hurts to have a dollar or two, dear Mr. Rutgers."

"Dollar or two! Why, there are poor men whose names on your list of directors would attract more depositors to this bank than the name of the richest man in the world. Even for your bank, between Saint Vincent de Paul and John D. Rockefeller, whom would you choose? Dollars! When you can dream!"

Hendrik's eyes were gazing steadily into hers. She did not think he was at all lunatical. But George G. Goodchild had reached the limit of his endurance and even of prudence. He rose to his feet, his face deep purple. However, Providence was in a kindly mood. At that very moment the door opened and a male stenographer appeared, notebook in hand. Mr. Goodchild sat down again. Civilization does its life saving in entirely unexpected ways, even outside of hospitals.

"*Au revoir*, Miss Goodchild. Don't forget the name, will you?"

"I won't," she promised. There was a smile on her flower lips and firm resolve in her beautiful eyes. It mounted to Hendrik's head and took away his senses, for he waved his hand at the purple president, said with a solemnity that thrilled her, "Pray for your future son-in-law!" and walked out with the step of a conqueror. And the step visibly gained in majesty as he overheard the music of the spheres:

"Daddy, who is he?"

At the cashier's desk he stopped, held out his hand, and said with that valiant smile with which young men feel bound to announce their defeat: "I'm leaving, Mr. Coster."

"Good morning," said Coster coldly, studiously ignoring the outstretched hand. Rutgers was now a discharged employee, a potential hobo, a possible Socialist, an enemy of society, one of the dangerous Have-Nots. But Hendrik felt so much superior to this creature with a regular income that he said pityingly: "Mr. Coster, your punishment for assassinating your soul is that your children are bound to have the hearts of clerks. You are now definitely nothing but a bank cashier! That's what!"

"Get out!" shrieked the bank cashier, plagiarizing from a greater than he.

The tone of voice made the private policeman draw near. When he saw it was Hendrik to whom Mr. Coster was speaking he instantly smelt liquor. What other theory for an employee's loud talking in a bank? He hoped Hendrik would not swear audibly. The bank would blame it on the policeman's lack of tact.

"*Au revoir*," and Hendrik smiled so pleasantly that the policeman, whose brains were in his biceps, sighed with relief. At the same time the whisper ran among the caged clerks in the mysterious fashion of all bad news—the oldest of all wireless systems! Hendrik Rutgers was fired! Did life hold a darker tragedy than to be out of a job? A terrible world, this, to be hungry in!

As Hendrik walked into the cage to get his few belongings pale faces bent absorbingly over their ledgers. To be fed, to grow comfortably old, to die in bed, always at so much per week—Ideal! No wonder, therefore, that his erstwhile companions feared to look at what once had been a clerk! And then, too, the danger of contagion! A terrible disease, freedom, in a money-making republic, but fortunately rare, and the victims provided with food, lodging and strait-jackets at the expense of the state. Or without strait-jackets—bars.

Hendrik got his pay from the head of his department, who seemed of a sudden to recall that he had never been formally introduced to this Mr. H. Rutgers. This filled Hendrik at first with great anger, and then with a great joy that he was leaving the inclosure wherein men's thoughts withered and died, just like plants, and for the same reason—lack of sunshine.

On his way to the street he paused by his best friend, an old fellow with unobtrusive side whiskers, who turned the ledger's pages over with an amazing deftness and wore the hunted look that comes from thirty years of fear of dismissal. To some extent the old clerk's constant boasting about the days when he was a reckless devil had encouraged Hendrik.

"Good-by, Billy," said Hendrik, holding out his hand. "I'm going."

Little old Billy could not afford to be seen talking in public with a discharged employee! He hastily said "Too bad!" and made a pretense of adding a column of figures.

"Too bad nothing! See what it has done for you to stay so long. I laid out old Goodchild, and the only reason why I stopped was I thought he'd get apoplexy. But say—the daughter! She is some peach, believe me. I called him papa-in-law to his face. You should have seen him!"

Billy shivered. It was even worse than any human being could have imagined!

"Good-by, Rutgers," he whispered out of a corner of his mouth, never taking his eyes from the ledger.

"You poor old —— no, Billy, thank you a thousand times for showing me Hendrik Rutgers at sixty. Thanks!" He walked out of the bank, overflowing with gratitude toward fate that had flung him into the middle of the street. From there he could look at the free sun all day, and of nights at the unfettered stars. It was better than looking at the greed-hieroglyphics wherewith a stupid few enslaved the stupider many.

He was free! He stood for a moment on the steps of the main entrance. For two years he had looked from the world

(Continued on Page 41)

There Was Firm Resolve in Her Beautiful Eyes

BANZAI—AND THEN WHAT?

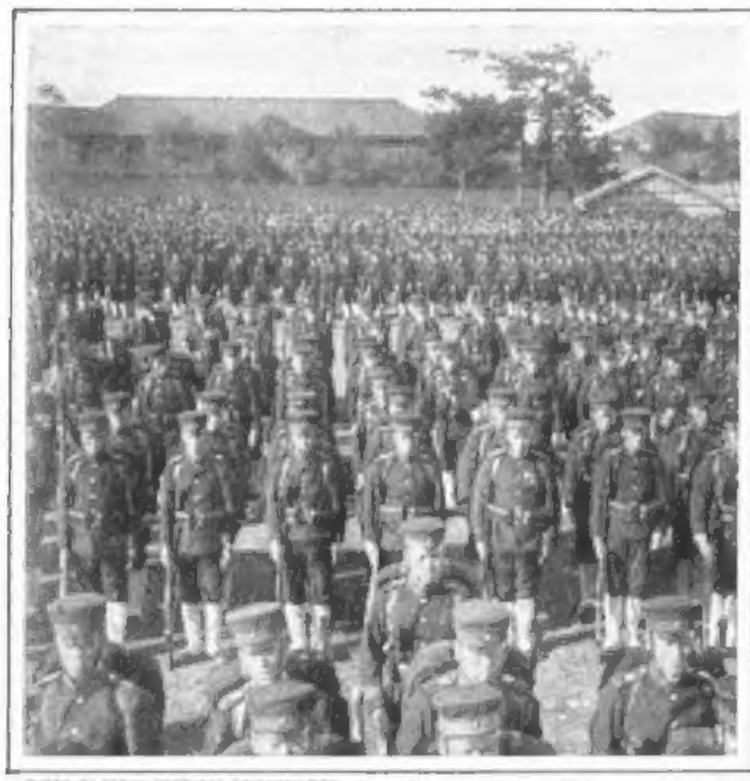


PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

A Section of the Japanese Army at the Great Review

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

An Ainu Aborigine With His Wife and Family

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

A Public Demonstration in Japan

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

CLASSIFYING them scientifically and dispassionately—for passion and prejudice have no place in science—it appears that our traditional friends, the Japanese, are the precocious kids of the universe. In addition they have come to the belief that their precocity is genius. They have developed their smartness to a self-appreciation that now amounts to an egotism that is as universal as it is uniform. From whatever exterior angle it is observed—American, English, German, Russian or French—it is almost overweening.

Probably there is no other country where the sense of proportion is so lacking as in Japan. There is no perspective, either in the Foreign Office or in the paintings on the fans, or anywhere between those extremes. The Japanese have a fair sense of personal humor, but governmentally and nationally they take themselves so seriously that they are sometimes absurd. In their opinion Japan is the pearl in the oyster of the world.

In reality of course Japan, though entitled to unstinted credit for wonderful progress, is nevertheless a nation holding herself up as a World Power by her bootstraps, and trying desperately to conceal the difficult operation from outsiders—and from some insiders too.

"What does the United States think of our fiscal policy?" a leading Japanese statesman asked me.

The Infant Prodigy of the East

"TO BE perfectly frank with you," I replied, "the United States is neither concerned nor interested in your fiscal policy—unless you want to borrow some money. Probably not a hundred men out of our hundred million people know what your fiscal policy is, or care."

The Japanese statesman was aghast. The idea that the policies of Japan are not of universal and national interest in America was beyond his conception. To him, and to all the rest of them, anything that is Japanese must be not only international in scope and interest but formidable in international consequences.

During the course of the negotiations between Japan and China, when the demands made by Japan on China as a result of Japan's victory at Tsing-tau were being considered, a leading Japanese newspaper, discussing the position of Japan in relation to China and the position of the United States in relation to Mexico, seriously concluded that Japan would not be justified in interfering in Mexico provided the United States did not interfere in China—that is, in the broad sense, Japan would magnanimously refrain from telling the United States what the United States must or must not do in Mexico, but insisted that the United States, as a return for this magnanimity, must not interfere with or make suggestions concerning Japan's actions in China.

I trust the full significance of that, as showing the state of mind of Japan, sinks into you, dear brethren.

There never was an infant prodigy who was not also an infant egotist. It is undeniable that Japan is an infant prodigy in the sense of Western development. There are men still living in Japan who were living there when Japan was under the sway of feudal lords, closed practically to outside influences, and four hundred years behind the spirit of the age; and there are plenty of men who were living when the great struggle for and against opening the country was in progress. To-day Japan is an alert, aggressive and progressive country. As they are fond of saying in Japan, that country has accomplished in a generation what it took Europe four hundred years to accomplish.

While this development has been in progress the outside world, and especially the United States, has been prodigal of its praise. Japan, because the precocious mind has an imperfect sense of proportion, has seriously accepted the extravagances of commendation; and now we have this nation, worthy of high consideration for her really important achievements, demanding the highest praise and the highest consideration, and thinking herself not alone a worthy constituent part, in her sphere, but in addition to this a criterion.

Japan needs trade. Japan needs money. Japan needs many other things. Most of all, Japan needs a philosophic sense of humor—but not more than a lot of Americans who are so raucously concerned over those twin bogies, the Yellow Peril and the Mastery of the Pacific.

Japan's attitude toward the United States, for example, is but a legitimate outcome of two things: the first is the continued stream of you-are-great-you-are-wonderful encomiums we have flooded on the Japanese since the days of Perry; and the second is the recently manifested fear of what the Japanese may take into their inscrutable Oriental minds to do to us when Japan happens to be in a conquering mood. It is no wonder Japan takes herself so seriously when we, among others, supply so lavishly the materials for this frame of mind.

I found the following paragraph in one of the Tokio newspapers when I was in Japan:

According to the investigation of the Finance Department the total amount of domestic national loans in Japan at the end of February, 1915, was 1,019,485,278 yen and the total amount of foreign national loans was 1,518,500,788 yen, which makes a grand total of 2,537,986,066 yen.

Now a total of 2,537,986,066 yen is likewise a total of $1,268,993,033. So I spoke to one of the leading bankers in Tokio about it.

"Is it possible," I asked, "that Japan owes more than one and a quarter billion dollars of national debt?"

A Big Debt for a Small Country

"YES," he replied with much pride; "it means a great deal that a country so small as Japan can owe one and a quarter billion dollars. Isn't it remarkable?"

"It is," I replied—"not only remarkable but significant."

The yellowest portion of the Yellow Peril is not outside of Japan. It is within Japan. Here is a country owing one and a quarter billion dollars—much more than the national debt of the United States when all credits in the way of sinking funds and unimpaired appropriations and available resources are subtracted in both instances; and Japan has a total wealth of twelve or thirteen billion dollars against the one hundred and fifty or sixty billion dollars or more of the total wealth of the United States.

Here is a country where the taxes are already so oppressive and comprehensive that it would take great financial ingenuity to tack on ten sen anywhere without confiscation. For example, my jinrikisha boy, who happens to own his own conveyance, earns twenty yen—or ten dollars in gold—a month; and he gets high wages. He is forced to pay, because he owns his own conveyance, one dollar and a quarter in gold of that ten dollars each month in tax. Think of that, you lightly taxed Americans! And so it goes, with incomes taxed to the breaking point and everything else taxed; with the internal revenue sources squeezed to the last available sen.

Here is a country that sells considerably more than half of its exports to the United States and buys less than three per cent of our exports—a country that has its best customer in us.

And here is a country, they say, that is panting to go to war with us; a country that is waiting for a favorable opportunity to get at us; a country that intends to invade our coast and capture everything we have as far as Denver or Chicago.

Moreover, many of the Japanese think Japan can do that very thing; and a good many people in America think the same thing—a good many people who are in official position and have been. What a great advantage it would be to both countries if, when the Japanese warships are sailing West

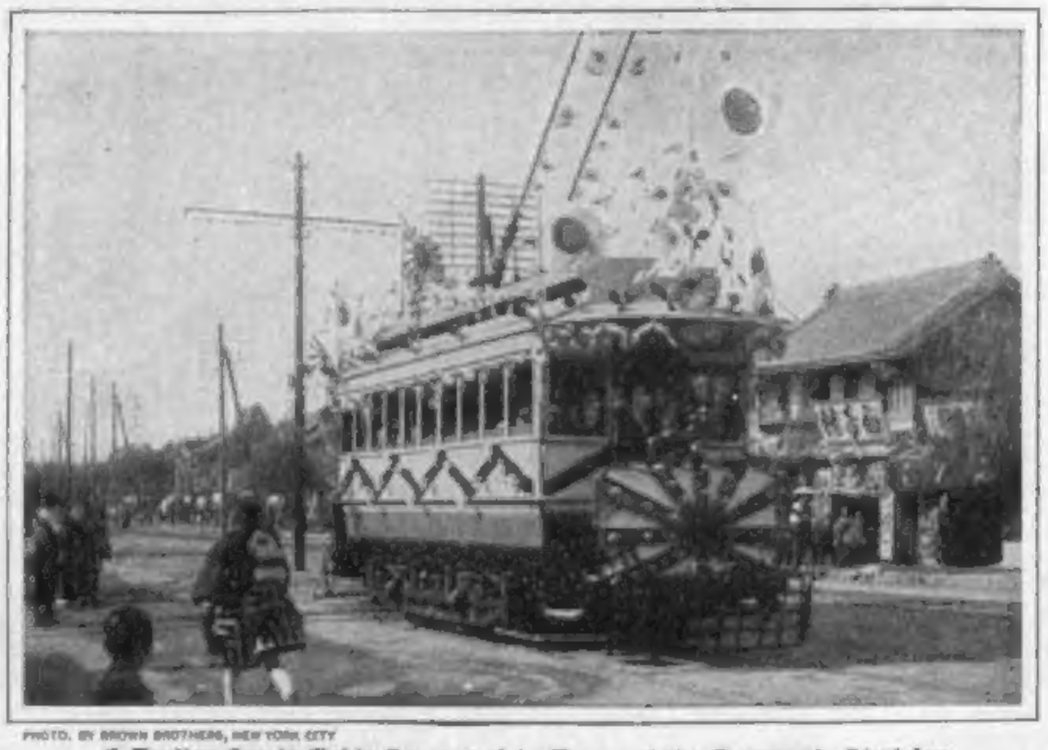


PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

A Trolley Car in Tokio Decorated in Honor of the Emperor's Birthday

and the American warships are sailing East they should come on an island somewhere whereon there is a large supply of the Sense of Proportion! It is a commodity needed nationally in Japan and in many spots in the United States.

However, it is my business to express my view of what Japan thinks and why, and leave the United States end of it to the two agitated and verbigerous classes—the apologists for and defenders of Japan, of whom we have many, and the numerous nervous persons who see war on the Japanese horizon every time they look toward the Pacific Ocean.

To understand the attitude of Japan toward the United States, these conditions must be borne in mind:

FIRST—Japan's self-esteem and precocity, fostered by indiscriminate and lavish praise from our country.

SECOND—Japan's intense conviction, after the close of the Russo-Japanese War, that she had become a World Power, and that she was the dominator of the East.

THIRD—Japan's jealousy and ensuing suspicion of the United States, which has been her friend, based on the Japanese assumption that Japan was to be in the East—or already was in the East—what the United States was in the West, and the inner realization that the United States is infinitely more powerful than Japan in every way.

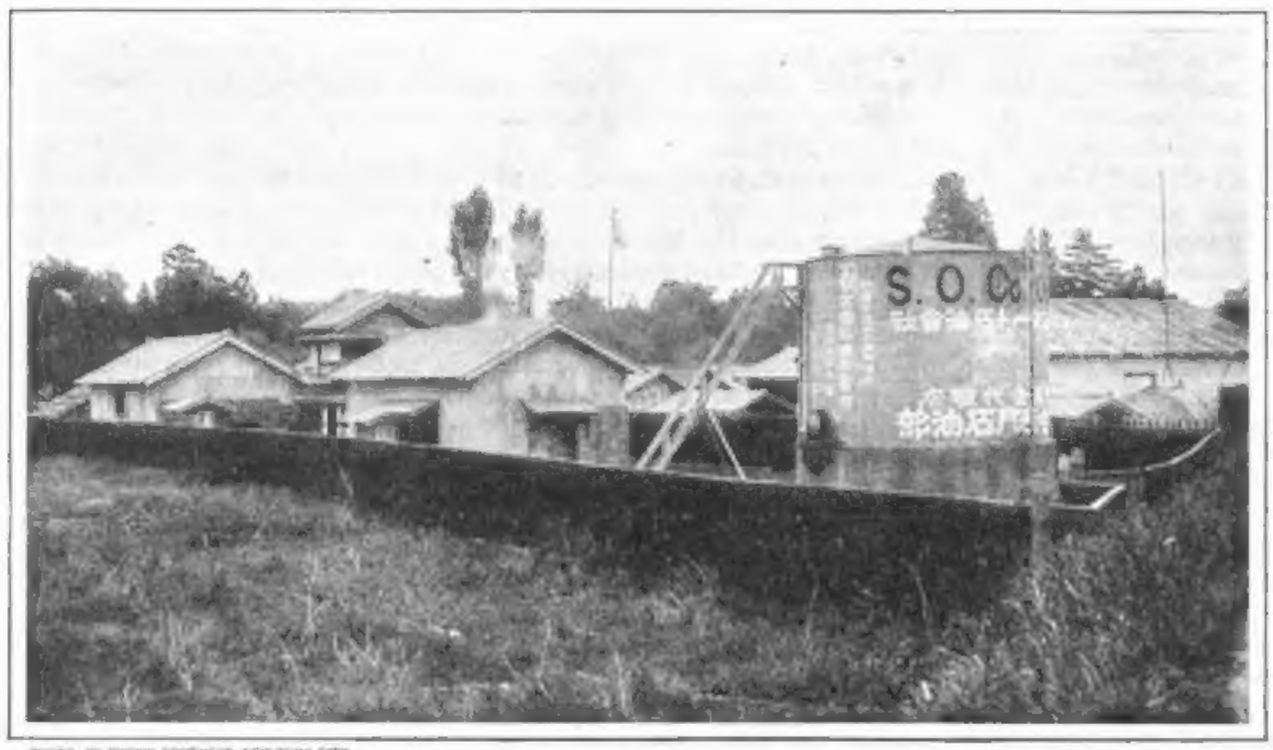
FOURTH—The national urge for full and equal recognition of Japan, based on the supreme conviction that Japan is entitled to that recognition without discrimination or disclaimer for any reason whatsoever. This is the vanity of the national conceit.

You cannot make an Occidental out of an Oriental by the process of putting a silk hat and a pair of trousers on the Oriental; but Japan had an idea that if she conformed in some measure to Occidental externals her Oriental internals were her own affair, and not to be considered. When Western civilization was offered to her she grabbed at it eagerly, but she did not know exactly what to do with it and she assimilated it only in spots.

The Japanese as They See Themselves

HOWEVER, for Japan's purposes, she considered that she had assimilated Western civilization and was in line for full recognition. She claimed for herself that she had proved herself and that she must be taken at her own estimation—which was that she was the Number One Boy of the East who knew all about the West. This was after the Russo-Japanese War. To-day Japan is in exactly the same frame of mind. There came a time two or three years ago when some of the wiser men in Japan began to take national stock, and to consider whether Japan was what Japan's estimate held her to be. Some of them said:

"Let us look into this situation. It may be that our place in the sun isn't so far toward the central convergence of the rays as we have thought it is. Let us check up the books and strike a balance."



PHOTO, BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

An American Oil Plant in Japan

To be sure, the Anglo-Japanese Alliance has gone far to solidify Japan's estimation of herself, for here was Great Britain, the tremendous empire, making an alliance with Japan, and thus acknowledging before all the world that Japan was Great Britain's equal. Nevertheless, there were patriots in Japan who discounted that, even, on the ground that it might have—might have—been a move of expediency on the part of Great Britain, and they counseled a national introspective movement. They knew Japan was spread out very thinly in a financial way, and they thought that trade was of more advantage than glory or recognition.

Unfortunately for Japan the Great War came along. Japan, as the ally of Great Britain, very bravely and very patriotically did her part. She declared war on Germany and she took Tsing-tau, the German stronghold in China. Whereupon the old spirit reasserted itself; and to-day Japan feels that she is of the elect, and is supersensitive over any slight, fancied or otherwise, that she can conjure out of any action by any nation—particularly out of any action by the United States. Japan is right back where she was in her cockiest moments; and she did not have far to go.

When you talk with any Japanese statesman or public man—and I talked with most of them when I was in Japan—the conversation concerning the relations between Japan and the United States invariably comes to the statement made by the Japanese:

"After the Russo-Japanese War the relations between the two countries became strained."

At that point I interrupted a dozen times with the inquiry:

"Who strained them?"

"Laying that aside," the Japanese continued, "the fact is that the relations between Japan and the United States became strained; and the situation in California, where our people were discriminated against, made a sharp dissension."

Who strained them? That is a question which cannot be answered definitely; but I know which country looked first for the strain—and that country was Japan. Japan was watching for some slight. Japan had a chip on her shoulder. Japan had the susceptible spot in the exposed position. Japan was suspicious, and suspicion fostered extreme sensitiveness.

The manifestations of this were two in number, and they had a certain reflex action in the United States among persons who for various ulterior motives wanted agitation and who needed a war scare for their own reasons—sometimes patriotic, sometimes commercial. First, the Japanese, having been taught that they are a great and wonderful people; having been interpreted as Orientals of the most subtle kind; having been exalted into demigods by impressionable writers to whom their Oriental aspects appealed—the Japanese considered themselves as not understood by the Americans.

It is always the case that when an interpreter is looking for something to interpret he finds what he wants to find, not what really exists. Various remarkable attributes were ascribed to the Japanese; and they, being precocious, held themselves to have those attributes whether they did or not. Conversely the Japanese were abused roundly by others. There was no middle ground. There was no common-sense position taken that this is a people of a different manner of thought from us, but not so different that they may not be easily understood and worked with easily.

The Japanese as Others See Them

ON ONE side they were held to be marvels. On the other they were set down as inferior. Nobody pointed them out for what they are—an alert and adaptable people possessing no more mentality than the rest of us, and neither more moral nor less moral, from their view, than the rest of us; nor as subtle or occult, or mysterious, or inscrutable as the impressionable and superficial observers, swayed by what was new and strange to them, influenced by what Bushido and history, and the romanticism of a feudal past, set them out to be.

The Japanese, as a corollary of their self-esteem, which was the outgrowth of this constant patting on the back and of their military successes, took this Oriental differentiation seriously, and held that the Americans did not and do not understand them. Wherefore the great thing to do was to make Americans understand them—not as they really are but as they think they are; to impress the Japanese view of the Japanese on the United States.

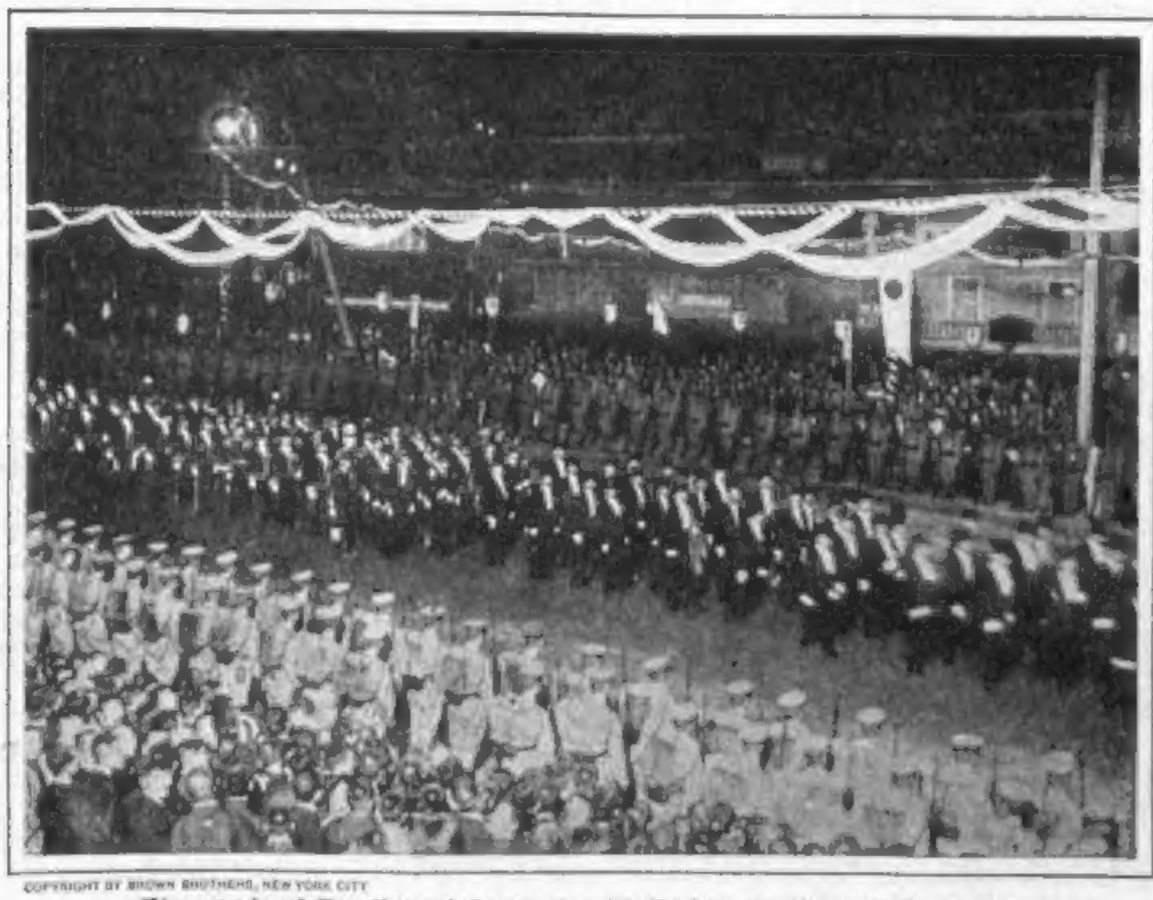
A dozen times or more Japanese public men said to me while I was in Japan:

"I trust you will return home and do what you can to cause the American people to understand us."

"All right," I replied; "but how about your understanding the American people?"

"Oh," each person thus questioned replied patronizingly, "we understand the Americans!"

Well, maybe they do. Certainly they have made very ardent Japanese protagonists out of some of them.



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Thousands of Top-Hatted Gentlemen Walked in the Funeral Procession of the Japanese Emperor

PHOTO, BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Mourning Trees and Native Dress in the Funeral Procession of the Emperor at Tokio

These were the two manifestations—that they were not understood by the American people, and that they understood the American people. Looking at it from any angle I fancy the Japanese were right in both instances—to a degree at least. If the American people had understood the Japanese all this yawp about the Yellow Peril and the Mastery of the Pacific, and that sort of thing, would not have been yawped; and if the Japanese had not understood the American people it would not have been yawped either. Thus, the little problem of the Japanese was not to allow or encourage the American people to understand the Japanese as they are, but as the Japanese wish themselves to be regarded and understood.

The truth of it is, of course, that the Japanese have as small concern in reality over whether we understand them—except so far as that understanding makes for their advantage—as we have whether they understand us. Still, the Japanese worked at the job.

Finally a situation arose that caused the yammerers in the United States to begin yammering at greatest bent. Being Americans, we went the full distance. Being Japanese, the Japanese saw to it that they went no distance at all.

We began howling about the Yellow Peril and the Mastery of the Pacific, and predicting war with Japan; and they let the onus of the agitation rest with us, and accomplished exactly the purpose they intended to accomplish, which was to impress on us the opinion of themselves they hold. They had the laugh on us.

Japan never had any more idea of going to war with us as aggressors than Japan had of going to war with Great Britain; but if Japan could let the impression gain ground in the United States that Japan was willing to go to war with us, and could foster the idea of the terrible foe Japan is in war, then Japan was suiting her purpose admirably—which was to get recognition from the United States and to use the attitude of the United States as a leverage for securing recognition from the rest of the world—recognition in the full measure Japan thought she deserved, not in whatever measure it had been accorded. Japan is a most ambitious climber.

We were frightened with stories of how Japan would and could seize the Philippines and Hawaii. It was circumstantially set forth by a Japanese Bernhardi, in a book called Banzai, how the Japanese hordes would invade California, seize San Francisco, stop all trains, cut all wires, ravish the Pacific Coast and march on inland. We had national goose flesh. We swallowed it all like children and gasped for more of the horrible details.

What the Japanese Really Want

FOR battleship purposes and for army appropriations and for fortifications, our professional soldiers and sailors, our armament men, our gunmakers, our armor makers, and all of the crowd whose business is war or the munitions thereof, and our jingoes, repeated these yarns and elaborated them; and the Japanese statemen did their share in fomenting public opinion on their side. Meantime the Japanese were getting what they wanted. They were establishing a basis for recognition in a fuller measure than we had granted them.

They were to take the Philippines and Hawaii. It so happened that while I was in Japan I learned of the real Japanese naval plans for a possible war with the United States. Like every other General Staff, the Japanese General Staff has prepared plans for war with the United States and with every other country—just as our General Staff has plans for war with every possible foe. In order to calm the fears of Captain Hobson and his followers, let me say that, if we have war with Japan, Japan is not going to take the Philippines and Hawaii. Japan knows the futility of that operation; for sooner or later Japan would have to give up the Philippines and Hawaii—and no persons realize that so acutely as the Japanese themselves.

Also, whatever notions Japan may have had of sending an invading force to the west coast of the United States—which notions always were vague and sentimental—have vanished since it has been seen how long it took Great Britain, for example, to get Canadian soldiers to England, and that over a sea where Great Britain and her allies were in command. Do not suppose the Japanese are not fully aware of the greater difficulties they would meet in the Pacific Ocean, where the distance is greater and where the sea would not be under their command, because the American Navy is superior to the Japanese Navy and the Panama Canal is open.

Japan has no such fancy notions in mind. What Japan intended to do, and still intends to do, in the remote contingency of war with the United States, is to stay calmly at home and wait for the American Navy to come to Japan. The Japanese have plans for mining the waters adjacent to their country. They have submarine and torpedo plans. They intend to stick to their base and wait. Being Orientals they can wait and will wait as long as is necessary—a year—two years—any length of time.

They figure that home pressure from our volatile people would send our ships over to Japan. Possibly it would. Then, in their own waters and at their own bases of supplies, the Japanese think they might win. Whether or no, they intend to remain right in Japan; and if there is any fighting to be done they will do it there. Still, so long as we have men with armor plate to sell, and with guns to sell, and with many other things to sell, it is likely we shall continue to hear of this seizure of the Philippines and this seizure of Hawaii, and of the triumphant march of the Japanese soldiers on Denver and Chicago—and all the rest of that twaddle.

Economics cuts no figure with the professional war maker and the professional agitator. It makes no difference to them that Japan is burdened with debt, is poverty stricken, or that we buy nearly three-quarters of her products. They never consider what such an invasion would cost Japan, or where Japan would get the money, or what would happen at home, with the best Japanese customer—by far the biggest—shut off! None of those reasons appeal to them, and they continue playing into the hand of Japan, making her believe that what she thinks of her commanding position in the world is true. True? Why not? Is not the United States afraid of her?

As I said in a previous article, Japan does not want war. Japan wants trade. That is the excuse for the Japanese demands on China, which I shall discuss after I get to China and find out the Chinese view; and that is the secret of everything else Japan does. Japan must expand commercially. And that brings me to the Mastery-of-the-Pacific side of it.

So far as the Mastery of the Pacific is concerned, I assume it means either military and naval mastery or commercial mastery. Either can be dismissed in a line. There is no way of telling who is master of the Pacific in a military sense until conclusions are tried. We may be masters or the Japanese may be masters; but that will not be proved until the Japanese Navy and the American Navy have a battle or a series of battles. Fighting strength on paper counts for nothing. It will take grips to determine that. Personally I have no doubt as to what grips would determine; but neither have the Japanese. So that must rest until it is proved.

Then comes the commercial mastery, which, I take it, means preponderance of tonnage of ships. Why waste any time over that? The Japanese have at least three big lines of shipping on the Pacific—the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, and the Osaka Shosen Kaisha, and their subsidiaries—to say nothing of smaller lines. I think I am correct when I say that one or all of these lines are under mail subsidy by the Japanese Government. They own and operate many ships. Opposed to these we have the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, with six or seven ships in the trans-Pacific trade; and we should not have those if it were not for the genius and persistence of R. P. Schwerin.

Why prate about the Mastery of the Pacific? That seems to be a settled proposition—commercially, at any rate. There is one point over which the Japanese are entitled to pat themselves on the back—they have whipped us in trans-Pacific commerce.

Still they remain suspicious of us, and still they continue to try to make us understand them, which, of course, is only their method of trying to get their viewpoint impressed on us to their ultimate advantage. They need standing to get trade; they need trade to remain alive. They are at their limit in their own country and beyond it. They must expand; and they can the better expand if they are considered as equals taking their just dues, rather than as pretenders taking what they can get.

It is a complicated problem, this mixture of self-assertion and cupidity; of ideals and utilitarianism; of pride, and poverty of resources. It is almost pathetic to observe the eagerness with which the Japanese seek to maintain themselves at their own estimation among the nations of the world; and their skill at it is marvelous. In their inner selves the Japanese are afraid they are not quite so wonderful as they have been told they are and affect to believe they are; and they go to any lengths to sustain that standing, as they also go to any lengths to find out whether people really mean what they say about them.

A Nation That Knows the Publicity Game

THERE are no people in the world, in my opinion, so sensitive to ridicule and so hurt by it as the Japanese. There are no people so jealous of their dignity, their position, and whose tender feelings are so easily hurt.

You may berate a Japanese and that is your affair—it is nothing to him; but if you laugh at him and ridicule him he is ready either to kill you or to kill himself. They have been taught for centuries to smile at all times, to avoid the semblance of emotion; but in reality they are deeply emotional, and their supersensitiveness is the cause of many things that seem inexplicable when considered from any other angle; for that supersensitiveness breeds suspicion, and suspicion leads them into many petty enterprises.

Psychology has no set rules. The attitude of mind of one people differs from the attitude of mind of another people, but each attitude has its justifying causes. Thus, when you come to analyze the Japanese and lay out for inspection the training of centuries beside the quick apprehensions of half of another century, the superstitions and the inherent mental impressions of feudalism, with its code of ethics, which was life or death, and the requirements of a life where that code must give way to modern necessities, you get a complex organization that is bound to produce interesting and curious manifestations.

You get a nationality that is persistently jealous of its outside influences; that desires above all else to appear to the world in the most favorable light; and that is afraid it may not be justified in making the claims it does, but makes them and uses every expedient to carry them through. You get, based on this very nationality, a suspicion which comes from the inside feeling that others may discover there is dross in the gold, and a frantic endeavor to find out what the foreigner thinks, and an even more frantic endeavor to make him think the Japanese way. What happens in Japan is of small consequence to the Japanese. They can cover that up, whatever it may be, and do; but what happens outside that concerns them is of vital moment.

To that end they have two procedures that are working constantly. One is the system of interior and exterior spying that is maintained. The other is the publicity propaganda that operates with such elaborate skill whenever its services are required. Coincident with these there is a system of press censorship, of control of the news, of control of the sources of news and of the distribution of the news; of continuous espionage and censorship.

An official in the Department of Communications, whom I happen to know, told me with great pride, when I was in Japan, that they had just secured from Russia a machine which made the work of opening and reading letters much easier. The former method was to steam the letters open, read them, copy them if desired, and seal them again. This Russian machine, as I understand it,

(Continued on Page 53)

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

The Navy Department at Tokio

PERFECTLY NEUTER

Showing the Disadvantages of Low-Grade Popular-Price Language

By Montague Glass

I SEE this morning there is a letter from the President, where he says we should keep a neuterality, Abe," Morris said, one morning in October.

"Is *that* so?" Abe retorted. "Well, that bloodsucker'd better not stick his nose so much into other people's business, Mawruss."

Morris appeared to be mildly shocked.

"I don't know as you got any call to speak that way about a big *Melammed* like President Wilson, Abe," he protested. "There's a feller which you could really call a *Chosid*, Abe, if ever there was one; and ——"

"President Wilson!" Abe cried. "I thought you meant Sam Feder, president from the Kosciusko Bank. Well, anyhow, Mawruss, how does it come that President Wilson writes us a letter? I suppose it's one of them imitation typewriting letters, *mit* a facs'mile for a signature."

"*Geh weg!*" Morris exclaimed disgustedly. "He wrote in the newspapers a letter to the *Leute*, telling us we should keep a neuterality, on account of the war in the old country."

"Yes?" Abe said.

"Which I could see by your face, Abe," Morris continued, "that for all you understand from the English language, Abe, when President Wilson asks you you should keep a neuterality, Abe, he might just so well ask you you should keep a dawg *oder* a card index, or something; because you don't know what a neuterality is at all."

"It ain't necessary when I got such a learned man for a partner, Mawruss," Abe retorted. "I am a plain, everyday feller, Mawruss. I use only low-grade, popular-price words, Mawruss; and I ain't ashamed of it, neither."

"Well, you don't got to get sore about it," Morris said conciliatingly, "because neuterality means—that we should stay perfectly neuter. In other words, Abe, we shouldn't knock Germany, *oder* England and France, or even Russland, while the war lasts, Abe, on account we might make somebody *brogus* at us."

Abe flapped his right hand impatiently.

"I suppose there are some people which really must got to have President Wilson write 'em a letter, or a house fall on 'em or something, before they could use a little common sense," he said; "*aber* me, I am built differencely, Mawruss. I was perfectly neuter before President Wilson even got the idee to write such a letter, and I would remain so without you or President Wilson telling me so, either." He slammed a bill file on the table by way of emphasis. "Furthermore, the feller goes too far!" he said.

"Who?" Morris demanded—"President Wilson?"

"Seemingly you got President Wilson on the brain," Abe retorted. "Whenever I am talking from Sam Feder you jump to the idee that I mean President Wilson, Mawruss—which, even if I am a Republican, Mawruss, I bet yer President Wilson wouldn't treat me the way Feder does when I went to see him this morning."

"You went to see Feder this morning?" Morris asked Abe. "Why, what for do you went to see Feder this morning, Abe? We ain't got no more an account with the Kosciusko Bank, *Gott sei dank!* We could get all the accommodation we want with the National Hardware Bank."

"I hope you are right, Mawruss," said Abe.

"Well, anyhow, I'm going down to see them people to-day," Morris retorted; "and if the worser comes to the worst they couldn't turn us down no harder than Feder used to done it."

"I bet yer he used to turn us down hard! That's what I told Rosie this morning, Mawruss; but she says to go and see him anyhow, and the least that bloodsucker calls me is a murderer. So I told him, Mawruss, if he feels so bad about it as all that, why don't he go back to hinter-Berlin, where he says he comes from, Mawruss; and ——"

"*Aber* what has Rosie got to do with you seeing Feder?" Morris insisted.

"Rosie has got just so much to do *mit* it as Mrs. Polongin, which I guess you heard of Jake Polongin, owner of the Herrick, Jameson Dry-Goods Company, of Portland?"

Morris nodded.

"And when Rosie showed me the letter from Mrs. Polongin this morning, y'understand, I thought right away how last winter Mrs. Feder is getting into us already for ten dollars a whack *mit* two orphan asylums and a society for poor widders *mit* small children," Abe continued; "which you could bet your life, Mawruss, them poor fellers is leaving plenty widders *mit* small children, because in Russland, Mawruss, a married couple which has got less than six in the family, Mawruss, is practically childless—ain't it?"

Morris raised his eyebrows inquiringly.

"The Least That Bloodsucker Calls Me Is a Murderer"

"You mean you are going to see Feder to collect some money for widders and orphans in Russland?" he asked.

"Ain't I just telling you?" Abe replied.

"And I suppose he gives you right away a thousand dollars!" Morris jeered.

"With a hundred per cent discount for cash!" Morris continued. "The way that feller talked made my blood turn cold. 'If them fellers are suckers enough to fight against Germany,' he says, 'let 'em get shot!' he says. And I asked him does he think them poor *Schnorrers* fight because they enjoy it, and he says: 'Let 'em not fight—let 'em run away.' And I says a fine show *unser Leute* got to run away! If they run away they shoot 'em anyhow, I said; whereas when they fight, even if they put 'em in the front row even, might they would have a little luck and lose only a leg or an arm maybe. And all Feder says is the Germans should help the Germans and not the Russians."

"Well, Abe," Morris continued, "there's lots of fellers from *unser Leute* which is getting shot on the German end of it too."

"*Aber*, Jake Polongin ain't interested in them, Mawruss," Abe said.

"And on account Jake Polongin ain't interested in 'em, then Germany would lose, I suppose?" Morris said.

"The Germans I ain't interested in at all," Abe replied; "but we would lose, Mawruss, on account the letter Mrs. Polongin wrote to Rosie said that Jake would be in New York on Thursday to buy goods, Mawruss, and would stop in here to get the money we are going to collect."

"*We* are going to collect!" Morris exclaimed.

"Sure!" Abe said. "I can take a few hours off on my way down town, Mawruss, and you could also take a couple hours in the afternoon, Mawruss, on your way home, y'understand. We've been bled for orphan asylums and hospitals long enough, Mawruss. Now is our chance we should get a little even, Mawruss—and the first one we would strike is Simon Kittler. From the interest he takes in charities, Mawruss, you will think that feller was manufacturing knee pants and did all his business *mit* orphan asylums."

"A competitor should hear you talk that way about a good customer like Simon Kittler, Abe!" Morris said reprovingly.

"*Yow*—a good customer!" Abe exclaimed. "This year nobody is a good customer, Mawruss. Retailers buy their goods only when they got to buy them, and in the cheapest market at that. So far as Simon Kittler is concerned, he would as lief get his goods from Leon Sammet as from us if we don't quote the lowest figgers; so you should go up and see him this afternoon yet, and ——"

"I wouldn't positively do nothing of the kind," Morris interrupted.

"Why not?" Abe asked.

"Because, in the first place, we've got our hands full collecting from people which owes us for merchandise, Abe, without we should waste our time trying to get in money for other people," Morris replied. "And, in the second place, there's plenty widders and orphans right here in New York City; and if that ain't enough territory, Abe, there's also Jersey City and Brooklyn. We live in America—not in Russland, Abe; and if you feel you must got to do some collectin', y'understand, here is several dozen monthly statements laying on my desk, Abe, which you could save the cost of a rubber stamp by writing on every one of them: 'This account is overdue. Please remit!'"

For the moment, Abe could think of no fitting rejoinder; nor were his mental processes assisted by the monthly statements, which he gathered up from his partner's desk. Indeed, the more statements he examined, the greater became his conviction that Morris was right; and he had about decided to abandon any further relief work for Mrs. Polongin when Morris appeared from the direction of the cutting room, passing an exploratory thumb and finger over his chin.

"Do I look like I needed a shave, Abe?" he asked.

Abe shrugged his shoulders.

"What is the difference how you look, Mawruss?" he said. "The way business is nowadays, Mawruss, you could take chances on growing a full beard even before a buyer comes into the place."

"Buyers I ain't talking about at all," Morris said. "I am going down now to see them people, Abe; and when you're asking somebody they should lend you money, y'understand, while you don't want to give them the impression you are living too high exactly, still, at the same time, they ain't goin' to turn you down on the excuse that you should save your money and not throw it away left and right in barber shops, y'understand."

"But, Mawruss," Abe protested, "Polongin ain't askin' us we should do this thing for him right in the middle of the day."

"Polongin!" Morris cried. "What is Polongin got to do with it?"

"*Aber*, you said you was going down the street to see them people," Abe said; "and Simon Kittler is ——"

"Simon Kittler!" Morris repeated. "Who said I am going to see Simon Kittler? I am going down to see Max Nietenthal, of the National Hardware Bank, to get an accommodation, so we should be able to meet our bills on the first of the month, Abe."

He struggled into his overcoat and Abe turned again to his pile of monthly statements.

"Everybody ain't so easy on their customers like we are, Abe," he said. "And if we couldn't pay for our piece goods to the day the account is due, Abe, what our creditors is going to do to us would make Belgium look like a real-estate boom already."

II

MORRIS glanced at his watch as he went down in the elevator, and it occurred to him that a light luncheon might fortify his courage in the matter of asking accommodation at the bank. He therefore resolved to eat first and apply for his loan afterward; so ten minutes after he left the firm's office he was seated at the corner table in Wasserbauer's Café, with a napkin tucked in his collar.

He was midway in the consumption of a large dish of paprika chicken when Wasserbauer paused at his elbow and sighed so heavily that the bill of fare was wafted from its place between the pepper caster and the salt shaker into Morris' paprika chicken.

"A hundred times I told them new waiters they should take from the table the bill of fares when the customers is through ordering," Wasserbauer said, after he had rescued the menu from the chicken and had licked the gravy from his fingers. "What them fellers know about waiting on table, Mr. Perlmutter, a Chink in a chop-suey joint could learn 'em already!"

Morris shrugged his shoulders.

"If that's all what troubles you, Wasserbauer," he said, "you shouldn't kick at all. You should only be thankful

you are not in the garment business, Wasserbauer, because war times or no war times, people must eat—ain't it?"

Wasserbauer nodded sadly. "People must eat," he admitted; "*aber* they don't got to pay for other people they should eat. A feller which is blowing a customer eats the equivalent from six people paying for themselves, Mr. Perlmutter. And you know as well as I do, Mr. Perlmutter, nowadays, from all the entertaining customers a business man does, I don't sell two glasses beer extra a day."

"Well, anyhow, you are better off as living in Russland, where you was born, Wasserbauer," Morris began; but Wasserbauer raised his hand warningly.

"Don't say that, Mr. Perlmutter," he protested; "otherwise somebody might overhear you."

"*Aber* you was born in Russland, wasn't you?" Morris insisted.

"I don't claim I was born nowheres, Mr. Perlmutter," Wasserbauer declared. "I am an American sitson and I let it go at that. I ain't taking no chances on my customers, since Belgium started this here war."

"Belgium started the war!" Morris shouted.

"That's what I said," Wasserbauer replied. "I got lots of *Elsassers*, Englishmen, *Oestreichers* and fellers which claim they was born in Germany eating here every day; *aber*, so far, I ain't struck a customer which comes from Belgium, y'understand. So I put it up to Belgium, Mr. Perlmutter, and I'm sure you couldn't blame me."

"For my part, you could say California started it," Morris said, "because the start I don't care about at all. A quick finish is what I am looking for, Wasserbauer, on account I lost enough money by this here war."

As he spoke, he stirred his cup of coffee with a tablespoon until a brown pool six inches in diameter had collected on the tablecloth.

"Them new waiters again!" Wasserbauer exclaimed as he grabbed a teaspoon from the adjoining table. "They would honestly serve a knife and fork with a charlotte ruche, Mr. Perlmutter!"

"The old ones waan't so good, neither," Morris commented; "otherwise why should you fire 'em?"

"Fire 'em!" Wasserbauer said. "What do you mean—fire 'em, Mr. Perlmutter? They threw up their jobs on me, Mr. Perlmutter, to go back to the old country to get shot—the three best waiters I got. Louie, Jake and Albert goes back to Deutschland."

"Business must be good over there," Morris said.

"Business nothing!" Wasserbauer replied. "They went back to fight."

"To fight!" Morris exclaimed. "Do you mean to told me that Louie—that big *Herzogtümer*—goes back to fight?"

Wasserbauer nodded.

"Why, only last month he is telling me him and his wife got a baby die on 'em!" Morris said.

"Sure, I know," Wasserbauer said. "They've got two other children too."

"And such a feller goes to war!" Morris commented as he reached for his coffee. "Honestly, Wasserbauer, the police ought to arrest him for it!"

Wasserbauer laughed mirthlessly.

"They would got to go a long way to do it, Mr. Perlmutter," he said—"further than Europe; believe me!"

Morris put down his coffee.

"You mean he is dead?" Morris said; and Wasserbauer nodded again.

"Them Russians shot him the first day," he went on. "The widder received a registered letter last week. She thought it was money he was sending her; and when the letter carrier goes downstairs he meets the City Marshal coming up with a dispossess notice. I got the judge to give her till to-morrow morning she should either move or pay the rent. She owes twenty-six dollars for two months."

"*Ai, Gewalt!*" Morris cried.

"Which I would give her a job washing dishes, Mr. Perlmutter," Wasserbauer continued; "*aber mit* two small children, she would got to put 'em in a home, y'understand—a year and a half and three years old, Mr. Perlmutter—which she wouldn't do it. And I don't blame her, neither."

Morris wagged his head from side to side and made sounds through his nose by way of expressing his sympathy.

"Five dollars a week I give her since Louie went away," Wasserbauer said, "which I got to pay twelve hundred dollars my license next week; and meat goes up all the time!"

Morris continued to wag his head and again he reached for his coffee.

"Wait; I'll get you a hot cup," Wasserbauer said. "She lives on East Ninety-ninth Street near Madison Avenue; and you needn't be afraid to have Mrs. Perlmutter call there. The place is neat like a pin."

"Write me down the address on a piece of paper," Morris said, "and the Ladies' Aid what my Minnie belongs to would go round and see her."

"Excuse me, Mr. Perlmutter," Wasserbauer said—"she don't want no charity." Here he proceeded to make a fine but pertinent distinction. "She wants money," he concluded; and he fastened on Morris so hypnotic a glance that, though his every impulse was to resist by flight the promptings of his warm heart, Morris weakly felt for his check book.

"Make it to the order of Mrs. Dora Schumann for twenty-six dollars," Wasserbauer said as he thrust his fountain pen into Morris' trembling hand; and a moment later Wasserbauer folded away the check in his waistcoat pocket. "Gawd will bless you for this, Mr. Perlmutter!" he said.

Morris waved away the benediction with both hands.

"Only don't tell my partner what a sucker I am—that's all what I ask," he said; and ten minutes later he paid his bill and proceeded to the bank.

It was nearly one o'clock; and despite Abe's resolution to stick at his task of indorsing threats on the pile of monthly statements he could no longer curb his appetite. Accordingly he entered Wasserbauer's restaurant, not five minutes after Morris had departed, and seated himself at the same table, where Wasserbauer immediately hailed him.

"If You Ain't Satisfied With the Way I am Dictatin' Letters, Mawruss, Go and Get President Wilson for a Partner"

"Ain't it a quincidence, Mr. Potash?" he said. "Your partner was just now sitting at this selfsame table, eating from paprika chicken—which, if I do say it, Mr. Potash, is something elegant to-day!"

"That feller's got a stomach like a goat!" Abe commented.

"*Gott sei dank* for that!" Wasserbauer said. "*Aber, mit* paprika chicken, a baby in arms could eat it, because a feller don't got to got no stomach to digest chicken, whereas paprika is something elegant for *Magenbeschwerden;* and you could ask any big professor if he wouldn't tell you the same."

"I take your word for it, Wasserbauer," Abe said; "so I guess I would eat some *Koenigsberger Klops mit Kartoffel Kloss* and save twenty cents on the chicken."

"You should ought to consider your stomach before twenty cents, Mr. Potash," Wasserbauer advised him.

"Why, what's the matter, Wasserbauer?" Abe asked. "Ain't you got no confidence in your own food at all?"

"In *Koenigsberger Klops* I got confidence only for young fellers, Mr. Potash," Wasserbauer replied; "and, for that matter, I also keep it here Boston-baked beans, Mr. Potash."

"Tphoo-ee!" Abe exclaimed. Wasserbauer made a wide gesture.

"Well, there you are!" he said. "The chances is if you was to eat Boston-baked beans the least you would get is wind on the heart, Mr. Potash—and yet I got to keep it the same like *Koenigsberger Klops*, Mr. Potash, on account some people don't feel that they've eat lunch at all unless they've got a little *Magenaäure* to show for it."

"*Nu*, Wasserbauer, make an end!" Abe declared. "Bring me some paprika chicken and be done *mit* it."

Two minutes later Wasserbauer bore, with his own hands, to Abe's table a steaming dish of paprika chicken—all white meat. Abe adjusted a table napkin so that it draped from his collar to the edge of the tablecloth, after the fashion of a battleship spreading torpedo nets before going into action; and then he attacked the succulent dish with such great smacking noises that Wasserbauer could not disguise a satisfied grin.

"Felix," he called to a waiter, "bring Mr. Potash a fresh-made cup coffee *mit* whipped cream."

"How did you know I wanted coffee?" Abe asked.

Wasserbauer waved his hand reassuringly.

"'Sall right, Mr. Potash," he said. "If you don't want that coffee after you smell it, y'understand, I'll drink it myself!"

"You seem to be doing putty much everything here yourself," Abe commented. "Why don't you let the waiters attend to the customers, Wasserbauer? What're you paying for anyhow?"

Wasserbauer sat down at the adjoining table. He felt sure the coffee would complete the work begun by the paprika chicken, the object of which was to render Abe susceptible to a charitable appeal. He therefore wasted no time in further introduction.

"The fact is," he commenced, "there's some waiters you could trust to wait on a good customer and there's some waiters you couldn't. If Big Louie was here now, Mr. Potash, I would be sitting behind the cigar counter, perfectly satisfied he should attend to you."

"Well, what did you get rid of him for?" Abe asked. "He's got *doch* a wife and children, Wasserbauer; and even if business would be rotten, y'understand, a feller should got a little *Rachmonos* once in a while."

Wasserbauer shrugged satirically.

"If I wouldn't got *Rachmonos* for them people, Mr. Potash," he said, "I don't know who would got it. Certainly the customers don't give a damn what happens to Louie—*oder* his widder, neither."

"Widder!" Abe exclaimed. "Is Louie dead?"

Wasserbauer nodded.

"Why, the feller was the picture of health!" Abe cried.

"Sure, I know," Wasserbauer said. "*Im Preussen* the pictures of health they stick always in the front row, and so they always get shot first."

Abe laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate away.

"Do you mean to tell me that Big Louie goes back to Deutschland and gets shot?" he said.

"Finish your chicken, Mr. Potash," Wasserbauer replied. "If the widder and children starve that's no reason why you should miss your lunch."

"You got a soft heart, Wasserbauer, I must say—like a brick," Abe said.

"Could I help it if that loafer goes back to Deutschland and leaves his wife without a cent in the house?" Wasserbauer demanded. "Actually the day she gets the news he's shot, y'understand, the landlord sends her a dispossess; und Louis is such a patriot, he must got to go back. Such a feller deserves to get shot—honestly!"

He rightly concluded that an attitude of harshness rather than sentiment would provoke Abe's sympathy, and he imparted so savage a note to the last statement that Abe was genuinely shocked.

"*Koosh*, Wasserbauer!" he said. "The feller is dead; and if the poor widder and children is starving it isn't their fault."

"Well, what do you want me to do?" Wasserbauer asked—"pay the rent? If he'd been working for me when he died, then I would say yes. *Aber* I consider I am doing enough when I allow the woman five dollars a week, Mr. Potash. So if you've got so much *Rachmonos* for the woman—now's your chance." He pulled out his fountain pen as he spoke. "Make me out a check to the order of Mrs. Dora Schumann for twenty-six dollars," he said, "and I will see the rent is paid."

"Twenty-six dollars!" Abe cried as though he expected the sum to be in marks or francs.

Wasserbauer nodded.

"Felix!" he shouted. "Bring from the cigar case a blotter. Mr. Potash wants to make out a check."

He looked round and noted the presence of several garment manufacturers.

"For such a charity as you are doing, Mr. Potash," he said in a tone nearly as loud as he had employed toward Felix, "Gawd will bless you."

Abe scowled fiercely at Wasserbauer.

"All right, Wasserbauer," he said. "You think I am bluffing—what? Gimme the pen!" He was still scowling when he handed the check to Wasserbauer. "I can be just as charitable as any other sucker, Wasserbauer," he said; "but I want you to do me a favor, Wasserbauer."

"'Sall right, Mr. Potash," Wasserbauer assured him. "I wouldn't mention a word about this to Mr. Perlmutter."

III

AS SOON as Abe had parted with his check he began to feel a righteous glow, which persisted until he reached the firm's office, where he found Morris with his head buried in the columns of the Daily Cloak and Suit Gazette.

"*Nu*, Mawruss," he said cheerfully, "did you seen Nietenthal?"

Morris put down the paper and exposed a face so distorted with anger and disgust that Abe's righteous glow became immediately quenched.

"What's the matter, Mawruss?" he asked. "Did the paprika chicken disagree with you?"

Morris tried to exclaim, "Paprika chicken nothing!" but the first syllable of pa-prika was too much for his trembling lips. At length he grew calm enough to enunciate.

"Murderer!" he cried. "You are shedding my blood!"

Abe had heard this statement on many trivial occasions, such as arriving at the office ten minutes after Morris or going home at five minutes to six. He therefore concluded that his partner had reference to his protracted luncheon.

"I must got to eat, the same as you, Mawruss," he protested.

"Eat!" Morris cried in terrible accents. "Choke! Poison yourself! What do I care? You are ruining me!"

"What do you mean—ruining you?" Abe asked; and for answer Morris poked the Daily Cloak and Suit Gazette at him.

With a palsied forefinger, Morris indicated a paragraph that read as follows:

NATIONAL HARDWARE BANK

PRESIDENT MAX NIETENTHAL RETIRES

Max Nietenthal, who for nineteen years has been president of the National Hardware Bank, has retired on account of ill health. His resignation was accepted at a meeting of the bank's executive committee last night.

He will be succeeded by Samuel J. Feder, for ten years president of the Kosciusko Bank.

Abe read and reread the item, with bulging eyes, and there rose in his throat a lump that may or may not have been paprika chicken. In any event, it effectually choked off all comment and allowed Morris to give play to his feelings unchecked.

"Widders and orphans in Russland he must look after!" Morris exclaimed. "We ain't got widders and orphans enough in New York City to suit him!"

Abe looked up from the paper, his face purple with emotion.

"What did Feder say to you?" he asked huskily.

"He wouldn't see me at all," Morris replied. "He sent out word he was holding a meeting of the German-American Aid Committee in his office and couldn't be disturbed."

Once more Abe disappeared behind the paper and Morris gained a fresh start.

"Such a big heart for Russland you got! Maybe you expect to get from the Czar an accommodation a few thousand dollars—what? If that's the case let me know, Abe, and I would also go out and try to collect for them *Litvaks* what Polongin writes you about."

The tips of Abe's red ears showed above the paper, but he maintained a discreet silence.

"You don't got to get the President to write you a letter about keeping neuterality!" Morris continued. "You got too much sense for that!"

Here Abe threw down the paper.

"'Senough, Mawruss!" he said. "I heard enough already. The President says we shouldn't help out the Russians *oder* the Germans, but he didn't say nothing about we shouldn't help out a customer, Mawruss. If Polongin wants me to do him a favor, Mawruss, the President can write letters till he runs out of postage stamps and he wouldn't affect me any. I don't care if Polongin's widders is *Litvaks oder Bayern*. All I know is, Polongin is a customer from ours—ours, Mawruss—not mine alone. He's a customer of you and me both, Mawruss; and what I done was for your sake the same as mine."

"Much obliged," Morris commented bitterly.

"Furthermore, there's plenty banks in New York, Mawruss; and if we got to pay a little more for the accommodation, Mawruss, what we sell Polongin when he comes to town will easy make up for it."

"I hope so," Morris said, with what to Abe seemed an offensive emphasis on the word "hope."

"Well, you can sit still here and hope, Mawruss, while I am out hustling so we can make a charge for Polongin next week," Abe said; "because the money from the bank we don't need till the first of the month, Mawruss, whereas we ain't got no time to lose if we want to sell Polongin a bill of goods."

He rose from his seat and put on his hat.

"Where are you going?" Morris said.

"Never mind where I am going," Abe replied. "If you don't want to do a charity for Polongin's widders—all right. At least you could see that our sample line would be ready for him when he calls next week. Don't leave everything to me, Mawruss!"

He paused at the elevator.

"Remember you got a drawing account the same as I got it, Mawruss," he concluded; "so try to be anyhow of a little assistance here."

It was fortunate for Abe that no inkwell reposed on his partner's desk, for Morris was still seeking something to use as a missile when the elevator door closed behind Abe.

"I don't wonder you look scared, Potash," said a voice from the rear of the elevator—"the way they don't give you no time to get into the elevators in this building, Potash. Honestly, I think it's a wonder every time I come out of here alive!"

"No one compels you you shouldn't walk downstairs, Mr. Klinger," the elevator operator commented.

"And I don't want none of your lip, neither," Sol Klinger continued.

"Mr. Klinger is right," Abe added. "What call do you got to get fresh *mit* the tenants here?"

"Tell your troubles to the landlord!" the operator retorted; and as they reached the ground floor he brought the elevator to a stop so abruptly that Abe and Sol Klinger groaned in concert.

"That's a low-life bum for you!" Abe said after they were completely out of hearing of the elevator man.

"I bet yer!" Sol Klinger replied fervently. "A soldier *im Russland oder Oestreich* don't run such a risk as me and you do every day right here in New York City, Potash."

"With this difference," Abe amended, "that if you and me was to die, Klinger, our widders would *doch* got enough to live on; whereas *im Russland*, when them poor fellers gets shot, y'understand, the widders and orphans starve to death."

Klinger was licking the refractory wrapper of an imported perfecto, and he nodded sadly.

"My heart bleeds for 'em," Klinger answered, striking a match.

"Well, if that's the case," Abe retorted, "I am collecting for Polongin on account of the poor widders and orphans of the soldiers *von unser Leute im Russland*, Klinger; and if you would like to give me from five to ten dollars a check, why I ——"

"Excuse me!" Klinger grunted. "From what Polongin are you collecting?"

"Tell Me, Abe, Do You Got That Letter With You What Mrs. Polongin Wrote to Rosie?"

"From Jacob Polongin, of the Herrick, Jameson Dry-Goods Company, Portland," Abe replied.

"*Aber* Jake Polongin ain't ——"

"Sure, I know what you're goin' to say," Abe went on. "You're goin' to tell me that Jacob Polongin ain't no customer of yours; but once in a while a feller should do a charity without expecting to sell goods from it. We ourselves ain't expecting that Polongin buys from us anything at all this season, Klinger, on account business is so rotten, y'understand; but, just the same, me and Mawruss was born in Russland and naturally we got sympathy for them poor soldiers *von unser Leute* over there."

"And Polongin is asking you to do this?" Klinger said.

"I told you we ain't considering Polongin exactly," Abe insisted. "A feller could got a heart once in a while to oblige a competitor even."

"Sure he could," Klinger admitted; "so here is two dollars, Potash, *aber* don't put my name down on Polongin's list."

"Why not?" Abe said. "Do you think I am the one not to give you credit just so Polongin wouldn't think well of a competitor?"

"You should have the credit with Polongin," Klinger said. "All I want is to see that you should help out them Russians, Mr. Potash. And if I was you I would look to it that Leon Sammet, Louis Elenbogen, and a few more of the *Roshoyim* should give you a couple dollars also."

"Of course, Klinger," Abe said as they shook hands at the corner, "I'm much obliged for the two dollars and the advice, y'understand; *aber* if I am going to collect only two dollars from each of them, Klinger, I would got to go the length and breadth from the garment trade in order to make any showing at all."

"So much the better," Klinger concluded, "so long as Polongin hears about it."

Abe shrugged his shoulders; and before he could say anything further Klinger had jumped on a Twenty-third Street cross-town car.

"Maybe he's right," Abe muttered to himself; and acting on Klinger's suggestion he proceeded at once to Sammet Brothers' place of business on Thirty-third Street.

It cannot be said that Leon Sammet accorded him a warm greeting.

"Hello, Leon!" Abe said as he entered; and Leon turned at once to the shipping clerk, who stood at his elbow.

"*Nu!*" he bawled. "How many times did I tell you to keep the covers over them new models there?"

And it was not until he had assisted the shipping clerk to draw the denim curtains over the sample rack that Leon addressed his competitor.

"Well, Potash," he said, "what can I do for you?"

It was on the tip of Abe's tongue to inform Leon that, for all the ideas a competitor might glean from Sammet Brothers' sample line, he might just as well copy his models after a Grand Street show window of the season before last. On second thought, however, he cleared his throat instead, and smiled in what he conceived to be an affable manner.

(Continued on Page 57)

"I Thought Right Away How Last Winter Mrs. Feder is Getting Into Us Already for Ten Dollars a Whack"

SELLING SHOT AND SUPPLIES TO EUROPE—By C. P. Engel

OH, YES; he made his money during the war." Our fathers heard this of the generation before them and we have listened to it in our own time. It has long been an accepted fact that war shows its silver lining to the man who has something to sell and who gets there first. He was, indeed, a fortunate personage; his prerogatives were many and his business was laid out for him according to inviolable rules, all of which worked to his advantage.

It was his privilege to boost the price; to dump dead stock; to substitute; to give short measure. In the Commissary Departments were too often a great many figureheads and nincompoops, and the way to get next was through bribery and influence. Honorable dealings—even common decent business methods—were deemed inadvisable among these fellows, and the man who was most esteemed was the one who made his in any way he could; and the more, the better.

Somehow this tradition filtered down through the generations; and when this present great war began many men remembered, and, putting behind them all proved theories of business success, they attempted to work according to these old-fashioned theories. It is a curious fact that some manufacturers, some financiers, who ordinarily would never have dreamed of playing crooked, apparently had accepted these contrary rules of the war game. Mind you, not every one who took a hand was double-dealing; but some were implicated, so many incidents of this sort could be cited, that Yankee shrewdness received a black eye it will take months of righteous dealing to remedy.

By this date, however, even these business men have almost learned their lesson. Selling supplies to the foreign armies is now recognized as a tremendous business undertaking—a business run by thoroughly up-to-date business men, who know values and who are satisfied to make very much less than would ordinarily be considered a legitimate profit, because of the present enormous quantities involved. Also, the Purchasing Departments of each government are now made up of experts in every line—men who know the government requirements, who understand the materials they are buying, who are in close touch with each market, and who realize fully what is a fair price to pay.

It will be interesting, then, to look more closely into this matter of war business, to learn the way some folks thought it was done, and the way it has actually developed.

In the beginning most of the governments dispatched commissions to the United States, with orders to investigate the markets. In some cases authority was given to buy; in others, merely to report and submit samples. These commissions, as a rule, were under a tremendous disadvantage.

In the first place, as foreigners, and frequently as military rather than business men, they found much difficulty in locating the manufacturers. And when they did it was next to impossible to get the right price. It was the old whisper: When you catch an army, milk it—milk it quick and milk it good! Often the commission had to ask somebody to direct it to the manufacturer; and for this service the somebody demanded payment. But he only knew somebody else who knew the manufacturer. And of a certainty this middleman also demanded his bit.

A Rake-Off at Every Turn

ALSO, this first somebody had told others of his friends about the large government war order to be had, and they, also, had become personally appointed middlemen. Each approached the manufacturer with the same sort of secret information—that he alone had the power to place an order for a million dollars' worth or so of this manufacturer's output. The manufacturer naturally grew excited. He was convinced that the foreign armies were merely waiting for his goods before going into battle. His pride soared. He refused to give options. He sat tight and waited for the order to be laid at his door.

Meantime the commissions, without ever having communicated with the manufacturer direct, had forwarded one or another of the various prices he submitted to them to their governments. And then they also waited. There is even one case on record where the head of a commission, being moved more by mercenary than by patriotic impulses, himself further inflated the prices.

This commission was approached by a large firm of horse dealers. The price asked was a hundred and sixty-five dollars a head. The dealers were told that their data would

Mr. Charles M. Schwab, Whose Company, Bethlehem Steel, Has Received Large War Orders, and Mr. Anthony J. Drexel

be carefully filed, and that if later the commission was interested they would be duly notified. The next day a man who had been present during this interview came to the horse dealer and, ignoring their former meeting, stated that he could introduce the dealer to a foreign purchasing commission that was in the market for horses. The man's rake-off must be ten dollars a horse.

The horse dealer, though perfectly willing to agree to this, protested that his price of a hundred and sixty-five dollars a horse was so low that it would not stand the extra commission. Then it was suggested that the price should be raised to a hundred and seventy-five dollars a horse, and a letter was written confirming this agreement. The next day this man took the horse dealer to the commissioner, who apparently did not remember ever having met him before. The matter was rediscussed in detail and the order was placed, without further delay, at a hundred and seventy-five dollars a horse.

And here was the scheme: The grafter was in the regular employ of the commissioner, drawing a salary for just this sort of work. In this particular instance the commissioner's home government discovered the fraud, the order was canceled, the commissioner recalled and court-martialed.

Because of the very high prices submitted by the commissions the War Departments frequently postponed their buying. In some cases Mister Manufacturer grew tired of waiting and sent his own personal representative abroad to interview the government; but in nine cases out of ten he never reached the powers in control. When he landed on the other side this agent was about in the same fix as the commission had been in New York. He was dealing with centuries of honored precedents and it was required that he present his goods in the way these people were accustomed to have them presented.

Just as in China, if you wish to sell a merchant something, you talk for an hour or more about everything else under the sun except the matter of sale, mentioning that most casually toward the end—so, in modern England, France and Russia there are certain precedents that must be as rigidly followed.

We are taking examples largely from the Allied armies because whatever buying Germany is doing is being done so secretly as to be negligible, so far as this article is concerned.

Furthermore, social position counts largely in these commercial war transactions, and the agent or firm who would do business must almost invariably be on the same social plane as the members of the War Department. Russia is particularly punctilious about this. One large export house in New York, being unable to reach the Russian war officials through its regularly accredited agents, has employed a member of New York's Four Hundred—a name associated with wealth and family—to make a trip to Russia in its interests.

Let us follow for a moment the manufacturer's agent who has planned to do business direct with the foreign governments. He goes to France, let us say. Finding that he cannot reach the Central Supply Office himself he looks about for some concern to handle his goods. A dozen or more firms are suggested to him. Perhaps only one or two of them, however, have the right entrée. Yet they all want an option on his goods; naturally they all tell him they can do this business for him. Now it is up to him to pick the firm that can be of real service.

Say he is fortunate enough to have his goods presented to the Commissary Department. The officials probably discover that they have seen samples like this before, quoted at much higher prices—due, as you will remember, to the second and third profits tacked on by the middleman who had sent these samples over. But of this reason the government knows nothing and cares less. So the commission in New York is open for a severe calling down for not getting the bottom price.

Too Clever by Half

SUPPOSE, however, the manufacturer's agent pulls a blank; suppose his goods never receive official recognition at all. Then finally he will return home; and the manufacturer will declare that the big orders placed by the warring nations are all a fake.

One amusing tale is told of a shrewd manufacturer who paid dearly for his greed. A certain agent in New York received from a foreign government a request to submit samples of sweaters. Definite specifications were given and an order was assured if the requirements could be met. The agent immediately sent a lengthy night telegram to a selected list of large sweater manufacturers, outlining specifications and requesting an immediate response. He received replies or samples from all except one, a large firm entirely responsible and perhaps in every way the most desirable. So, after waiting a few days, the agent called this manufacturer by long-distance telephone. This was what he heard:

"Sure, we received your wire. Thanks for your tip. We are glad to know that X—— is in the market for sweaters and exactly what they require. Our special representative left yesterday on the Lusitania. Will do business direct with the War Office. We don't propose to divide commissions with any agent in this country."

The representative reached X—— all right, but he never touched more than the outskirts of the War Office. And so, after hanging about for six weeks or more and running up a large expense account, he was called home. Meantime a less hoggish—not to say a more honorable—competitor who had submitted samples as requested received through the agent an order large enough to work his factory on double shift for several months.

And so the foreign War Offices, being in most cases dissatisfied with the work of the official commissions, and the American manufacturers, balking at the delay and loss occasioned by their own greed or ignorance or by causes they themselves were unable to control, were both in full readiness to welcome the entrance into the field of a legitimate middleman.

This middleman must, however, possess certain very definite qualities. He must, first of all, be financially responsible; he must have the right sort of connections abroad; he must be familiar with the American market; and he must be farsighted enough to realize that big business comes to the man who plays straight with both sides and who is satisfied with merely a just profit.

These qualifications peculiarly fitted the banker. So, though other responsible business men have gone into this war-brokerage business, it is chiefly bankers, foreign and American, or Wall Street houses, who are doing the really big business. A number of concerns in New York that had at first gone into this war business merely as a side issue soon found these transactions assuming such proportions that a separate organization and office were necessary.

There are also groups of foreign moneyed men who have opened offices in New York, putting in charge men familiar with the American buying end and themselves taking care of the European selling end. Conspicuous among

this group is a French syndicate operating in New York through an American financier and business man well known both in this country and abroad.

The foreign governments have found these legitimate business men most satisfactory to deal with. Almost invariably they have been able to quote lower prices than the commissions. It seems that official war business automatically inflates prices. And, knowing the market, these middlemen could not only find better values and better grades of goods, but frequently they rounded up more goods because they could go to kindred manufacturers and show them how to make the desired articles.

Often, with both middleman and commission in the field when a particularly desirable article was being negotiated for, they would bid against each other, and the government would have to pay an inflated price, no matter with whom it did business. Therefore, in many cases the official commissions have now been withdrawn or kept here simply for inspection.

For the purposes of this article we shall select a foreign American organization and describe in detail its troubles, its successes, its methods of doing business—and so on. These details, however, may be accepted as typical of the experiences of all similar concerns.

This firm is composed of a number of foreign bankers who have had solid financial rating for half a century or more. Their social position is unquestioned. To begin with they sent one of their number to New York to look over the field. Then they opened offices in Paris, Petrograd, London, and recently in Rome. However, most of their business up to date has been done with France.

The American manager of this firm, on his arrival in New York, took rooms at one of the large hotels and tried to hide himself. It is a mistaken idea that the minute a buyer for foreign armies reaches this country he heralds the news broadcast. In truth, if he has any real business to place he endeavors to conceal his identity and sends word to only the men he needs.

The manager registered at the hotel his personal name. Being an American by birth, though he had lived for a number of years abroad, he sought out some old friends whom he could trust, and through them started his negotiations. In each particular business he then selected one man who was thoroughly familiar with that field, and from him secured what information he required. Each man, though not enjoined to secrecy, was advised not to talk too much; and yet the news filtered out.

Business Adventurers in the Selling Game

ONE day the manager found a few unsolicited visitors at his door. He saw them all, and gave them, wherever possible, a chance. The next day more visitors appeared; and their number increased by bounds, until after a while there were a hundred or more of them daily, and several hundred telephone calls.

One very unpleasant feature that now developed was the perpetual espionage under which he found himself. Wherever he went he realized that he was being spied on. Some of the visitors, who endeavored to find out what he was buying, were unmasked as spies. He discovered that the keyhole of the door communicating with his library was being frequently used. His office was always occupied, day and night; but once, when inadvertently it was left empty for a few minutes, several cablegrams were taken from his desk. These contained confirmations of orders.

PHOTO FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

The Immensity of These War Orders and the Poor Shipping Facilities Make Transportation a Problem

At the beginning the sudden growth of the number of salesmen for war supplies was probably due to the old idea that war business was a happy-go-lucky free-for-all—and let the best man win! Also, it was just about this time that Wall Street shut down and a general business depression was on; so about every third man out of a job promptly went into the business of selling war materials to the foreign governments. It meant no money outlay, netted excessive profits, and required only the expenditure of some valueless time. There were several ways in which these men—"touts," the manager calls them—tried to do business.

PHOTO FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Hundreds of Horses are Being Shipped Weekly

The first way was for one of them to go to some manufacturer—say, of socks, for instance—tell him that he knew where he could land a big war order, get a list of prices and a few samples, and blithely hie him to the manager. He believed the only additional trouble he would have to give himself, before bringing in the order, would be to add to the already inflated prices quoted by the manufacturer a nice little sum for his own profit; but the manager had determined to deal with the manufacturer direct. Moreover, he knew values. A very few questions unmasked the tout, and he left, with only the samples in his pocket.

Then there was the fellow who in some way had met the manager, and who, presuming on this acquaintance, went round to various manufacturers offering to introduce them at so much an introduction—usually a percentage of sales. In one instance the manufacturer of an automobile tractor was approached by a man who offered to introduce him to somebody about to place a large war order. The man was to be protected by a commission. Of course the manufacturer agreed.

It developed that Man Number One did not know the purchasing power, but he would introduce the tractor manufacturer to the real man who was truly "next." So the manufacturer met Man Number Two and agreed to protect this one also with a commission, though he believed this boosted price would inevitably ban his product. Only after letters had been carefully written confirming these commission agreements was the name of the real buyer revealed. It turned out to be the manager with whom this tractor manufacturer was already negotiating his factory output at a much lower figure than he had quoted even to Man Number One.

And there was yet a third breed of tout. He was the man who came to the manager and tried to find out what was being bought. He then intended taking this information to a manufacturer and, of course, claiming a commission. This one would even try to get from the manager a promise of an additional commission for his unsolicited services in locating the manufacturer.

These mushroom businessmen developed by thousands. They virtually lived in the hotel. They were there as early as seven A. M.; and the manager tells of one man who knocked on his door at one A. M. with "most important information." For several weeks the manager scarcely left his rooms—even for meals. At first he had seen and listened to everybody who called; but these touts got to be such a nuisance that he was obliged to engage a doorman.

Now this courteous old gentleman receives each visitor and, with a few skillful questions, discovers whether the man is an accredited representative of a manufacturer. A private secretary does a like service over the telephone. When a man comes in he is asked for his card. A personal card is a distinct handicap. If he comes from a legitimate business house he is likely to carry its business card.

This, of course, is not an inviolable rule if the man can pass the rest of his third degree. He gives his card; states what he has to sell. Suppose it is cloth. "Where is your factory?" he is then asked. "What is its output?" As government orders are large, a factory of small capacity is not considered, because farming out work is in most cases unsatisfactory. He is also likely to be asked how many threads to the inch, how heavy is the material, how much wool in it, and so on.

These are questions a man in the business can answer without hesitation, but the tyro must remain dumb. And so he never gets beyond the anteroom.

Some men will not accept this dismissal. There have been ragged counts and earls and lords who have tried to capitalize their aristocratic handles. One man, not long ago, calling himself Count So-and-So, stated that he was interested in many manufacturing plants in New England. When asked to be more explicit he said there were so many he could scarcely enumerate them—oh, thirty or more!—and he was sure he could supply whatever was wanted if only he could get a hint as to what it was. As he was rather seedy-looking for such a prosperous individual, and did not even have a card, he also was ushered out.

Exhibitions of Bluff and Effrontery

ONE man came in offering five million rifles—had them right where he could put his hand on them. Now, rifles are worth almost their weight in gold. It is said, in fact, that Russia could almost double her men in the field if she had proper equipment. Naturally, then, the manager was eager to get such a large number of rifles, being certain of a market for them. The order depended only on an examination of the rifles to see that their quality and number were O. K. But this was just what the man was unable to bring about. He had evidently thought that rifles would be a good thing to offer for sale. Having made the sale he would then go out and hunt up his manufacturer—of course not realizing the difficulty he would have. And so his beautiful order also fell through.

Another man, probably in the same fix, had fifty thousand horses to offer; and yet, with this great asset on a snowy day in January, he was wearing a threadbare spring overcoat.

Perhaps the slickest case of bluff, plus gall, was the man who offered two hundred and fifty rapid-firing guns. He seemed to know what he was talking about and promised to call for the manager the following day and show him the guns. When he arrived the next day he sat down comfortably and conversed about everything under the sun except guns. Finally the manager grew impatient, and asked whether the man was ready to go to see the guns.

"Oh, do you know, when I got back to the office yesterday I found my representative had just sold those guns to England, and they are already on my transport, on the way over!"

The manager, though an unbeliever, was patient. But when the man requested him to cash a check for fifteen dollars—remember that day's cash sale of two hundred and fifty guns!—the man left in a hurry.

One man came to this office trying to sell silk underwear. The doorman neglected to ask whether it was waterproof, for use in the trenches.

All these incidents, however, took place in the early days of the business. By now the manager has his manufacturers pretty well lined up and knows where to go for what

(Continued on Page 31)

DEA EX MACHINA

By Grace Ellery Channing

FIVE whole days the gray girl had come and gone, and sat at meals in full view of the Bellair party. Mouselike she had crept to table, melted furtively into her chair, and mouselike crept away again. One saw her stealing about the grounds, book in hand, as unrelated to the various groups and activities of hotel life as some solitary visitor from Mars.

Certain aspects of her, indeed, suggested rather a survival in time; that, instead of Martian, she might merely be mid-Victorian. Now as she stole past the tennis court, so narrowly eluding Kate's racket stroke as to draw a startled "Good gracious!" from that strenuous young woman, she looked more gray-ghostly than ever. Kate's eyes followed frowningly the head she had so narrowly escaped batting over the net together with her ultimate and victorious ball.

There was a murmur, colorless and indistinguishable as the slim, fading shape which made haste to efface itself in the woods beyond. Still frowning, Kate cast herself on the grassy court border.

"It's beginning to get on my nerves. Nobody speaks to her; nobody even notices her except those loathsome Van Dusens—and they only to turn up their noses."

One of the two figures at her feet turned to gaze lazily in the direction of the vanished girl.

"Well, you'll admit she isn't precisely winning."

"Exactly!—which makes it the shabbier. If she were—or were anybody—they'd all be feeding out of her hands; you know that perfectly. Just because she's a dowdy little thing, why treat her like a leper?"

She glanced impatiently at the other figure at her feet; and, as though obeying wireless intimations, Humphrey Kane sat upright.

"What do you want me to do?"

"I'm thinking," answered his fiancée.

The two young men exchanged glances. Kate's thoughts—the fearsome thoughts of an idle woman—had been known before now to produce the unforeseen. It was, indeed, the main reason why they interested her.

Before them stretched the silent tennis court, deserted by the other players, who had disappeared—after the fashion of summer visitors—to dress for dinner or to watch the sunset and rose-glow of the mountains. Kate maintained her boding silences, and her companions waited.

"You know"—she spoke suddenly—"they say you can make people anything by treating them as though they were that thing."

Two pairs of raised eyes and eyebrows met this intelligent statement.

"I beg pardon," said Humphrey politely.

"What are you handing us now, Kate?" Thus bluntly her brother Philip.

"Why, simply, if we should treat that girl as though she were attractive, she would be. And I say we do! We'll show those Van Dusenites! If we take her up she's made."

The calm conviction of this statement robbed it of its arrogance. When one is born a Bellair, with millions, and is engaged to a Kane, with millions more, some things are assumed without assumption. Senator Bellair's only daughter was too completely accustomed to that knowledge of wealth which is power even to think of ignoring it: there it was—a feature in the landscape to be reckoned with—like Mount Washington before her. To ignore it would have been—for Kate—the snobbish thing. The ability to make others was a part—a not unpleasing part—of her heritage; and, having the by no means unusual amiability that can accompany even the unearned gifts of Fortune, Kate now and then "made" a person for charity—or for fun.

In the brief instant following her speech the two auditors silently held consultation and established a league for defense.

"I'm afraid you can't do much with—er—the material," observed Humphrey cautiously. "You must admit she is a bit dowdy."

"But nice—anyone can see that." She added ambiguously: "I'll fix that."

She Began to Show an Almost Fatal Intelligence in Every Sense

"See here!"—Philip put it with a brother's brutal frankness—"you are biting off more than you can chew; I know that type."

"Shy?"—his sister nodded blithely—"I'll fix that too."

Philip grinned; he looked at his brother victim, who sighed.

"Oh, well; where do we enter?"

"You will enter"—Kate sat bolt upright and spoke with animation—"at the ball to-night."

Life had suddenly taken on a fresh interest; it often did with Kate. The worst of an impeccable engagement, on which conventionality itself smiles, is that it but meagerly provides those small adventures which so adorn the great one. From one circumscribed world, in which there was everything, Kate's engagement merely translated her to another and precisely similar world, where there would also be everything; instead of riding in an automobile given her by her father, she would ride in an automobile given her by her husband.

Humphrey himself would be the only new feature, and Humphrey might be considered as a doubtful novelty. Kate and he had grown up in so exactly the same code and set of surroundings that they would virtually take one another for granted; what editors call the "surprise element" had been, so far as possible, eliminated from both their lives. Kate had told the truth when she said the gray girl had begun to get on her nerves; she had only omitted to add that she was likewise beginning to be bored with the place generally; it is a penalty those pay who have seen all places. The gray girl, therefore, looked to Kate like a benefaction.

"The ball ——" began Philip; ending hopefully: "Maybe she won't be there."

"She will," his sister assured him. "And I want you both to treat her as—as a great success—so she will be."

Humphrey's opening lips were closed by a poke in the ribs from Philip.

"Perfectly simple, old man. You see that ancient hack there? Looked at in the right spirit, it may win a Derby. Or take that five-cent motor over there—by faith it shall become a six-cylinder car."

"Don't be silly!" Kate spoke peremptorily. "You can't apply psychic principles to—to unpsychic things. You both know perfectly well that, tell any woman she's a beauty and she'll—er—respond."

"Something in that," admitted Humphrey, rapidly reviewing experience; but Philip hunched his fine shoulders.

"Huh! So I'm to tell her she's a beauty, am I? Kindly stay round to bail me out when she has me arrested for a dangerous lunatic."

"Come, Phil"—his sister stooped to coax—"do be nice! Why should you begrudge the little thing a good time for once—dancing with her a bit, and doing up those Dusenites?"

"Oh, well," her brother conceded weakly, "have your way, as usual. Don't mind whom I dance with myself—so long, that is, as she does dance."

"And to-morrow"—his sister discreetly evaded this issue—"you can take her motoring; I dare say she's never been."

"Every girl's been! Don't care, though, whom I motor, either," murmured Philip, still affably.

"You"—Kate turned on her peculiar property—"will teach her tennis."

"Lord!"

"And you might ——" She hesitated.

"Huh?"

"Well, boating by moonlight—just once," she finished hurriedly.

"Not on your life!" The answer came grimly. "Any moonlighting I do ——"

"Oh, very well," Kate compromised gracefully—after all, there are limits—"Philip can take her."

"Ha!" exclaimed Philip. He sat upright and looked his sister sternly in the eye. "Let's get right down to tacks: What are you after anyhow? I'm willing to register benevolence, kindness, the whole range of Christian virtues; but if you think you see me trying regularly to flirt with that little leftover from the days that are no more, I tell you right now ——"

"Nonsense! Of course not!" Kate interrupted him. "I only ask you to be nice—play the game; just what I've seen you do with twenty other girls every summer of your life," she added cruelly. And, disregarding her brother's muttered "Girls, yes—not ghosts!" she went on with a fine piety: "I should think you'd be glad—I should think you'd feel sorry ——"

"We do," Humphrey replied sadly; but Philip only shrugged.

If not better, he had known his sister longer than Kane, and in any clash between the United States Senate and its daughter he knew which side to back. Moreover, all at once he had a genial idea.

"Count on us!" he said with sudden, suspicious cheerfulness.

"Within limits," amended Humphrey, who had no revelation.

"But you want to remember one thing"—Philip squared his shoulders and smoothed an immaculately cut sports coat—just as he was he might have stood for Gibson: "I don't answer for the consequences. These things don't always turn out just as you plan them, you know," he finished oracularly.

"What do you mean?" Kate demanded.

Her brother met her gaze unblushingly.

"Girls are foolish things; they sometimes imagine things," he simpered.

Kate surveyed him with scorn.

"Well, of all —— You men think a lot of yourselves, don't you?" She turned with wrathful curiosity to her betrothed. "I suppose you, too, think yourself irresistible?"

"If I did ——" Humphrey caught adroitly the hand bearing the still recent signet of his strictly limited and constitutional reign; with a wave expressive of the futility of all words Kate withdrew it, walking magnificently away in the direction of the woods.

"Not a minute lost—that's Kate! Wish you joy, old man!" grinned Philip, adding inconsequently: "Queer things—girls!"

"Well—can you beat it?" Humphrey looked helplessly after her. He threw back his head to laugh, then checked himself with a sudden loyalty, which was to Philip the painful sign of a lost comrade. "After all, y'know—it *is* decent of her to want to give the poor little thing a fair running."

"Decent! Oh, yes; a big heap jolly decent it is!" Philip replied vindictively. "We're to do the work; she's to have the fun, feel good and crumple the Van Dusenites. I always knew Maude Van Dusen would have to pay some day for—well, for things. Now listen well!" He leaned to his prospective brother-in-law's ear. "It'll save you trouble in the end and teach Kate a thing or two," he concluded in a lengthy whisper.

Slowly on Humphrey's countenance comprehension widened to a broad smile; he grasped Philip's hand.

"I'm on, old man," he said briefly.

They lifted their athletic lengths from the grass—two personable, well set-up, faultlessly tailored "for sport" young specimens—lit their cigarettes and, chuckling, sauntered toward the hotel, vastly pleased with themselves and the prospect. Not even Humphrey could deny that Kate might profit by a lesson.

Pure of all duplicities, Kate walked briskly down the wooded path, halting when at last her shadow, falling on a page, caused the reader to look up.

"Lovely evening, isn't it? Do you mind if I sit down?" asked Kate, depositing herself beside the gray girl.

Mary Davis replied with her half-startled smile; she closed her book politely, but with a finger in it, as though vaguely expectant of her visitor's departure. Kate glanced at the cover.

"Shaw? You read a lot, don't you?" Mentally she made comment that she had always said she was not common, while critically her eye appraised her neighbor.

Kate's own hatless head, with its brightly ruffled hair, her rolled-up sleeves, abbreviated gown and general attire, formed a whole to pain Kate's ancestors, and to delight doctors and those who follow the early Greek. She was not barefoot only because it did not yet happen to be the fashion. She was rosy and tanned and vigorous.

Beside her the gray girl showed very gray indeed. A careful shade hat was pinned above the primly coiled hair; her sleeves came to her wrists; and her face, by contrast with Kate's, showed almost pallid above her closely collared shirt waist. Everything about her was nice, with a distressing, picket-fence nicety surrounding her slim and stiff little figure.

"Do I disturb you? You like to be alone, don't you?"

"Sometimes." Mary Davis blushed her painful blush.

"I hate it!" said Kate; and she emphasized the words with a skipped stone.

"Oh, but you aren't alone," the girl replied, and stopped; coloring again as though aware of indiscretion.

"Oh, I have Philip, of course—that's my brother—and Mr. Kane, I'm engaged to him; but men are different. I don't know a girl here; most of them I wouldn't"—a statement that would have considerably surprised Maude Van Dusen. If it surprised Miss Davis also, she made no sign; she looked politely interested only.

"For instance," continued Kate, "there's the ball to-night; I hate going down alone. I wish"—she spoke as though the idea had just occurred to her—"you'd go down with me. Won't you?"

Her eagerness was admirable. Considering everything, it was even more; but Miss Davis shrank together almost, as if Kate had wounded her.

"Oh, I couldn't—I couldn't possibly; I never do."

"Of course you couldn't alone," assented Kate; "but with us? Phil and Humphrey would take care of us, you know, and—my brother wants to meet you," she finished mendaciously.

But Mary Davis shook her head.

"I—I really couldn't."

"Don't you dance?"

The painful little blush answered her.

"A—a little," said Mary Davis.

"Well, then ——"

"Oh, it's ever so nice of you; but I don't think really —— You see, I never expected, and so I didn't ——"

"Is it clothes?" Kate's nonchalant tone made it simple; but, even at that moment, something warned her not to offer to lend. "It's only a hotel dance. Haven't you any old thing—anything white?"

Mary Davis looked at her. An odd little excitement flickered into her shy eyes; she began to speak quickly and color came into her cheeks.

"I've got a crêpe de Chine."

"There," thought Kate, "she's quite pretty already!" And she thrilled with the successful experimenter's emotion; the first reaction had been perfect. Aloud she said:

"The very thing! Let's hurry back—dine and dress; and afterward ——" She dragged Mary Davis up with an impetuous hand which took no account of larch trees; the hat and hair of her victim paid toll.

"Oh!" exclaimed Kate. "All that lovely hair—and you do it up like that!" The last was an unpremeditated cry of horror, having nothing to do with suggestion.

Mary Davis, impervious, continued hastily to roll up the tight little wad and spear it into place, blushing the while. Kate ached as she beheld her.

"You'd be just ravishing with that hair loose! Look here: what did you say your number was? I'm coming over early to gather you up." She virtually tucked Mary Davis under her arm and bore her away.

"Do forgive me for being so early!" she pleaded a few hours later as she burst into Mary Davis' room, casting aside the while one of those artlessly simple wraps which cost a fortune, and displaying a gown to match.

Mary Davis' own was no simpler—indeed, it was not quite so simple; that, perhaps, was what ailed it. With an eye of compassion Kate noted the daring efforts to meet her hints halfway: the slight loosening of locks, which might be Mary Davis' idea of a riotous coiffure; and the timid turned-away half inch of gown from a very pretty throat. Kate eyed her victim with the subtle elation of a child before a new toy it means to play with.

"Huh!"—her head on one side—"our flippant ways are not for you; but between flippancy and strait-jackets —— Do you mind?" Her fingers worked subtly among the soft masses of hair, pulling, patting, arranging, adapting. "You've got lovely hair."

"Oh, do you think so?" asked Mary Davis, raising grateful eyes.

"And a pair of eyes!" commented Kate mentally. "Child, do you know you've got a throat!"—she peeled away an inch of gown—"and shoulders!" She peeled away inches more. Her victim raised protesting hands.

"Oh, I couldn't—I never could!"

"Nonsense!—it's almost high-necked now," said the arbiter of destinies autocratically. "Haven't you a bit of lace or chiffon?"

"I've got this." Miss Davis hesitatingly produced a really beautiful thing.

"Ideal! My dear, you'll be the feature of the evening!"

With something of the awe of a creator, Kate watched the gray girl turn a lovely pink as she gasped doubtfully:

"Oh, do you think so?"

"If she only had the very slightest idea how to hold herself and walk!" thought that creator sadly, following the timid, almost huddled shape of her protégée down the stairs.

Anxiously she sought confirmation in the faces of the two expectant cavaliers waiting at the foot, and, glancing hastily again at her creation, asked herself whether it could possibly be that she was already "quite"—for both men had moved, with something which could only be described as precipitation. Almost before Mary Davis had accomplished her blushingly awkward little bows, Philip had drawn her hand through his arm. He bent to her gallantly.

"I am to have the first, you know."

Good old Phil! Kate smiled her approval.

"I—you won't find I dance very well, I'm afraid," hesitated Mary Davis.

"Oh, but you're going to—and I'm no Vernon Castle."

Kate hastily suppressed another kind of smile; Philip's dancing was famous.

"Now I, on the other hand, dance beautifully, Miss Davis." This from Humphrey, who did not. "Phil, where do I come in? Don't, please, imagine you are the whole corps de ballet!"

Kate smiled again—Humphrey sounded so in earnest; and as Philip swept his partner away Kate beamed on her own.

"You are both doing splendidly, and already it works!"

Humphrey was gazing after the dancing couple; it was quite a moment before he woke up to say:

"I beg pardon? Yes, as you say, she's quite charming."

"Well, hardly that!" Kate's tone expressed her surprise and noted Humphrey's returning gaze to the dancers. "But she's a trifle nearer to date—say, late Victorian now!" Her own foot tapped impatiently an inviting floor; and still Humphrey gazed and mused.

"Odd, isn't it, how you can see and see a person, and then all at once ——"

"All at once—what?"

"Why—see them!" Humphrey concluded innocently. "By the way, shall we dance?" As Kate made no reply, he placed an arm about her and they tangoed none too gracefully away.

At the other end of the room Philip presently halted, breathless. There was a bump on each of his knees, his toes were lame from much stepping on and his arms from dragging the apparently inert and lifeless form of his partner through the evolutions of the dance. Internally he was saying things, the least of which was that if ever Kate had him doing this again ——

The worst of excelling in any art is that the penalty of even forced failure comes so high. Wiping the perspiration from his brow, he glanced almost vindictively down and encountered a pair of pleased and happy eyes trustfully raised to his own.

"You dance beautifully," he said aloud instantly.

"Oh, do you really think so?"

From somewhere Miss Davis produced an unsuspected dimple—and then another; her cheeks were softly pink and the loosened hair was looser. It was touchingly apparent that she believed she had danced beautifully.

"Why, certainly; all in the world you need is practice—and to know the steps," he added candidly. "Look here"—he glanced for inspiration—"we'll go outside where it's cool—for I'll be hanged if I'll make a spectacle of myself on that floor twice!"—this by parenthesis.

His companion hesitated—barely; one could fairly see a mounting recklessness take possession of her.

"I should love to if—if ——"

"In my bright lexicon there are no ifs."

Mary Davis laughed softly and suddenly.

"Bulwer! I didn't know anybody quoted him nowadays."

Philip noted the undercurrent of that laugh; mentally he registered that she might be worth talking to—later.

Never Was a Pupil Graduated So Quickly

"I remember; Kate says you read Shaw, Synge—all the highbrows." He put his arm about her. "Now then: one—two—three!"

A master of anything loves to teach it—especially to an apt pupil. It was fully half an hour later when Humphrey, hounding them out by a shuffling of feet and low voices, came to the door-shadow, where he stood for an amused minute listening and looking.

"Phil is going the pace—as usual," he thought, chuckling. "Well, talk of monopolies in restraint of trade!" He announced himself, advancing: "Miss Davis, this is my second dance!"

"Oh—really?" The girl turned to him a startled face of such flushed and transparent happiness that Humphrey knew a pang of conscience and looked accusingly at Philip.

"Nonsense!" that gentleman answered the uttered—not the implied—remark. "We're just getting on." Meeting his chum's eye again, he stopped. "Oh, well, you can take my pupil now; you'll find she's some dancer."

And once more Mary Davis reiterated her happy cry:

"Oh, do you think so!"

Both men, looking at her shining eyes and parted lips, smiled involuntarily—not at but with her. She lifted eyelashes that she certainly could not have grown during the last half hour, though neither had noticed them before, and gazed gratefully from under them at Philip.

"I'm afraid it's only Mr. Bellair's kindness."

"Well, you'll get the plain, unvarnished truth from me," Humphrey assured her. "Phil can dance for two—I can't."

"You won't have to. Just remember what I told you," Philip warned his pupil, and followed them into the room to watch their progress. Jove! She had really caught on; the little thing was really dancing. His practiced eye discerned through the still slightly hesitant movements the action of the natural dancer, and he inconsistently knew a creator's pride. Then:

"Damn!" he said aloud.

Peter Van Dusen—precisely Peter—led by fate or malice, bore down on the dancing pair with a perfect German ninety-centimeter of a partner. There was a brief engagement, and the opposing forces drew off for repairs.

"Confound that clodhopper of a Humphrey!" thought Philip with indignation, and smiled sweetly. Two soft eyes, looking about timorously for witnesses of defeat, had encountered his and mutely implored pardon—yet, he would have sworn, with a glint of amusement in them too. "Oh, if she's got a sense of humor too!" thought Philip.

"Were you very, very much ashamed of me?" asked Mary Davis, still breathless as Humphrey brought her to a safe mooring beside his chum.

"It was all that hulking Van Dusen's fault," said Humphrey apologetically.

"Not a bit of it!" Philip returned quickly. "If you'd been dancing with anyone who knew how to dance —— Never mind! We'll show them, this next dance ——"

"No, you won't!" interrupted Humphrey quickly. "You did me out of two already. The next is mine—isn't it, Miss Davis?"

Mary Davis was a study in dazed, ecstatic confusion.

"Poor little kid!" thought one of her companions. "I don't believe she's ever had any attention before!"

"Well, if Kate could see her handiwork now!" thought the other. And this latter must have percolated through Mary Davis' delirium into the calmer spaces of her brain, for she spoke suddenly:

"Oh, I think I'd better go to your sister, please."

"All right." Humphrey crooked a prompt elbow. "I'll take you."

"Well, you have your nerve with you!" began Philip, astonished. ."It was me, Miss Davis ——"

He followed the two with a mute and mounting interest. It was all very well for Humphrey to carry out the agreement—their agreement—but it would also be very well for him to remember he was engaged, and to Kate at that. Darkly he began to review chapters in his future brother-in-law's past.

"Where have you been all this time? You look perfectly sweet!" This in a whisper as Kate adjusted a curl of her protégée's hair—somewhat flauntingly, in that Maude Van Dusen was at hand and observant. Mary Davis bloomed back at Kate with the innocent, dazzled eyes of youth—youth of a kind that Kate herself had never dreamed of—which, in fact, she had hardly believed existed.

"Having the loveliest time—thanks to you," said Mary Davis shyly.

Kate was touched. She turned to invite Humphrey's sympathetic participation in this moving exhibition, but Humphrey had secured Mary Davis' dance-card and was writing his name on it in a great many places, while Philip surveyed the process with displeasure. A young man tapped Humphrey on the arm and withdrew him to a discreet distance; and Philip promptly held out his hand.

"May I see that card?" He spoke with authority, and Miss Davis meekly consigned it to him. Austerely he began to fill in the unoccupied spaces.

"Van Dusen," said Humphrey, approaching Kate, "wishes to be presented to Miss Davis—I suppose to explain why he omitted to kill her outright." His glance was interrogative; Kate glowed response:

"Aha!"

"Well, I certainly don't see any need of bringing that bounder in!" Philip disgustedly offered.

"But we can't exactly refuse, can we?" asked Humphrey.

"Of course not!" Kate interposed with authority.

A moment later she exhibited a shameless triumph as Philip's pupil was whirled away by Peter.

"Well, what do you say now? Does it or doesn't it work? Isn't it fun? Philip, what are you glowering about?"

"If you ask me I call it disgusting! They've never been able to see her before; and now, just because ——"

Kate laughed.

"Well, did you ever see such a transformation? Why, she's almost pretty! And she quite dances ——"

Kate's Engagement Merely Translated Her to Another and Precisely Similar World

"Almost pretty—quite dances!" her brother repeated sardonically. "Kate, you make me tired!" He walked away.

"Well!" Kate turned in astonishment to Humphrey. "What's the matter with Phil? It appears we're too successful; he actually objects!"

"Maybe he's right!" Humphrey's gaze was on Van Dusen and his partner. "Since she's with us, I suppose we have some responsibility. He didn't say he wanted to dance; she's much too innocent and nice a girl for that young ——"

Kate stared.

"About how old do you two gentlemen take Miss Davis to be?" she asked ironically.

"What's that got to do with it? Some girls are born sophisticated; but she's ——"

"Certainly of age!" Kate concluded.

"She was when you took her up!"—this was Philip returned to the charge. "It's your own doing entirely."

"But, my dear Philip, I didn't propose to adopt her for life."

"Just like a girl!" Philip shrugged. "Take her up for a whim and throw her down for a fancy."

"Throw her down! Because she's dancing ten minutes with Peter Van Dusen? Besides, I took her up not, as you say, for a whim, but for a theory—a theory, by the way"—and now sarcasm seized on Kate—"which seems to be proving itself abundantly. You can dance with her all the rest of the evening, you know—if you like."

"Can I, indeed?" replied her brother coolly. "How about the dances Humphrey has hogged?" He held up the card for inspection. Kate gazed incredulously.

"Five—six—seven. Have you really asked her for seven dances?" She turned to her fiancé.

"I didn't count them. I only supposed you wouldn't think it looked well for her to dance the entire program with Phil."

Kate looked from one to the other.

"It's kind," she said at last; "but, after all, there's no need to overdo it."

"Oh"—Humphrey spoke airily—"we don't mind—a little bit!" He grinned faintly and looked at Philip, who surveyed him stonily.

"It's a weird idea of Humphrey's that his reputation—I suppose as an engaged man—makes it perfectly proper and appropriate for Miss Davis to dance the entire evening with him. Or perhaps he's found out—what I saw at a glance—that she's going to make the best little dancer in the place."

It was now at her brother that Kate stared.

"Well," she said finally, "I don't understand either of you in the least."

She said no more, which was wise. It is not easy to blame people for carrying out your own instructions—even a little too perfectly. Humphrey's name was not down for seven dances on her card; but Miss Bellair never lacked partners.

Throughout the evening Kate became aware of an omnipresent Mary Davis, eternally circling the room with one or the other of her allies. Philip—good boy!—had chosen her for the cotillion, and under his expert guidance the girl was dancing more and more featly; a hesitant moment, an occasional misstep, a fleeting upward glance of contrition—"And how that child does use her eyes!" thought Kate with some amazement—alone betrayed the novice.

Philip's manner was all that is gallant and protective—alas, Philip's fatal manner—too well known to Philip's sister! And he had expressly warned her that he "would not be answerable for the consequences." When she was not dancing with Philip, Miss Davis appeared to be dancing with Humphrey; both of them were taking their favors to her, Kate noticed—also Peter Van Dusen and, as the evening wore on, a lengthening, baffled train of Peter's following.

These, so far as Kate was able to judge, were being high-handedly dealt with by the victors on the field.

A vague wonderment fell on Kate. Almost Mary Davis might be said to be ever so Victorianly but quite creditably flirting—what with those eyes and smiles and blushes. Kate gave it up; but, when Mary Davis came to say good night to her later, there was that in her disarming gratitude before which all sprouting annoyance fell away.

"I never had such a good time in my life!" she said; and the look with which she said it, directed solely at Kate, proclaimed a strict neutrality in her use of dangerous weapons.

"Don't forget you are to be at the tennis court at nine sharp!" Humphrey reminded her.

"Or that you are going motoring at two sharp!" Philip admonished, pressing her hand when saying good night.

Kate's glance followed her protégée's ascent; actually she seemed to hold herself more erect—to move more lightly. Kate turned to say graciously her own good night.

"You behaved beautifully!"

"Forget it!" Philip said, shrugging.

"And you——" She turned to Humphrey.

"Cinderella has a pair of eyes."

"Also lovely hair," Kate contributed magnanimously.

"Item—one smile!"—this from Philip. "But the really important point is that that little nun was born to dance, and when she does dance——" He waved his hands.

"She'll be more charming yet." Kate nodded wisely as she ran upstairs.

The victim of her own prophecy, she paused next morning to contemplate the matutinal Humphrey—in itself a subject worth contemplating—engaged in instructing Miss Davis how to handle a racket. For this it seemed necessary to stand very near the net and take very frequently the hand that protruded from one timid sleeve, turned back an inch or two from a slender wrist. Miss Davis' shade hat was on the ground, and in the morning light she was certainly and altogether "quite"—there could be no doubt about that.

(Continued on Page 28)

THE BIG DOC

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. E. SCHOONOVER

"Don't Go to Get Out! I'll Have You Back as Quick as You Could Find the Way"

JENNIFER LLOYD, M.D., Ph.D., Fellow of Royal Societies, paused before the final period of his address on metabolism to the Harvey Society. He was conscious of a sudden increase in the secret dissatisfaction that had settled on him in the year past. The Harvey Society was composed of the inner ring of the physicians of the metropolis, the men who contributed definitive articles to the important medical publications, whose names represented standard treatments throughout the country. They formed a critical and hairsplitting audience; and Jennifer Lloyd realized that they were critical now, if not actually hostile. It was a new and unpleasant experience. He had, ever since he was a newly graduated interne, been accustomed to almost fanatical attention and applause from the members of his profession, which had fostered a natural arrogance of temper that made the present palpable impatience, the dissent of the society, difficult to endure.

He saw that Riggs, seated well to the fore, could scarcely wait until he had finished to present a question, an objection. Lloyd realized that it would be well taken. Riggs was considerably younger than himself; and in an aggravation of his spleen he decided that, rather than prolong his subject into the masked acrimony of a wrangle, he would shut the other up. He glanced, half unconsciously, at his watch, as if to intimate the loss of valuable time. Then:

"Such," he concluded with a touch of defiance, "has been the result of my experiments on the relation of diet and the motor responses to sensory impulse. The isolated squads called A and B, subjected to the food schedules outlined, showed a consistent increase or a retarding in the speed of their mental processes and control."

He bowed ungraciously and there was a perfunctory rattle of applause. It had scarcely subsided before Riggs was on his feet.

"That is certainly very suggestive," he pronounced; "but can you assert that the responses noted were the result of a selected diet and not of the unusual conditions surrounding your subjects? Men segregated as you describe are totally different from the same men in the ordinary course of their daily lives. And, if I may say so, it is the latter aspect of the question that should exclusively occupy us. The application of medicine in its broadest sense to crude, unselected living is, after all, the problem."

Lloyd regarded him for a moment without response.

"As you know," he said finally in a voice as polished and sharp as a scalpel, "I am attached to the Wagmann Foundation for the purpose of scientific research, I am not a general practitioner; and I must leave the application of my laboratory work to them. Any further discussion must wait ——" He again glanced at his watch; then started through the small gathering to the exit beyond.

"But, doctor"—a kindly voice arrested him—"can't you stop for some refreshment that will materially assist the processes of geniality?"

"I'm sorry," Lloyd responded; "I must get on. . . . Some cultures at the Foundation. Thank you, Benedict—and the society."

With a nod here and there, which he strove to make more than perfunctory, he passed through the room and out to the street. It was a warm night in April; there was not a sign of natural greenery in the paved cavern of the city street; the watery stars were cut off by the sharp, artificial lines of the buildings opposite—yet somehow the air was instinct, potent, with the changing season, the flowery growth and expansion of the year.

Pausing for a moment before the narrow segment of the Harvey Society structure, Jennifer Lloyd was conscious of this spring softness; he was even more aware of his consciousness of the fact—and that, too, disturbed him. He had not thought of the seasons for a period beyond his memory—he had had no time for such sentimentality, ridden by the conviction of the immense importance of his investigations at the institution, he had contemptuously ignored all other considerations.

Now, increasingly through the past months, the uncomfortable feeling had fastened on him that his scientific labors had been of questionable value, if not actually worthless. That young sprig, Riggs, had given a definite shape to the doubt which had crystallized from a mere vague impatience with his materials. It was incontestable that the final worth of his experiments lay in their practical application to life. And lately he had begun to realize that that application was difficult to establish. Men isolated in a laboratory were different from those under the stress of accidental freedom. It would be impossible to subject the latter to the treatment he had evolved

His small yellow landaulet was waiting at the curb; and, the thought of the smug seclusion of the Foundation Building being strongly distasteful, he decided to ignore the cultures and go home. Rolling smoothly over the black asphalt, he continued his train of thought.

There was, he realized, growing to prominence among the better members of his profession a school whose cry was practical results. The old worship of absolute science, so powerful at his most formative period, was giving place to the sway of the general practitioner—"The family doctor!" he said aloud, a little bitterly. His frame of mind, since it was not at concord with the time, had already grown a little old-fashioned.

The motor stopped before his dwelling and he dismissed it for the night. His house, lower than those on each side, finely proportioned, with woodwork immaculately white, had the exclusive air of the exclusive street in which it was situated. He was liberally paid by the Wagmann Foundation and had a secure, comfortable income besides. And together with so much else, the small, perfectly balanced façade and miniature bay trees in painted tubs added to his exasperation. Suddenly his house seemed too exact, too smug; the clipped bays were a travesty on Nature.

In his discreetly lit hall, with its subdued hangings, its few notably good prints, he removed his hat and coat, and gazed for a fretful moment at his image in a long mirror.

He was a slender man of medium height, correctly dressed, with a smooth, colorless countenance, a clear, intolerant blue gaze, and a high forehead that seemed higher by reason of his thinning hair. His precise appearance pleased him no more than his dwelling and his scientific labors. He turned abruptly and entered a narrow reception room, where he sat in unlit obscurity. He sat motionless, overwhelmed by the depression closing about him. Without preliminary, almost without his volition, a deep conviction formed in spoken words:

"I am a failure!" he pronounced.

II

AT THE expression of that conclusion he felt at once relieved yet more hopelessly involved than before. The admission of his failure, though it cleared him of all inward wrangling, at the same time seemed to give a crushing bulk, actuality, to the ugly fact; and it held out no path of escape whatsoever.

It was too late, he told himself, to begin again; besides—where to begin? The only alternative he knew was already overcrowded with just such men as he himself must become—highly specialized workers among the neuropathic rich. He repudiated the thought of a practice dependent on the vagaries of the idle women who would dissipate his time. That would be even more trivial, more useless, than he now felt his work in the institution to have been.

His disaster was intensified by the fact that in his absorbed progress through life he had gathered about him no intimates, no family. He was too self-centered, too coldly complete, to inspire the affection of men; and he had never sufficiently felt the need of a woman's companionship to marry.

The somber form of a servant passed through the hall to the outer door and Lloyd realized that the bell had been rung. The man returned almost immediately. He investigated the hats and coats on the rack, and then, with a yellow envelope in his hand, started up the stairs. Lloyd called him, switching into the reception room the diffused radiance of indirect lighting.

"Take a Look at Him, Doc; He Claims to be Getting More Miserable Every Day"

He tore open the telegram and saw that it was from Doddridge Wagmann, the philanthropist of the Wagmann Foundation, a great capitalist and an autocratic individual. It was composed in his usual signorial manner:

> Leaving Mrs. Wagmann at Buckshot Va in acute nervous condition take first train to Washington and meet my car there at Union Station for Buckshot

This abrupt, virtual command, coming on top of Lloyd's deep depression, angered him out of proportion to the cause. He thought: "I'm not Wagmann's servant, to be ordered, without a pretense of courtesy, wherever he wishes!" He would not go! He decided this, realizing that it was equivalent to a resignation from the Foundation; but obscurely he had already settled on that action. His scientific use, with the death of his self-belief, was at an end.

The condition of Wagmann's wife, he knew, could not be serious. She was exactly the type that only a few minutes before he had contemptuously put aside from his consideration—a willful neurasthenic. He would not go! . . . But what would he do? That question, emerging from the catastrophe of his career, remained unanswered.

Doddridge Wagmann would be angry—and not entirely without reason. He would point out that he had every right to expect Lloyd to respond to his demand; and Lloyd was ignorant of where to communicate with him. Something of the capitalist's energy of power, carried by the telegram, exerted its influence on the doctor. . . . The trip would offer a momentary respite from the disagreeable problem before him.

He mounted the stairs to his dressing room and rang for the servant. The latter appeared and at Jennifer Lloyd's curt direction laid out a necessary change of clothes and packed a bag.

In a closet Lloyd saw the square black bag containing the appliances of a general practice, which he had purchased at the outset of his career. It had been soon laid aside for his specialized work. He wondered idly, securing his gold hypodermic case, whether he could still work in the broader field; and decided that he could. His memory retained facts for a long while; and, in the converse of his associates at medical clubs and congresses, he had subconsciously absorbed a great many of the later treatments.

A Congressional Limited left for Washington within the hour, and he was soon speeding in a hastily summoned taxicab through the city, veiled in the white radiance of arc lights, to the station. On the train he was successful in obtaining a stateroom; and declining to have the berth made up he sat gazing into the flying dark, a prey to dismal, vain thoughts and regrets.

It was daylight before the train entered the steamy turmoil of the Washington station. The steward of Doddridge Wagmann's car was awaiting him on the long concrete platform. He installed Lloyd in the elaborate conveyance, at a choice breakfast; and after a short period of indeterminate switching he was again wheeling through the soft spring landscape. The fruit trees, as Lloyd had foreseen, were white with blossoms, the fields were incredibly green, the maples covered with delicate red foliage. In the background shifted the continuous blue profile of the mountains. He was surprised when the improvised train came to a grinding halt and the steward informed him that they had arrived at Buckshot.

It was a small Virginia village, strung along a single track leading from the main line of the railroad, with the Indian Queen, its sole hotel, where Mrs. Doddridge Wagmann was waiting, at the farther end.

He picked his way with difficulty over the deeply rutted and muddy way to the hotel. It was a tall, narrow structure with a shallow porch and slender columns that towered to a corresponding projection of the roof. He entered a high, dingy office and was immediately shown through an indescribably somber corridor, furnished at regular intervals with haircloth sofas, to Mrs. Wagmann's rooms.

The latter was seated in a confused drapery of lace and pale satin, attended by a maid and an officious companion. Mrs. Doddridge Wagmann was a woman of middle age; but an unremitting and expert attention imparted to her an incongruous coloring and aspect of youth. This effect was convincing from a distance, but it was repellently unnatural on closer inspection. She had elaborate masses of whitish-yellow hair, and a thin, petulant voice.

"It's quite good of you to come," she told Lloyd. "I've been dreadfully upset again. I couldn't go on another mile and Doddridge had to leave me. It's my metabolism. . . . I simply can't get my diet balanced. The effect on my complexion—my nerves—is beyond description!"

"Jimmy, Somebody's Fooled You. This Man's Not a Real Doctor"

He found her condition even less involved than he had foreseen. And he informed her, with scarcely veiled impatience—a meager tact which he found enormously difficult to assume—that she was now practically normal.

She regarded him with sullen, dissatisfied eyes; and the companion said acrimoniously:

"Mrs. Wagmann is not herself at all."

Jennifer Lloyd told himself, when he had left the room, that it was unendurable. Mrs. Wagmann had insisted on his remaining throughout the day—until the next morning at least. He hastily consumed a crude dinner in the hotel dining room, already filled with flies scarcely disturbed by the long series of connected fans languidly moved by a negro in a soiled white coat; and later he sat smoking on the porch outside his room.

The porch stopped directly on his left, where a broad valley commenced, with a range of low mountains beyond, back of which he saw the confused silhouette of higher peaks and barriers. The sun seemed scarcely to crawl over the enormous unbroken expanse of blue; the afternoon advanced on leaden feet. Mrs. Wagmann, he was informed, had managed to fall asleep.

III

HE WAS sitting, turning over and over the dreary undeniable fact of his failure, when heavy footfalls, approaching him over the echoing porch, drew his attention from himself. It was, he saw, a young man in stained and kneed corduroy trousers stuffed into the tops of short leather boots, a coarse blue shirt with an ill-fitting celluloid collar, and a greenish-black coat that drew uncomfortably across his powerful shoulders. He held a dusty black felt hat in a broad, gnarled hand; and his smooth dark face and his steady dark eyes were overcast with palpable, deep concern.

"Are you the big doc?" he asked Lloyd abruptly. The latter, momentarily disconcerted by the short address, the unaccustomed title, hesitated before replying; and the other reiterated: "Are you the big doc that came clear from New York to see the nabob's wife who stopped off here?"

"I'm Jennifer Lloyd," he replied. "I am attending Mrs. Doddridge Wagmann."

"I heard it in the village," the other continued, "and I came right along to ask a favor; nor it ain't exactly that, neither," he added "I can pay for it. Doc, my wife, back yonder"—he waved his hand toward the distant blue line of mountains—"she's sick. Old Coffy says he can't do nothing more for her; he says she's going to die. But I—I can't believe it. Linda ain't more than a girl; we've been married only a spell of months.

"I heard it reckoned in Buckshot you was one of the biggest doctors in the world. That's what Crab, the station agent, said; and he caught it right from the people that sent for you. . . . Doc, won't you come up with me and see Linda? It ain't over forty mile; I'll have you back before the lady wakes if it kills a horse. Old Coffy ain't right first-class ——" His voice perished abruptly in the anxiety that drew his youthful face into tense, haggard lines.

Jennifer Lloyd, through habit bred by years of detached research, regarded the other without an emotional stir to what he was yet able to recognize as a moving human appeal. In any case it was impossible to accompany the man into that vague region indicated by the sweep of his arm. Not only had Lloyd come totally unprepared, unequipped, for such an emergency, but he was aware that he must be ready to leave in the morning at the time selected for the safe passage of his special train through the scheduled daily traffic.

"I came down to Buckshot," the boy continued, "to get Doc Stavenger; but he's away for a mark of days. There's nobody else here. . . . Then I heard of you—a chance."

Lloyd shook his head.

"Probably," he told him, "I should be of no use if I went. I am a specialist in—well, rather sophisticated conditions. What's-his-name—Coffy—would understand your wife's history far better than myself."

"If it's the money," the other continued doggedly, "I can give you that. There ain't a penny against me; my place is clear. I could get three or four hundred on it to-morrow."

"It is not a question of remuneration," Lloyd coldly responded.

The animation of momentary hope died from the other's tanned countenance; the mouth drew into an ugly, hard maturity.

"Then be a man!" he shot out. "Give Linda a hope! Just look at her and say if anything in the world can be done. It's appendicitis; we didn't get her in time ——"

"I am not able to do as you ask," Lloyd reiterated.

He felt vaguely dissatisfied with the position that, he assured himself, he had been obliged to take; and, annoyed, he wished to bring the conversation to an end. He rose, retreating through the long window that opened from his room on the porch, obviously waiting for the other to go; but the latter followed him within.

"Doc," he repeated harshly, "only look at her and say—Coffy can follow out what you tell. Why, she ain't over sixteen! We're just starting out."

"It's useless for you to continue," Lloyd curtly pronounced out of his rising exasperation. He turned his back with finality on the dingy figure framed in the window. He heard a deep, slow inspiration. Then:

"They may call you big in New York," a bitter voice pronounced; "but here, in Greenstream County, you'd be too little to call at all!"

Heavy, dragging footsteps echoed over the porch for a moment and died away.

A clangoring bell summoned Jennifer Lloyd to supper; and a vibrant, disturbing memory of the young mountaineer stayed with him through that perfunctory repast and accompanied him later into the enameled presence of Mrs. Doddridge Wagmann.

She had succeeded in working herself into a superficial fever, and the consequent apprehension of the maid and companion was overwhelming. He scribbled a prescription for an attenuated bromide, which was dispatched in a confusion of haste to the local drug store. Then, suddenly impatient of consequences, he brusquely informed Mrs. Wagmann that absolutely nothing was amiss with her.

A petulant anger gathered on her stiff countenance, intensified by the reflected cloud on the faces of her sycophants.

"You are very unsatisfactory," she declared. "I shall tell Mr. Wagmann. It is plain you're not able to understand a delicate nervous system."

The companion added: "Preposterous impertinence!"

"Quite normal," Jennifer Lloyd reiterated. "You may go on whenever you please."

Once more in his room, dejection, the sense of failure, settled more blankly about him than before. Outside his window the valley and the mountains were hid in the still, moist spring night. The memory of Mrs. Doddridge Wagmann's insolence fell like a thong on his mental suffering. To that and its kind he would, at any cost, never again subject himself. He had at least the dignity of his name to support him. . . . A hollow refuge, he realized; a straw support.

He grew conscious of a presence in the window opening on the porch and sharply turned. The watery gaslight flickered over the drawn face of the mountaineer who had the sick wife.

"Doc," the latter said, stepping into the room, "I just couldn't go back with nothing with no hope at all. I tried twice and then turned round. I ought to been home long ago too—there's only a neighbor sitting with Linda. I'm right sorry for what I said a piece back. Put it down to worry and—and come with me! It ain't a question of money between us; it's bigger than dollars or——"

Lloyd interrupted him sharply.

"You had my answer," he said. He felt that the entire world had conspired to bully and annoy him, to pursue him, with his impotence and indecision. "I have none of the instruments for ——"

He was conscious of a sudden menace in the gaunt face before him, in the grim jaw, and he drew back. But Lloyd did not move quickly enough to escape the swift lunge of an arm, of a knotted fist that reached the point of his relaxed chin.

He felt a wrenching, agonizing shock; and then the night settled imponderable and black about him.

IV

JENNIFER LLOYD became slowly aware of an uneven locomotion that sent cold waves of nausea through him; his teeth ached intolerably and his mouth tasted of blood. He stirred, in a momentary confusion, and found himself propped up in the single seat of a small, rapidly moving vehicle. He could just distinguish the back of a horse and a dim form driving at his side. The latter leaned toward him; a solicitous voice inquired:

"Y' all right now, doc? I didn't go to hit you so hard; but I was terrible worried." It was the young mountaineer; Lloyd realized that he had been knocked senseless and kidnaped. "Do you feel very bad?" the other continued; "I'm powerful sorry."

"I can do without your sympathy," Lloyd acrimoniously informed him. "At the first civilization we meet I shall no longer have need of it."

"We won't meet none," he was told; "we're getting into the mountains. Buckshot's a powerful piece back. Doc, I—I had to do it; you wouldn't come fair and I'm bound to get you home. Only look at Linda—Coffy'll do the rest. He doesn't just know; he ain't right first-class."

Lloyd made no response; none adequate occurred to him. The conditions of his life—his experience, the ultra-civilization he had known—had offered him nothing with which to meet the present situation. He had been unaware that it could occur simultaneously with, for example, the fact of the Wagmann Foundation, in the same world with Mrs. Doddridge Wagmann's delicate nervous system. He should, he told himself, feel outraged; he did, of course

The cool night air rapidly revived him. The swift progress over the softly undulating way, through an obscurity filled with the scents of the unseen flowering of the earth, was not unpleasant. He moved—and a heavy palm fell on his knee.

"Don't go to get out!" he was warned. "It wouldn't do you much good if you could. I'll have you back as quick as you could find the way."

"I wasn't," Lloyd replied irritably.

The darkness about them thinned; Lloyd felt the influence of the brightening east at their back. Slowly the roadside grew visible—the mountain over which, on a looping track, they were making their way. Below was a broad valley filled with the dawn; he saw emerald fields, silver water, isolated dwellings. At the top of the range he looked forward into another vale, narrower and less cultivated, with a rocky wall beyond. The sun abruptly flooded the broken landscape with aureate light; there was an accompanying tide of bird song; the day was an accomplished fact.

The youthful face at his side was riven with apprehension, restless with swift passages of mute rebellion, haggard from lack of sleep. They passed a man dejectedly driving a cow to pasture; neither responded to his salutation. There was another valley beyond, wilder still, the fields contracted to mere patches about rare, unbarked cabins. Curious sallow faces regarded the rapid passage of the vehicle through the whirling dust, which slowly settled back on fortuitous human forms.

Jennifer Lloyd's trained perception quickly pierced the false fabric of the "rugged mountaineer." He saw men and women below the average height of the city dweller, worn by unremitting toil, unchecked minor maladies, the complete lack of the simplest sanitation, the first principles of healthy living. They were without understanding of the potential energy of food. Unskilfully nurtured, they faced in their insufficient covering the assault of long, bitter winters and the cold, driving rains of spring, bearing on their grim faces, their attenuated bodies, the ravages of the arduous, blind conditions of their living.

As the vehicle progressed over the rising or falling way, he saw that there were more of these isolated cabins scattered through the upland wild than he had realized. Hardly within sight or call of one another, they nevertheless clung to their stony slopes, occupied the meager hollows, casting their tenuous columns of smoke into the illimitable sky.

He forgot for a moment the manner in which he had been conveyed here; but his painful jaw quickly recalled the assault in his room at the Indian Queen. He assured himself again that it had been an outrage for which its perpetrator should be adequately punished; but all rancor had departed from his thought. The episode had momentarily kept him from the slough of despond into which he was sinking. He was meditating the expression of a verbal commonplace when the youth beside him turned in sudden apprehension.

"Doc," he cried, voicing a new panic, "you won't hold this against me? You wouldn't spite us for what I did back yonder? You'll say the best you know!"

Lloyd faced him with quick anger in his keen gaze, on his fine, thin lips; but the other stopped the expression of his resentment.

"I oughtn't to have said that. It's not your kind. The minute I saw you I knew what I'd heard in Buckshot was true. I can tell a man! That's why I couldn't come back to Linda without you. We'll be home over the next rise."

They turned sharply and crossed a low ridge. Beyond, directly on the road, was a small whitewashed dwelling of planed boards, with an outside stone chimney. At the back was a garden patch, a sloping pasture cut from the thick brush, and a shedlike barn. Before it lay a shallow, sparkling green valley, far blue barriers, folded in absolute sunny silence, isolated peace.

V

A GAUNT woman with pale hair screwed into a scant knot, and clad in shapeless faded calico, stood in the doorway of the dwelling.

"It looked like you'd never get back," she called in a worn voice to Lloyd's companion. "I suppose that's the Buckshot doctor?"

"No; it's a better even than him—from New York."

He turned to Jennifer Lloyd, waving him within. As the latter entered he gathered a swift impression of a great, irregular fireplace; a bare floor, with yellowing sheepskins at the doors; and a young, drawn face above a brightly checkered counterpane. Lloyd proceeded immediately to the bed. He read at a glance the contracted lips and fast, superficial breathing of the girl before him.

"Is she bad, doc?" the other whispered at his back. "Is it like Coffy said?"

Lloyd made no immediate response. He saw that his information had been correct—that there could be no question of operation now. The virulent infection was spreading through the girl's system. His lips silently formed the word "peritonitis." It was impossible, without some history of the case, to determine how far the poisoning had gone. A sliding cloud of dark hair fell over a dry cheek, and he turned to the woman in the background.

"Make a tight plait of her hair," he directed.

From without came the muffled stopping beat of horses' hoofs.

"That's Coffy," the boy declared.

Lloyd followed him to the door.

Doctor Coffy was descending from a dusty, hooded conveyance drawn by two shaggy and powerful young horses. The doctor himself was powerful and shaggy, and old. He had a broad, stolid countenance, from which a stained white beard fell, dragging across a tightly buttoned jacket; great stubby hands and ponderous booted feet. But his gaze was as keen as Lloyd's own; it gave an unmistakable impression of force tempered by humorous comprehension born of a long service of humanity. He met Jennifer Lloyd with a direct, open welcome.

"I'm Lloyd, of New York," the latter said, explaining his presence in place of the Buckshot practitioner.

"We've done all we can for this Linda of ours," Coffy assured him. The young man withdrew into the house. "I didn't get her in time," he continued more freely. "She hasn't been married above four months and she wouldn't give in sick. The minute I saw her I knew she was bad off; I was afraid then we were going to lose her. . . . There's no use in tormenting her with this and

(Continued on Page 48)

"Is She Bad, Doc? Is It Like Coffy Said?"

FOR KING AND COUNTRY

The Man of Ypres—By Mary Roberts Rinehart

FROM MY JOURNAL—written during an attack of influenza at the Gare Maritime in Calais:

LAST night I left England on the first boat to cross the Channel after the blockade. I left London at midnight, with the usual formality of being searched by Scotland Yard detectives. The train was empty and very cold.

"At half past two in the morning we reached Folkestone. I was quite alone, and as I stood shivering on the quay waiting to have my papers examined a cold wind from the harbor and a thin spray of rain made the situation wretched. At last I confronted the inspector, and was told that under the new regulations I should have had my Red Cross card viséed in Paris. It was given back to me with a shrug, but my passport was stamped.

"There were four men round the table. My papers and I were inspected by each of the four in turn. At last I was through. But to my disgust I found I was not to be allowed on the Calais boat. There was one going to Boulogne and carrying passengers, but Calais was closed up tight, except to troops and officers.

"I looked at the Boulogne boat. It was well lighted and cheerful. Those few people who had come down from London on the train were already settling themselves for the crossing. They were on their way to Paris and peace.

"I did not want Paris and certainly I did not want peace. I had telegraphed to Dunkirk and expected a military car to meet me at Calais. Once across, I knew I could neither telegraph nor telephone to Dunkirk, all lines of communication being closed to the public. I felt that I might be going to be ill. I would not be ill in Boulogne.

"At the end of the quay, dark and sinister, loomed the Calais boat. I had one moment of indecision. Then I picked up my suitcase and started toward it in the rain. Luckily the gangway was out. I boarded the boat with as much assurance as I could muster, and was at once accosted by the chief officer.

"I produced my papers. Some of them were very impressive. There were letters to leading French generals, to Sir John French. There was a letter from the French Ambassador to London, Monsieur Cambon, expediting me through the customs, but unluckily the customs at Boulogne.

"They left him cold. I threw myself on his mercy. He apologized, but continued firm. The Boulogne boat drew in its gangway. I mentioned this, and that, so to speak, I had burned my Boulogne gangway behind me. I said I had just had an interview with Mr. Winston Churchill, and that I felt sure the First Lord of the Admiralty would not approve of my standing there arguing when I was threatened with influenza. He acted as though he had never heard of the First Lord.

"At last he was called away. So I went into a deck cabin, and closed and bolted the door. I remember that, and put a life preserver over my feet, in case of a submarine, and my fur coat over the rest of me, because of a chill. And that is all I do remember, until this morning in a gray, rainy dawn I opened the door to find that we were entering the harbor of Calais. If the officers of the boat were surprised to see me emerge they concealed it. No doubt they knew that with Calais under military law I could hardly slip through the fingers of the police."

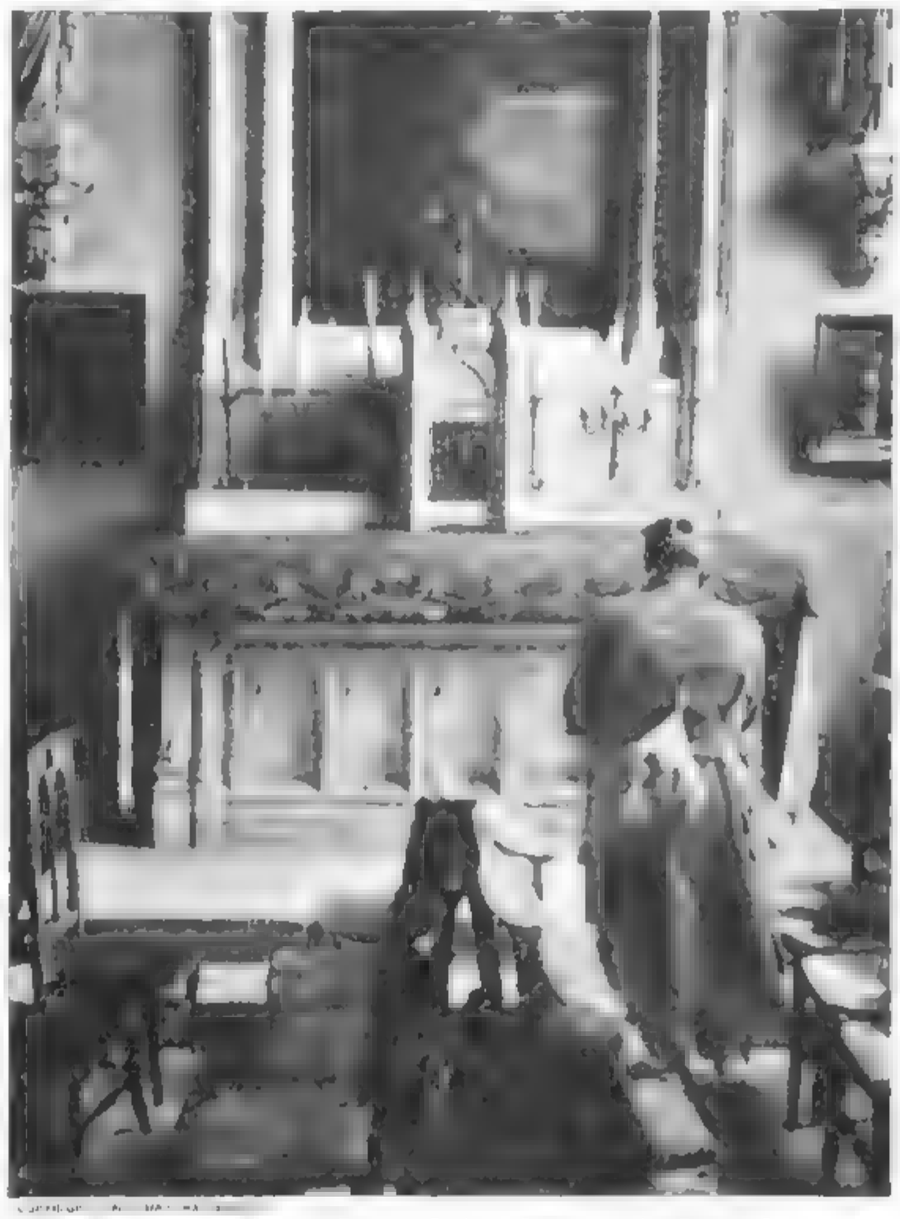
A Marine Acrostic

"THIS morning I have a mild attack of what the English call 'flu.' I am still at the hotel in Calais. I have breakfasted to the extent of hot coffee, have taken three different kinds of influenza remedies, and am now waiting and aching, but at least I am in France.

"If the car from Dunkirk does not come for me to-day I shall be deported to-night.

"Two torpedo boats are coaling in the harbor. They have two large white letters which answer for their names. One is the BE; the other is the ER. As they lie side by side these tall white letters spell B-E-E-R.

"I have heard an amusing thing: that the English have built duplicates of all their great battleships, building them of wood, guns and all, over the hulls of other vessels; and that the Germans have done the same thing! What would happen if one of the 'dummy' fleets met the other? Would it be a battle of expletives? Would the German consonant triumph over the English aspirate? and both ships go down in a sea of language?



A French Soldier at Prayer Before Going to the Firing Line

"The idea is, of course, to delude submarines into the belief that they are sinking battleships, while the real dreadnoughts are somewhere else—pure strategy, but amusing, except for the crews of these sham war flotillas."

The French Ambassador in London had given me letters to the various generals commanding the divisions of the French Army.

It was realized that America knew very little of what the French were doing in this great war. We knew, of course, that they were holding a tremendous battle line and that they were fighting bravely. Rumors we had heard of the great destruction done by the French seventy-five millimeter gun, and the names of numerous towns had become familiar to us in print, even when we could not pronounce them. The Paris omnibuses had gone to the front. Paris fashions were late in coming to us, and showed a military trend. For the first time the average American knew approximately where and what Alsace-Lorraine is, and that Paris has forts as well as shops and hotels.

But what else did we know of France and its part in the war? What does America generally know of France, outside of Paris? Very little. Since my return, almost the only question I have been asked about France is: "Is Paris greatly changed?"

Yet America owes much to her great sister republic; much encouragement in the arts, in literature, in research. For France has always extended a kindly hand and a splendid welcome to gifted and artistic Americans. But her encouragement neither begins nor ends there.

It was in France that American statesmen received the support that enabled them to rear the new republic on strong and sturdy foundations. It is curious to think of that France of Louis the Sixteenth, with its every tradition opposed to that democracy for which America was contending, sending the very flower of her chivalry to assist the new republic. It is amazing to remember that when France was in a deplorable condition financially it was yet found possible to lend America six million dollars, and to exempt us from the payment of interest for a year.

And the friendship of France was of the people, not alone of the king, for it survived the downfall of the monarchy and the rise of the French Republic. When Benjamin Franklin died the National Assembly at Paris went into three days' mourning for "the great American."

As a matter of fact, France's help to America precipitated her own great crisis. The Declaration of Independence was the spark that set her ablaze. If the king was right in America he was utterly wrong at home. Lafayette went back from America convinced that "resistance is the most sacred of duties."

The French adopted the American belief that liberty is the object of government, and liberty of the individual—that very belief which France is standing for to-day as opposed to the nationalism of Germany. The Frenchman believes, like the American, that pressure should be from within out, not from without in. In other words, his own conscience, and not the arbitrary ruling of an arbitrary government, is his dictator. To reconcile liberty and democracy, then, has been France's problem, as it has been that of America. She has faced the same problems against a handicap that America has not had—the handicap of a discontented nobility. And by sheer force and determination France has won.

It has been said that the French in their Revolution were not reckless innovators. They were confiding followers. And the star they followed was the same star which, multiplied by the number of states, is the American flag to-day—Liberty.

Farewells to Soap and Tub

BECAUSE of the many ties between the two countries, I had urged on the French Ambassador the necessity of letting America know a little more intimately what was being done by the French in this war. Since that time a certain relaxation has taken place along all the Allied lines. Correspondents have been taken out on day excursions and have cabled to America what they saw. But at the time I visited the French Army of the North there had been no one there.

Those Americans who had seen the French soldier in times of peace had not been greatly impressed. His curious, bent-kneed, slouching step, so carefully taught him—so different from the stately progress of the British, for instance, but so effective in covering ground—his loose trousers and huge pack, all conspire against *ensemble* effect of French soldiers on the march.

I have seen British regiments at ease, British soldiers at rest and in their billets. Always they are smart, always they are military. A French regiment at ease ceases to be a part of a great machine. It shows, perhaps, more humanity. The men let their muscles sag a bit. They talk, laugh, sing if they are happy. They lie about in every attitude of complete relaxation. But at the word they fall in again. They take up the slack, as it were, and move on again in that remarkable *pas de flexion* that is so oddly tireless. It is a difference of method; probably the best thing for men who are Gallic, temperamental. A more lethargic army is better governed probably by rule of thumb.

I had crossed the Channel again to see the French and English lines. On my previous visit, which had lasted for several weeks, I had seen the Belgian Army at the front and the French Army in billets and on reserve. This time I was to see the French Army in action.

The first step to that end, getting out of Calais, proved simple enough. The car came from Dunkirk, and brought passes. I took more influenza medicine, dressed and packed my bag. There was some little regret mingled with my farewell to the hotel at the Gare Maritime. I had had there a private bath, with a porcelain tub. More than that, the tub had been made in my home city. It was, I knew, my last glimpse of a porcelain tub, probably of any tub, for some time. There were bath towels also. I wondered if I would ever see a bath towel again. I left a cake of soap in that bathroom. I can picture its next occupant walking in, calm and deliberate, and then his eye suddenly falling on a cake of soap. I can picture his stare, his incredulity. I can see him rushing to the corridor and ringing the fire bell and calling the other guests and the strangers without the gates, and the boot boy in an apron, to come and see that cake of soap.

But not the management. They would take it away.

The car which came for me had been at the front all night. It was filled inside and out with mud, so that it was necessary to cover the seat before I got in. Of all the cars I have ever traveled in, this was the most wrecked. Hardly a foot of the metal body was unbroken by shell or bullet hole. The mud shield had been torn away. Tatters of

curtain streamed out in the wind. The mud guards were bent and twisted. Even in that region of wrecked cars people turned to look at it.

Calais was very gay that Sunday afternoon. The sun was out. At the end of the drawbridge a soldier was exercising a captured German horse.

Officers in scarlet and gold, in pale blue, in green and red, in all the picturesqueness of a Sunday back from the front, were decked for the public eye. They walked in groups or singly. There were no women with them. Their wives and sweethearts were far away. A Sunday in Calais, indifferent food at a hotel, a saunter in the sunlight, and then—Monday and war again, with the bright colors replaced by somber ones, with mud and evil odors and wretchedness.

They wandered about, smoking eternal cigarettes and watching the harbor, where ships were coaling, and where, as my car waited, the drawbridge opened to allow a great Norwegian merchantman to pass. The blockade was only two days old, but already this Norwegian boat had her name painted in letters ten feet high along each side of her hull, flanked on both sides by the Norwegian flag, also painted. Her crew, leaning over the side, surveyed the quay curiously. So this was war—this petulant horse with its soldier rider, these gay uniforms!

It had been hoped that neutral shipping would, by thus indicating clearly its nationality, escape the attacks of submarines. That very ship was sunk three days later in the North Sea.

Convalescent soldiers limped about on crutches; babies were wheeled in perambulators in the sun; a group of young aviators in black leather costumes watched a French biplane flying low. English naval officers from the coaling boats took shore leave and walked along with the free English stride.

There were no guns; everything was gayety and brightness. But for the limping soldiers, my own battered machine, and the ominous gray ships in the harbor, it might have been a carnival.

In spite of the appearance of the machine it went northeast at an incredible pace, its dried mud flying off like missiles, through those French villages, which are so tidy because there is nothing to waste; where there is just enough and no more—no extra paper, no extra string, or food, or tin cans, or any of the litter that goes to make the disorder of a wasteful American town, where paper and string and tin cans and old boots serve their original purpose and then, in the course of time, become flower-pots or rag carpets or soup meat, or heaven knows what; and where, having fulfilled this second destiny, they go on being useful in feeding chickens, or repairing roads, or fertilizing fields.

The Journey to Bergues

FOR the first time on this journey I encountered difficulty with the sentries. My Red Cross card had lost its potency. A new rule had gone out that even a staff car might not carry a woman. Things looked very serious for a time. But at last we got through.

There were many aviators out that bright day, going to the front, returning, or merely flying about taking the air. Women walked along the roads wearing bright-colored silk aprons. Here and there the sentries had stretched great chains across the road, against which the car brought up sharply. And then at last Dunkirk again, and the royal apartment, and a soft bed, and—influenza.

Two days later I started for the French lines. I packed a small bag, got out a fresh notebook, and, having received the proper passes, the start was made early in the morning. An officer was to take me to the headquarters of the French Army of the North. From there I was to proceed to British headquarters.

My previous excursions from Dunkirk had all been made east and southeast. This new route was south. As far as the town of Bergues we followed the route by which I had gone to Ypres. Bergues, a little fortified town, has been at times owned by the French, English, Spanish and Dutch.

It is odd, remembering the new alignment of the nations, to see erected in the public square a monument celebrating the victory of the French over the English in 1793, a victory which had compelled the British to raise the siege of Dunkirk.

South of Bergues there was no sign of war. The peasants rode along the road in their high, two-wheeled carts with bare iron hoops over the top, hoops over which canvas is spread in wet weather.

There were trees again; windmills with their great wings turning peacefully; walled gardens and wayside shrines; holly climbing over privet hedges; and rows of pollard willows, their early buds a reddish brown; and tall Lombardy poplars, yellow-green with spring.

The road stretched straight ahead, a silver line. Nothing could have been more peaceful, more unwarlike. Peasants trudged along with heavy milk cans hanging from wooden neck yokes, chickens flew squawking from the onslaught of the car. There were sheep here and there.

"It is forbidden to take or kill a sheep—except in self defense!" said the officer.

And then suddenly we turned into a small town and came on hundreds of French omnibuses, requisitioned from all parts of France and painted a dingy gray.

Out of the town again. The road rose now to Cassel, with its three windmills in a row on the top of a hill. We drove under an arch of trees, their trunks covered with moss. On each side of the highway peasants were plowing in the mud—old peasants, bent to the plow, or very young boys, who eyed us without curiosity.

Still south. But now there were motor ambulances and an occasional long line of motor lorries. At one place in a village we came on a great three-ton lorry, driven and manned by English Tommies. They knew no French and were completely lost in a foreign land. But they were beautifully calm. They sat on the driving seat and smoked pipes and derided each other, as in turn they struggled to make their difficulty known.

"Bailleul," said the Tommies over and over, but they pronounced it "Berlue," and the villagers only laughed.

The officer in the car explained.

"'Berlue,'" he said, "is—what do you Americans say—dotty? They are telling the villagers they want to go crazy!"

So he got out and explained. Also he found out their road for them and sent them off, rather sheepish, but laughing.

"I never get over the surprises of this war," said the officer when he returned. "Think of those boys, with not a word of French, taking that lorry from the coast to the English lines! They'll get there too. They always do."

Heavy French Machine Guns With Bullet Shields

As we left the flat land toward the coast the country grew more and more beautiful. It rolled gently and there were many trees.

The white houses with their low thatched roofs, which ended in a bordering of red tiles, looked prosperous. But there were soldiers again. We were approaching the war zone.

The sun was high when we reached the little town where General Foch, Commander of the Armies of the North, had his headquarters. It was not difficult to find the building The French flag furled at the doorway, a gendarme at one side of the door and a sentry at the other, denoted the headquarters of the staff. But General Foch was not there at the moment. He had gone to church.

All France on its Knees

THE building was near. Thinking that there might be a service, I decided to go also. Going up a steep street to where at the top stood a stone church, with an image of the Virgin almost covered by that virgin vine which we call Virginia creeper, I opened the leather-covered door and went quietly in.

There was no service. The building was quite empty. And the Commander of the Armies of the North, probably the greatest general the French have in the field today, was kneeling there alone.

He never knew I had seen him. I left before he did. Now, as I look back, it seems to me that that great general on his knees alone in that little church is typical of the attitude of France to-day toward the war.

It is a totally different attitude from the English—not more heroic, not braver, not more resolute to an end. But it is peculiarly reverential. The enemy is on the soil of France. The French are fighting for their homes, for their children, for their country. And in this great struggle France daily, hourly, on its knees asks for help.

I went to the hotel—an ancient place, very small, very clean, very cold and shabby. The entrance was through an archway into a cobble-paved courtyard, where on the left, under the roof of a shed, the saddles of cavalry horses and gendarmes were waiting on saddle trestles. Beyond, through a glazed door, was a long dining room, with a bare, white-scrubbed floor and whitewashed walls. Its white tablecloths, white walls and ceiling and white floor, with no hint of fire although a fine snow had commenced to fall, set me to shivering. Even the attempt at decoration of hanging baskets, of trailing vines with strings of red peppers, was hardly cheering.

From the window a steep, walled garden fell away, dreary enough under the gray sky and the snowfall. The same curious pale-green moss covered the trees, and beyond the garden wall, in a field, was a hole where a German aëroplane had dropped a bomb.

Hot coffee had been ordered, and we went into a smaller room for it. Here there was a fire, with four French soldiers gathered round it. One of them was writing at the table. The others were having their palms read.

"You have a heart line," said the palmist to one of them—"a heart line like a windmill!"

I drank my coffee and listened. I could understand only a part of it, but it was eminently cheerful. They laughed, chaffed each other, and although my presence in the hotel must have caused much curiosity in that land of no women, they did not stare at me. Indeed, it was I who did the gazing!

After a time I was given a room. It was at the end of a whitewashed corridor, from which pine doors opened on

(Continued on Page 65)

General Joffre and Officers of His Staff Reviewing Troops

THE DOUBLE TRAITOR

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

"I am Answered: Only I Know Now That I Was Not Made for These Things"

XXXVIII

NORGATE found himself in an atmosphere of strange excitement during his two hours' waiting at the House of Commons on the following day. He was ushered at last into Mr. Hebblethwaite's private room. Hebblethwaite had just come in from the House and was leaning a little back in his chair, in an attitude of repose. He glanced at Norgate with a faint smile.

"Well, young fellow," he remarked, "come to do the usual 'I told you so' business, I suppose?"

"Don't be an ass!" Norgate irreverently replied. "There are one or two things I must tell you, and tell you at once. I may have hinted at them before, but you weren't taking things seriously then. First of all, is Mr. Bullen in the House?"

"Of course!"

"Could you send for him just for a minute?" Norgate pleaded. "I am sure it would make what I am going to say sound more convincing to you."

Hebblethwaite struck a bell by his side and dispatched a messenger.

"How are things going?" Norgate asked.

"France is mobilizing as fast as she can," Hebblethwaite announced. "We have reports coming in that Germany has been at it secretly for at least a week. They say that Austrian troops have crossed into Poland. There isn't anything definite yet, but it's war without a doubt, war just as we'd struck the right note for peace. Russia was firm, but splendid. Austria was wavering. Just at the critical moment like a thunderbolt came Germany's declaration of war. Here's Mr. Bullen. Now go ahead, Norgate."

Mr. Bullen came into the room, recognized Norgate and stopped short.

"So you're here again, young man, are you?" he exclaimed. "I don't know why you've sent for me, Hebblethwaite, but if you take my advice you won't let that young fellow go until you've asked him a few questions."

"Mr. Norgate is a friend of mine," Hebblethwaite said. "I think you will find ——"

"Friend or no friend," the Irishman interrupted, "he is a traitor, and I tell you so to his face."

Norgate nodded pleasantly.

"That is exactly what I wished you to tell Mr. Hebblethwaite," he remarked. "I just want you to relate the circumstances of my first visit here."

"You came and offered me a bribe of a million pounds," Mr. Bullen declared, "if I would provoke a civil war in Ireland in the event of England's getting into trouble. I wasn't sure whom you were acting for then, but I am jolly certain now. That young fellow is a German spy, Hebblethwaite."

Norgate nodded coolly.

"Mr. Hebblethwaite knew that quite well," he admitted. "I came and told him so several times. I think that he even encouraged me to do my worst."

"Look here, Norgate," Hebblethwaite interposed, "I'm certain you are driving at something serious. Let's have it."

"Quite right. I am," Norgate assented. "I just wanted to testify to you that Mr. Bullen's reply to my offer was the patriotic reply of a loyal Irishman. I did offer him that million pounds on behalf of Germany, and he did indignantly refuse it; but the point of the whole thing is my report to Germany."

"And that?" Mr. Hebblethwaite asked eagerly.

"I reported Mr. Bullen's acceptance of the sum," Norgate told them. "I reported that civil war in Ireland was imminent and inevitable, and would come the sooner for any Continental trouble in which England might become engaged."

Mr. Hebblethwaite's face cleared. "I begin to understand now, Norgate," he muttered. "Good fellow!"

Mr. Bullen was summoned hot haste by one of his supporters, and hurried out. Norgate drew his chair a little closer to his friend's.

"Look here, Hebblethwaite," he said, "you wouldn't listen to me, you know, and I don't blame you; but I knew the truth of what I was saying. I knew what was coming. The only thing I could do to help was to play the double traitor, so I did it. My chief, who reported to Berlin that this civil war was inevitable, will get it in the neck; but there's more to follow. The Baroness von Haase and I were associated in an absolutely confidential mission to ascertain the likely position of Italy in the event of this conflict. I know for a fact that Italy will not come in with her allies."

"Do you mean that?" Mr. Hebblethwaite asked eagerly.

"It's absolutely certain," Norgate assured him.

Hebblethwaite half rose from his place with excitement.

"I ought to telephone to the War Office," he declared. "It will alter the whole mobilization of the French troops."

"France knows," Norgate told him quietly. "My wife has seen to that. She passed the information on to them just in time to contract the whole line of mobilization."

"You've been doing big things, young fellow!" Mr. Hebblethwaite exclaimed excitedly. "Go on. Tell me at once what your report to Germany was."

"I reported that Italy would certainly fulfill the terms of her alliance and fight," Norgate replied. "Furthermore, I have convinced my chief over here that under no possible circumstances would the present Cabinet sanction any war whatsoever. I have given him plainly to understand that you especially are determined to leave France to her fate, if war should come, and to preserve our absolute neutrality at all costs."

"Go on," Hebblethwaite murmured.

"There is very little more," Norgate concluded. "I have a list here of properties in the outskirts of London, all bought by Germans, and on all of which there are secret preparations being made for the mounting of big guns. You might just pass that on to the War Office so that they can destroy the places at their leisure. There isn't anything else, Hebblethwaite. As I told you, I've played the double traitor. It was the only way I could help. Now, if I were you, I would arrest the master spy for whom I have been working. Most of the information he has picked up lately has been pretty bad, and I fancy he'll get a warm reception if he does get back to Berlin; but if ever there was a foreigner who abused the hospitality of this country, Selingman's the man."

"We'll see about that presently," Mr. Hebblethwaite declared, leaning back. "Let me think over what you have told me. It comes to this, Norgate—you've practically encouraged Germany to risk affronting us."

"I can't help that," Norgate admitted. "Germany has gone into this war firmly believing that Italy will be on her side and that we shall have our hands occupied in civil war, and in any case that we should remain neutral. I am not asking you questions, Hebblethwaite. I don't know what the position of the government will be if Germany attacks France in the ordinary way. But one thing I do believe, and that is that if Germany breaks Belgian neutrality and invades Belgium, there isn't any English government that has ever been responsible for the destinies of this country that is likely to take it lying down. We are shockingly unprepared, or else, of course, there'd have been no war at all; but we must fight or perish. And we shall fight, I am sure of that, Hebblethwaite."

"We are all Englishmen," Hebblethwaite answered simply.

The door was suddenly opened. Spencer Wyatt pushed his way past a protesting doorkeeper. Hebblethwaite rose to his feet. He seemed to forget Norgate's presence.

"You've been down to the Admiralty?" he asked quickly. "Do you know?"

Spencer Wyatt pointed to Norgate. His voice shook with emotion.

"I know, Hebblethwaite," he replied; "but there's something that you don't know. An hour ago we were told to mobilize the fleet. But what chance should we have had? Germany is in for a fight, and look where our ships are—or ought to be!"

"I know it," Hebblethwaite groaned.

"Well, they aren't there!" Spencer Wyatt announced triumphantly. "A week ago that young fellow came to me and told me what was impending. I half believed those things before he began; when he'd finished his story I gambled upon them. I mistook the date for the grand review. I signed the order for mobilization at the Admiralty seven days ago. We are safe, Hebblethwaite! I've been getting wireless messages all day yesterday and to-day, and we are at Cromarty and Rosyth. Our torpedo squadron is in position; our submarines are off the German coast. It was just the toss of a coin—papers and a country life for me, or our fleet safe and a great start in the war. This is the man who has done it."

"It's the best news I've heard this week," Hebblethwaite declared with glowing face. "If our fleet is safe, the country is safe for a time. Now if this thing comes we've a chance. I'll go through the country. I'll start the day war's declared. I'll talk to the people I've slaved for. They shall come to our help. We'll have the greatest citizen army that ever fought for its native land. I've disbelieved in fighting all my life, but if we are driven to it we'll show the world what peace-loving people can do if the weapon is forced into their hands. Norgate, the country owes you a great debt. Another time, Wyatt, I'll tell you more than you know now. What can we do for you, young fellow?"

Norgate rose to his feet.

"My work is already chosen, thanks," he said as he shook hands. "I have been preparing for some time."

XXXIX

THE card rooms at the St. James' Club were crowded, but very few people seemed inclined to play. They were standing or sitting about in little groups, and a great many of them were gathered round the corner where Selingman was seated. He was looking graver than usual, but there was still a confident smile upon his lips.

"My little friend," he said, patting the hand of the fair lady by his side, "reassure yourself. Your husband and your husband's friends are quite safe. For England there will come no fighting. Believe me, that is a true word."

"But the impossible is happening all the time," Mrs. Barlow protested. "Who would have believed that without a single word of warning Germany would declare war against Russia?"

Mr. Selingman raised his voice a little.

"Let me make the situation clear," he begged. "Listen to me, if you will, because I am a patriotic German, but

also a lover of England, a sojourner here and one of her greatest friends. Germany has gone to war against Russia. Why? You will say upon a trifling pretext. My answer to you is this: There is between the Teuton and the Slav an enmity more mighty than anything you can conceive of. It has been at the root of all the unrest in the Balkans. Many a time Germany has kept the peace at the imminent loss of her own position and prestige. But one knows now that the struggle must come. The Russians are piling up a great army with only one intention. They mean to wrest from Germany's keeping certain provinces of Austria, to reduce her one ally to the condition of a vassal state, to establish the Slav people there and throughout the Balkan States at the expense of the Teuton. Germany must protect her own. It is a struggle, mind you, that concerns them alone. If only there were common sense in the world, every one else would stand by and let Germany and Austria fight with Russia on the issue—Slav or Teuton."

"But there's France," little Mrs. Barlow reminded him. "She can't keep out of it. She is Russia's ally."

"Alas, my dear madam," Selingman continued, "you point out the tragedy of the whole situation. If France could see wisdom, if France could see truth, she would fold her arms with you others, and keep her country and her youth and her dignity. But I will be reasonable. She is, as you say, bound—bound by her alliance to Russia. She will fight. Very well, Germany wants no more from France than what she has. Germany will fight a defensive campaign. She will push France back with one hand, in as friendly a manner as is compatible with the ethics of war. On the east she will move swiftly. She will fight Russia, and, believe me, the issue will not be long doubtful. She will conclude an honorable peace with France at the first opportunity."

"Then you don't think we shall be involved at all?" some one else asked.

"If you are," Selingman declared, "it will be your own doing, and it will simply be the most criminal act of this generation. Germany has nothing but friendship for England. I ask you what British interests are threatened by this inevitable clash between the Slav and the Teuton? It is miserable enough for France to be dragged in. It would be lunacy for England to get involved. Therefore, though it is true that serious matters are pending, though, alas, I must return at once to see what help I can afford my country, never for a moment believe, any of you, that there exists the slightest chance of war between Germany and England."

"Then I don't see," Mrs. Barlow sighed, "why we shouldn't have a rubber of bridge."

"Let us," Selingman assented. "It is a very reasonable suggestion. It will divert our thoughts. Here is the afternoon paper. Let us first see whether there is any further news."

It was Mrs. Paston Benedek who opened it. She stared at the first sheet for a moment with eyes that were dilated. Then she looked round. Her voice sounded unnatural.

"Look!" she cried. "Francis Norgate—Mr. Francis Norgate has committed suicide in his rooms!"

"It is not possible!" Selingman exclaimed.

They all crowded round the paper. The announcement was contained in a few lines only. Mr. Francis Norgate had been discovered, shot through the heart, in his sitting room at the Milan Court, with a revolver by his side. There was a letter addressed to his wife, who had left the day before for Paris. No further particulars could be given of the tragedy. The little group of men and women all looked at one another in a strange, questioning manner. For a moment the war cloud seemed to have passed from their memories. It was something newer and in a sense more dramatic, this. Norgate—one of themselves! Norgate, who had played bridge with them day after day, had been married only a week or so ago—dead under the most horrible of all conditions! And Baring only a few weeks before! There was an uneasiness about that no one could put into words, vague suspicions, strange imaginings.

"It's only three weeks," some one muttered, "since poor Baring shot himself! What the devil does it mean? Norgate —— Why, the fellow was full of common sense!"

"He was fearfully cut up," another interposed, "about that Berlin affair."

"But he was just married," Mrs. Paston Benedek reminded them—"married to the most charming woman in Europe; rich, too, and noble. I saw them only two days ago together. They were the picture of happiness. This is too terrible. I am going into the other room to sit down. Please forgive me. Mr. Selingman, will you give me your arm?"

She passed into the little drawing-room, almost dragging her companion. She closed the door behind them. Her eyes were brilliant. The words came hot and quivering from her lips:

"Listen!" she ordered. "Tell me the truth—was this suicide or not?"

"Why should it not be?" Selingman asked gravely. "Norgate was an Englishman after all. He must have felt that he had betrayed his country. He has given us, as you know, very valuable information. The thought must have preyed upon his conscience."

"Don't lie to me!" she interrupted. "Tell me the truth now, else never come near me again, never ask me another question, don't be surprised to find the whole circle of your friends here broken up and against you. It's only the truth I ask for. If a thing is necessary, do I not know that it must be done? But I will hear the truth. There was that about Baring's death which I never understood. But this—this shall be explained."

Selingman stood for a moment or two with folded arms.

"Dear lady," he said soothingly, "you are not like the others. You have earned the knowledge of the truth, and you shall have it. I did not mistrust Francis Norgate, but I knew very well that when the blow fell he would waver. These Englishmen are all like that. They can lose patience with their ill-governed country. They can go abroad, write to the Times, declare that they have shaken the dust of their native land from their feet. But when the pinch comes they fall back. Norgate has served me well, but he knew too much. He is safer where he is."

"He was murdered then?" she whispered.

Selingman nodded very slightly.

"It is seldom," he declared, "that we go so far. Believe me, it is only because our great empire is making its move, stretching out for the great world war, that I gave the word. What is one man's life when millions are soon to perish?"

She sank down into an easy-chair and covered her face with her hands

"I am answered," she murmured; "only I know now that I was not made for these things. I love scheming, but I am a woman."

XL

MR. SELINGMAN'S influence over his fellows had never been more marked than on that gloomiest of all afternoons. They gathered round him as he sat on the cushioned fender, a cup of tea in one hand and a plate of buttered toast by his side.

"To-day," he proclaimed, "I bring good news. Yesterday, things, I must admit, looked black, and the tragedy to poor young Norgate made us all miserable."

"I should have said things look worse to-day," one of the men declared, throwing down a morning paper. "The Cabinet Council is still sitting and there are all sorts of rumors in the city."

"I was told by a man in the War Office," Mrs. Barlow announced, "that England would stand by her treaty to Belgium, and that Germany has made all her plans to invade France through Belgium."

"Rumors, of course, there must be," Selingman agreed; "but I bring something more than rumor. I received to-day, by special messenger from Berlin, a dispatch of the utmost importance. Germany is determined to show her entire friendliness toward England. She recognizes the difficulties of your situation. She is going to make a splendid bid for your neutrality. Much as I should like to, I cannot tell you more. This, however, I know to be the basis of her offer: You in England could help in the fight solely by means of your fleet. It is Germany's suggestion that, in return for your neutrality, she should withdraw her fleet from action and leave the French northern towns unbombarded. You will then be in a position to fulfill your obligations to France, whatever they may be, without moving a stroke or spending a penny. It is a triumph of diplomacy, that, a veritable triumph!"

"It does sound all right," Mrs. Barlow admitted.

"It has relieved my mind of a mighty burden," Selingman continued, setting down his empty plate and brushing the crumbs from his waistcoat. "I feel now that we can look on at this world drama with sorrowing eyes, indeed, but free from feelings of animosity. I have had a trying day. I should like a little bridge. Let us ——"

Selingman did not finish his sentence. The whole room for a moment seemed to become a study in still-life. A woman who had been crossing the floor stood there as though transfixed. A man who was dealing paused with an outstretched card in his hand. Every eye was turned toward the door. It was Norgate who stood there, Norgate metamorphosed, in khaki uniform, an amazing spectacle! Mrs. Barlow was the first to break the silence with a piercing shriek. Then the whole room seemed to be in a turmoil. Selingman alone sat quite still. There was a gray shade upon his face and the veins were standing out at the back of his hands.

"So sorry to startle you all," Norgate said apologetically. "Of course you haven't seen the afternoon papers. It was my valet who

(Continued on Page 61)

"You Shall Suffer for These Words! You Young Fool, You Shall Bite the Dust"

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War and Drink

A DEPUTATION in which nearly all the important shipbuilding and armament concerns of Great Britain were represented waited on the Chancellor of the Exchequer recently to urge absolute suppression of the liquor traffic throughout the country during the war. The output of these concerns is vitally important to England and her allies.

The deputation said that eighty per cent of the present lost time in their plants was traceable to barrooms. The hours during which liquor may be sold in public houses were reduced last autumn; but that, the manufacturers said, had done no good. With shorter drinking hours men simply drank the harder, and a pernicious habit of buying spirits by the bottle had arisen. Investigation showed barrooms the receipts of which had increased twenty to forty per cent since the hours were shortened—but their patrons' higher earnings, due to overtime, doubtless had something to do with that.

The manufacturers thought it would do little good merely to close barrooms in the vicinity of plants engaged on public work; for if liquor were procurable anywhere it would be brought in. What they recommended was complete prohibition during the war, applying even to hotels and clubs; so that no question of invidious class distinctions might be raised.

Kitchener and Lloyd George have declared, with emphasis, that drink impairs England's military efficiency. As one instance out of many, a battleship that put in for repairs was held up a day because the riveters were on a spree. More war munitions are needed, and time lost through boozing restricts the output. The Chancellor said: "We are fighting three enemies—Germany, Austria and Drink; and, of the three, Drink seems to be the most formidable."

On moral grounds there is nothing particularly edifying in this demand for prohibition. It rests frankly on the desire to key labor up to higher speed in turning out cannon and shrapnel. Like prohibition in Russia and the suppression of absinth in France, its motive is destruction; but the whole evidence of this war has been that drink impairs national efficiency. A national system impregnated with alcohol cannot work at top speed.

The Business Upturn

THE business situation is partly a state of mind; but we should like to know where the change in that state of mind originates. We imagine a great part of the people are always in a quite passive mental state as regards the business situation. If they have money they buy what they want and put the rest in the bank or into a bond. If they buy less or put less into the bank it is simply because they have less money. We suppose that deliberate withholding from purchase or investment is confined to a relatively small number who, however, are in such position that their state of mind is an important factor.

The twelve months ending with March, for example, was a period of business depression; yet the sale of low-priced automobiles seems to have increased. Probably the great middling class went ahead buying and saving according to its means; and it was among people of more means and experience that deliberate withholding occurred. One of the most important facts in an improved outlook now is that the railroads are buying materials more freely, though the latest reports show no striking gains in revenue.

It would be a highly interesting and important feat if some psychologist would find out where the effective change in the nation's state of mind toward business occurs.

Price-Fixing

A UNITED STATES Court holds that the manufacturer of a strictly competitive article cannot fix the price at which his goods shall be sold to the consumer—which comes to pretty nearly the same thing as saying he cannot protect his good will. What could more effectually destroy the good will of a store than a general belief that it sold the same goods to different customers at different prices? Who would feel safe in trading with it? One price to all is fairly the foundation of any big retail establishment's good will.

When a manufacturer, in seeking the good will of his ultimate customers, names the price at which his article shall be sold, he wants that price uniform and invariable, for the same reason the department store wants its customers to know that the price on the ticket is the only one at which the goods will be sold. In both cases it establishes that faith in fair dealing which is an essential part of good will.

The court holds that a selling system by which the manufacturer "attempts to control the price of all sales by all dealers, eliminating all competition and fixing the amount the consumer shall pay, amounts to restraint of trade." The defendant in this case makes breakfast food in open competition with many other manufacturers. That competition between the different manufacturers is ample to protect the public against any monopolistic oppression is evident to anyone who simply glances at a grocer's shelves.

The Government does not even hint at combination among the manufacturers. Each of them, under free competition, fixes the retail price at his own peril. If he puts it unreasonably high the business will certainly go to his competitors. If he has established a highly valuable good will, that is the best possible guaranty he will maintain the quality of his goods—for no one lightly imperils his most valuable possession. Restricting his ability to establish a highly valuable good will lessens his motive to maintain quality and finally reacts against the consumer.

Curiously enough, though this opinion would prevent a manufacturer from seeing that his goods are sold retail at one price to all, the Clayton Act provides they shall be sold wholesale at one price to all—that is, it forbids discrimination in prices to customers under like conditions. For one wholesaler to get goods cheaper than another is unlawful restraint of trade. Requiring that one retail purchaser shall not get goods cheaper than another is also unlawful restraint of trade!

Another Show Closed

THE world's greatest show will be closed this summer, because the management, in a fit of aberration, is engaged in tearing the place down; and some two hundred million dollars of American coin, which usually jingles into the box office between May and November, will have to find another destination. Some of it may even go into savings banks.

The show could not boast, as Barnum did, that its entire program might be viewed without blushes by young persons of the tender sex; nor had it followed his admirable example in banishing bunko steerers and short-change artists from the premises. On moral grounds, in fact, it left much to be desired; yet it was a great show.

As to the great cultural advantages that busy press agents have always claimed on behalf of the show, we have some doubts—not that the advantages are absent, but that they are probably not availed of to any such extent as the press agents would have us believe. Our notion is that much more culture is obtainable with a good book on the back porch than in galloping through the Louvre or the Vatican between eleven o'clock and luncheon, or doing Florence in three hours.

When a man feels he has absorbed all the culture obtainable in this country, and needs still more, we recommend that he try baseball for a season.

A Constitutional Forecast

WE PRESUME that the august assemblage at Albany, which is to be engaged for many weeks in solemnly tinkering the constitution of the Empire State, will perform its task in a duly cautious and conservative manner. We do not anticipate at its hands anything reckless or revolutionary, which would render the government of the state materially less complex, confused, bemuddled, inefficient and extravagant than it now is. Probably, as a result of its labors, state gamewardens will wear helmets instead of slouch hats, and tax receipts will be printed on yellow paper instead of white.

This is a great year, by the way, for recasting constitutions. Somewhat disgusted by pseudo-radical vagaries and somewhat chastened by adversity, the country is no doubt in a decidedly sober frame of mind and without much zest for political experimentation. When it comes to organic law, puttying up the holes where rivets have dropped out and giving the ancient structure one good coat of gray paint will probably about suit it.

We have forgotten just what New York's excuse was for a constitutional convention under present conditions and auspices. Perhaps it was the delays, uncertainties, circumlocutions and injustices of her judicial system; perhaps the unsatisfactory state of her revenue system. The point is immaterial, for we have a powerful suspicion that nothing very important will be done to change either.

That any citizen who is not professionally interested will be sensible of a change anywhere three years hence is rather improbable.

Financing an Indemnity

A CANDID suggestion from an English source raises a possibility connected with government ownership that had not occurred to us. Coming from England, it foresees, of course, that the war will end with Germany's complete defeat and the payment of a large war indemnity; but that country will then be considerably impoverished and the conquerors will not wish to burden her people further than is absolutely necessary.

Thus, they will arrange the war indemnity, with only a slight hardship to the people of Germany, by simply taking over the state railroads. Taking over a helpless and delinquent state's customhouses, to be administered for the benefit of her creditors, is an old device; but as an instrument for satisfying creditors a railroad system would be much more effective.

It is not at all impossible that when it comes to settling the war bills some state railronds may be for sale.

Changing the Signs

WE ARE asked from time to time to urge the adoption in this country of the metric system of weights and measures. Undoubtedly it would be somewhat more convenient for the next generation if that system were now adopted here and in Great Britain. We are never able to remember what a French meter, a Belgian kilogram or a German liter comes to in feet, pounds or pints; and often it is quite a bother to find a book containing a table that gives the equivalents. That annoyance would be obviated by a uniform system. The metric system is more logical; in fact, the English and American system of dividing one standard into sixteen units, another into twelve, another into three, and so on, is patently absurd.

However, when we contemplate the vast effort and confusion involved by a change to the metric system, we are dubious. For some time hardly anybody would know whether he was ordering dry goods by the liter or milk by the meter, or how much of each he was supposed to get. When we consider further that no soul would have more meters, kilograms and liters than he now has yards, ounces and quarts, we guess it would not be worth while.

So many reform projects involve nothing more than calling an old trouble by a new name!

End of the War

AT LLOYD'S in London—the cables say—they are betting seventeen to one that war will not end with August. Expressed in terms of insurance, you pay something over ninety-four pounds premium in order to recover a hundred pounds if the war runs to September. Recently orders were placed in this country for tools used in making shrapnel—deliveries to run up to August first.

Nobody at this writing, in fine, can see any tangible promise of peace this summer; and even on the proposition that war will end this calendar year Lloyd's offers less than even money.

Nine months of continuous fighting has simply developed the ancient problem as to what will happen when an irresistible force meets an immovable body. East and west, the German lines hold about where they were planted after the first victorious rushes. Considering the force already expended in vain against them, pushing those lines back across German soil is a stupendous undertaking.

On the other hand, Germany's colossal effort has so far been in vain. Nowhere has she yet reached an objective. Nowhere has she definitely gained the upper hand.

The military resources of five great Powers have been strained to the utmost for three-quarters of a year without accomplishing anything which even points in the direction of a settlement through military means. That, unless other factors of a decisive sort develop within the next three months, will probably inspire a resort to other means of settlement.

WHY WALL STREET BOILS

By Roger W. Babson

"HOW is it that the Wall Street market has been boiling so?" I asked a prominent banker in New York right after the recent boom started.

"Because somebody is poking the fire and has opened the drafts," he solemnly replied. "What makes anything boil? Things don't boil of their own accord, do they?"

"Well," said I, "when I last talked with you, in January the day before I sailed for South America, the brokers of New York were very blue, and insisted that million-share days were a thing of the past, never to return. Now, on the day of my return, they are very optimistic and are just as sure that million-share days are to continue. Will you please explain what extraordinary thing has taken place during my absence?"

"Nothing of importance has taken place during the last three months. Over three years ago the fire under the Wall Street pot was nearly put out. In June, 1913, it nearly expired; but it did not quite go out, and since then it has grown slightly brighter, though hardly enough to notice until last month.

"Various men have come along with plans for reviving it. Some would put on dry wood; others would carefully heap on a little coal; and the boys even called on John D. to throw on kerosene—but the prayers of the mighty were of no avail. There were a few sparks now and then, but they couldn't get a blaze. Finally the war came on; and, with a good donation of gasoline from the automobile manufacturers, and a blast from the Bethlehem Steel furnaces, the coals finally caught fire and blazed up to the queen's taste.

"It was simply a case of try, try again. Every two or three weeks since June, 1913, different crowds have tried to start the fire blazing and to make the pot boil; but they were unable to do it. This last crowd, however, seemed to have struck it just right—and away she went, all at once!"

"How long will the pot boil?" I then asked; and to this he replied:

"So long as the fire is fed with fuel and they keep poking it. When the manipulators cease the fire will again die down and Wall Street will stop boiling. It is probably true that fundamental conditions are somewhat better than when you left, in January; but there is no real improvement that will warrant such a movement in stocks as we have lately witnessed."

What the Wise Ones of Wall Street Say

I NEXT called on another friend and, asking him the same question, received this reply:

"In an article you wrote last autumn for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, while the Stock Exchange was closed, it was shown how the insiders were caught long of stocks when the war was declared. The article also insisted that there would be no such trouble from the selling of stocks by Europe as these holders of long stock feared, and that the Exchange could then be opened with safety.

"Wall Street, however, felt differently; and it was with fear and trembling that it opened the Exchange. When the Exchange finally opened prices were pegged, newspapers were instructed to preach optimism, bankers were urged to be liberal, and everybody stood round in fear and trembling awaiting the avalanche of securities from Europe. But the Europeans did not sell much more than in normal times. Instead, they gradually began to buy a little; and at last Wall Street has come to see that it was wrong again.

"The wise men who control our finances have wholly misjudged the situation ever since war was declared. Only last month did they wake up to the real facts their friends had been preaching to them ever since the Exchange was closed on July thirtieth. All at once they saw that their fears of the past six months were groundless. All at once they began to advise their clients as to the real fact—that Europe was buying as well as selling. All at once they stampeded the market like a herd of frightened cattle, and hence we have seen a bull market. This is my explanation."

But, granting that Mr. Schwab has been hooking up one of his Bethlehem blast furnaces to the market; that the auto manufacturers have helped out by throwing on all their old gasoline, and that fundamental conditions do not warrant such a sudden boom, yet we must not be too severe on Wall Street this time. The blame or credit for this market belongs to the public. Wall Street was caught napping.

It is a long lane that has no turning.

The stock market has been almost dormant for a long time. This means that during that time there has been little investing and money has been slowly accumulating. It was only natural that a time should come when conditions would cross, so to speak. This time finally came. The fact that the explosion was greater than usual was simply due to the law of action and reaction. The market had been resting longer than usual, and it was only natural that when it did wake up it would be livelier than usual. Considering that the New York Stock Exchange transactions of the past two years have averaged only about six million shares a month, then one million shares a day is going some!

Wall Street in the past has been guilty of many wild and wicked manipulations. Some authorities insist that Wall Street is also guilty of this most recent manipulation. So far as such evidence goes as I have been able to secure, I do not believe Wall Street is guilty this time. I am sure the old, established houses are absolutely innocent. They have been bearish rather than bullish, and have been urging their clients to let the skyrockets alone. I feel quite certain that any reader who indulged in the recent stock-market whirlwind did not receive his tip from any of the bond houses. Even the managers of the stock exchanges are distinctly opposed to such violent movements.

Moreover, I cannot find that there has been a return of the old kind of manipulation. A study of the Stock Exchange transactions may suggest it, but it does not prove it. Careful inquiries among brokers show that there has been a host of orders from the country. You are the fellows who are guilty this time—not Wall Street.

Brokers make money in three ways:

1—The safest and most legitimate way for a Stock Exchange firm to make money—and to keep it—is to stick to a straight commission business. One-eighth of one per cent seems pretty small to you readers in a mercantile business who get from twenty-five per cent up on all you sell—and I really think it is too small—but drops of water make mighty rivers. At any rate, statistics clearly prove that the brokers who have made the most money in the long run are those who have done nothing but a straight commission business.

2—The most dangerous way for a Stock Exchange firm to conduct its business is to speculate on its own account. Often such firms make big money temporarily, and once in a great while they get through without bursting; but very seldom. Ninety-nine per cent of the Stock Exchange failures are due to speculating. The members of such firms have not the patience to depend on eighths, but want to scalp bigger profits. At first, all goes well; but, before long, they become careless or overconfident and blow up. Hence, statistics again show that the brokers who have lost the most money in the long run are those who have speculated on their own account.

3—There is, however, a third way to make money, which is indulged in by small firms, with a few friends. Perhaps this third game has been played on some of you during the past few weeks. It works as follows:

Some firms are not satisfied with doing a commission business, and, at the same time, do not really wish to speculate. Therefore, they look about for some inactive stock of which there is a small floating supply. Bethlehem Steel, the total capitalization of which is only fifteen million dollars, and most of which is owned by Mr. Schwab and his friends, is a good illustration of such a stock. They then start very quietly to buy the floating supply of this stock. It may take a couple of months to collect this. Of course during this time they are very particular not to boost the price or let anyone know they are accumulating the stock. As soon as they find it difficult to purchase any more without bidding considerably above quoted prices, they conclude they have secured all of the floating supply.

How Bull Pools Play the Market

THE next step is to mark up the price, and this they do by advising its purchase through the mailing of circulars and various other methods. At the same time they bid violently for the stock and make a few purchases at the rapidly advancing prices. Hence, while the public is reading these circulars and news items regarding the stock and making up its mind whether or not to buy some, the price is soaring upward. However, nothing helps to make people buy more than increasing prices; so finally, when the stock gets up ten points, the public really becomes interested; and thus it is sure to go up ten more!

About this time the firm begins to sell the stock it has previously accumulated. Of course this is fed out with care, and now and then a little is purchased back to keep up the interest. In the course of a few weeks, however, the firm succeeds in distributing all of its stock at a handsome profit. The public has been landed. Nothing worth while has been done—only some certificates and money have changed hands, the brokers taking a commission of from ten to twenty per cent for their services. Strange to say, statistics show that certain brokers who have successfully engineered such pools have made great fortunes; or perhaps it would be more correct to say have gathered great fortunes.

When the public is buying stocks it is pretty certain that all will move more or less in the same direction—dependent, of course, on the supply of and the demand for each particular issue. You investors do not study merit. Most of you buy something either because somebody tells you to or else because it is on a counter marked Bargains!

This gives an opportunity to any bright broker to get a few of his friends together and form a pool to buy up the floating supply of some stock of which the amount is small and which has not yet moved skyward.

As was very natural, the boom started with those stocks in which there were few or no

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foreign holdings. These stocks were the industrials especially the newer industrials. Now it happens that these newer industrials are stocks of companies that could accept war orders. This gave a twofold advantage to a certain group of stocks—that is: 1—They were held wholly here in the United States, and hence could not be sold by foreigners on advancing prices. 2—They were apt to be benefited by war orders and thus entitled to an advance.

I do not want to be mistaken as defending all the events of the past few weeks; but I must say there was a logical reason for the boom to start, as it did, with the newer industrials, such as automobile stocks, Bethlehem Steel, and the like. This was not luck nor chance. That the movement should start with these stocks was natural and logical.

Moreover, whatever sins Wall Street may have committed in the past, do not blame Wall Street for this boom. Wall Street not only was taken by surprise, but it was sore because it did not have a chance to get into the aëroplane before it began to rise. Some of you readers may think that Wall Street had been accumulating stocks preparatory to this boom, but I assure you that is not so. Wall Street had been continually liquidating since the beginning of the war. If you have any doubt, study the outstanding bank loans.

This market has been a public market and not a Wall Street market. The orders came and are coming still from all parts of the country. The orders are not of one-thousand and five-thousand-share lots, like those of the old days when a few men like Gates, Keene and Lawson could make a big volume by giving a few large orders. The orders are comparatively small. This again may be easily determined by studying the sales as published each night in a New York paper with a good financial page. Here will be found a whole column of sales, with not over half a dozen of more than a hundred shares.

Moreover, the odd-lot brokers tell me they have been doing a land-office business. This always is very hopeful, as such odd lots are usually permanently taken out of the market and paid for in cash. The finest kind of buying is odd-lot buying for permanent investment. For such buying the brokers are required to make no loans. Such buying always improves the situation, however high the price may be.

But you doubtless say: "I understand why the war-order stocks should go up; but why should so many others spurt upward also?"

Let me answer this. John Jones buys a hundred shares of General Motors at seventy-five and sells them at ninety-five, with the idea that the stock will decline and he will have an opportunity to buy it again at perhaps eighty. Instead of declining it continues upward to considerably above par. However good the news may be John Jones will not buy that stock above par after selling it at ninety-five. He grouches a while, gets ugly and sullen, and finally compromises by buying something else. Perhaps this something else is an automobile stock and perhaps it is not. The simple fact is that John Jones has gambled and won. Like every other gambler he is bound to try it again; and hence he begins to buy another stock.

A Possible Boom in Rails

Other men do likewise and soon it begins to climb upward simply on the buying of these people, who have taken their profits from General Motors and are moving onward. So it goes from one industrial to another. These buyers are always looking for more worlds to conquer and more games to try. Men go from one stock to another as from one booth to another at a country fair or a White City.

Up to the time of writing, this movement has been confined to the few industrials I have mentioned. The other industrial stocks and all the railroad stocks have been let alone, both because they could not profit from the war and for fear that bidding up the price would attract stock from Europe. However, after these automobile stocks and other favorites have been bid up to the top notch, it is only natural that the public will turn to the other industrials, and even to the railroads. The public does not stop buying so long as it is making money. The public never cares for intrinsic values or long-distance prospects.

The public is interested only in buying to-day and immediately selling at a profit; and usually it will keep this up until it begins to lose money. Hence, I should not be surprised to see the railroads get into step with the music and start upward likewise. The large quantity of railroad stocks abroad will, however, be a dead weight on the rails and prevent them from making any such spectacular performance as we have witnessed in connection with the industrials. However, such low-priced railroad stocks as the foreigners cannot sell, except at a large loss, may have quite a boom yet.

Another important fact to recognize is that no new stocks are being fed out to the public at present. There is no immediate possibility of a dyspeptic epidemic from undigested securities. The printing presses which were used to print stock certificates during the good old days are so covered with rust and dirt that it will take some time to get them in working order again.

Therefore, so long as the loans keep down and the printing presses remain idle, I do not see why this market cannot remain up for some time to come. If some decree were passed causing everybody to mark up the price of everything twenty per cent, there is no economic reason why such prices could not remain twenty per cent higher for some time to come. Thus far, the increase in prices has largely been a general marking-up process. Everybody has simply scratched out the old price and substituted a higher one. I do not see that anyone has been much harmed or benefited. Even though many of these stocks are not worth, for investment purposes, near what they are selling for, yet I see no physical reason why they should not continue to sell at these higher prices for some time to come. Certainly if the crop situation continues to improve, with better prices for cotton, copper, and other of our products, there is much reason to be bullish.

What the Bankers Want

The great danger comes, as we have already seen, when people begin to buy on slim margins. Then the bears go out to gun for weak accounts. When your securities are locked up in your safe-deposit box a break in the market cannot hurt you; but when you are borrowing on margin it is different. If your margin is wiped out your broker sells your stock at forced sale. This makes the price still lower and wipes out others; and so they all go, like a row of bricks, one after another. Such is the inevitable reaction following every boom when people have borrowed extensively and have been caught by falling prices. If this market is carried too far such a reaction will surely follow; and unlucky will you chaps be who have stocks on margin when that time comes! Yea, perhaps it will come while this article is in press.

On the other hand, so long as you pay for your purchases and the brokers keep their loans down, there is little to fear; and, barring unfavorable war developments, there is no reason why prices cannot safely be marked up higher than at present. I will also add that, thus far, the brokers seem to be in good condition, with few loans and clean slates. I only wish the rest of the country were in as good condition to-day as is Wall Street. Really, the only trouble with Wall Street is that the brokers are sore because they did not accumulate a larger line of stocks before the boom began. Usually Wall Street does this; but this time she is not guilty. This year it has been the dear, innocent farmers who have cornered the market, instead of our Wall Street friends.

The moral of all this is that readers should carefully watch fundamental conditions—especially bank loans, railroad earnings and trade balances. It should also be remembered that the higher stocks go the greater will be the temptation for Europeans to send over their stocks and get real money. For this reason the big bankers of the country tell me that they shall continue to discourage bull markets.

Of course the bulls say the bankers also are sore because they are not aboard and are hoping the aëroplane will come down again low enough for them to jump on. I, however, do not believe this. What the banks really want is enough European selling of our securities to keep exchange rates steady and reasonable. Both too little and too much foreign selling would be contrary to the wishes of our bank presidents; and they are right.

I wish to close this article by telling two incidents. The first relates to a call I made a few days ago on one of the governors of

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the New York Stock Exchange. He was one of the men who very properly insisted on the closing of the Exchange at the outbreak of the war.

Since my return from South America I have been in to see this gentleman; and I asked whether his fears had come true. He simply answered by saying: "Look at this pile of certificates on my desk." I looked at the pile of stock certificates and was simply astounded. There were reams of United States Steel stock, Southern Railway, Great Northern, Utah Copper, and the like. I also noticed some Atchison, Pennsylvania, Southern Pacific, New York Central, Erie, Baltimore and Ohio, and Union Pacific. Then there were bonds, like Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Joint Fours, Southern Pacific First Lien Threes.

All of these had come from Europe; and he stated that they were piling in at the rate of over a hundred thousand dollars' worth a day. When you consider that this firm is only one of a score or more, all of which must be doing fully as much buying of foreign securities, it is easy to see what the total must amount to.

For the moment I became sort of panic-stricken myself, wondering when it would all stop. Just then a boy came running in with a cablegram. The gentleman opened it, grinned, and passed it on to me. It came from a big London bank, and read as follows:

"Buy for us a hundred thousand dollars New York Central Convertible Sixes. Keep confidential."

"Yes," said he, "every cloud has its silver lining. Though Europe is selling millions of dollars' worth of our securities every day, the shrewd ones over there are also quietly salting down some of their hard-earned money in good American securities, which will not be ruined by the war."

All this means that, though there is a large amount of foreign selling, there is also a large amount of foreign buying.

The other incident, which somewhat connects up with this subject, I witnessed in the mountains of South America a few weeks ago. It was at a town up in the Andes, several thousand feet above sea level. A friend of mine had bought an automobile and it had arrived two weeks previously from the United States. It was the first automobile which had come to that town, and he took me to ride in it, though it was about noon, in the hottest part of the day. To my great astonishment we were obliged to stop about every five minutes to permit the engine to cool off. The water would very quickly boil.

The Doctor's Parable

"What is the reason this water boils so quickly?" I asked.

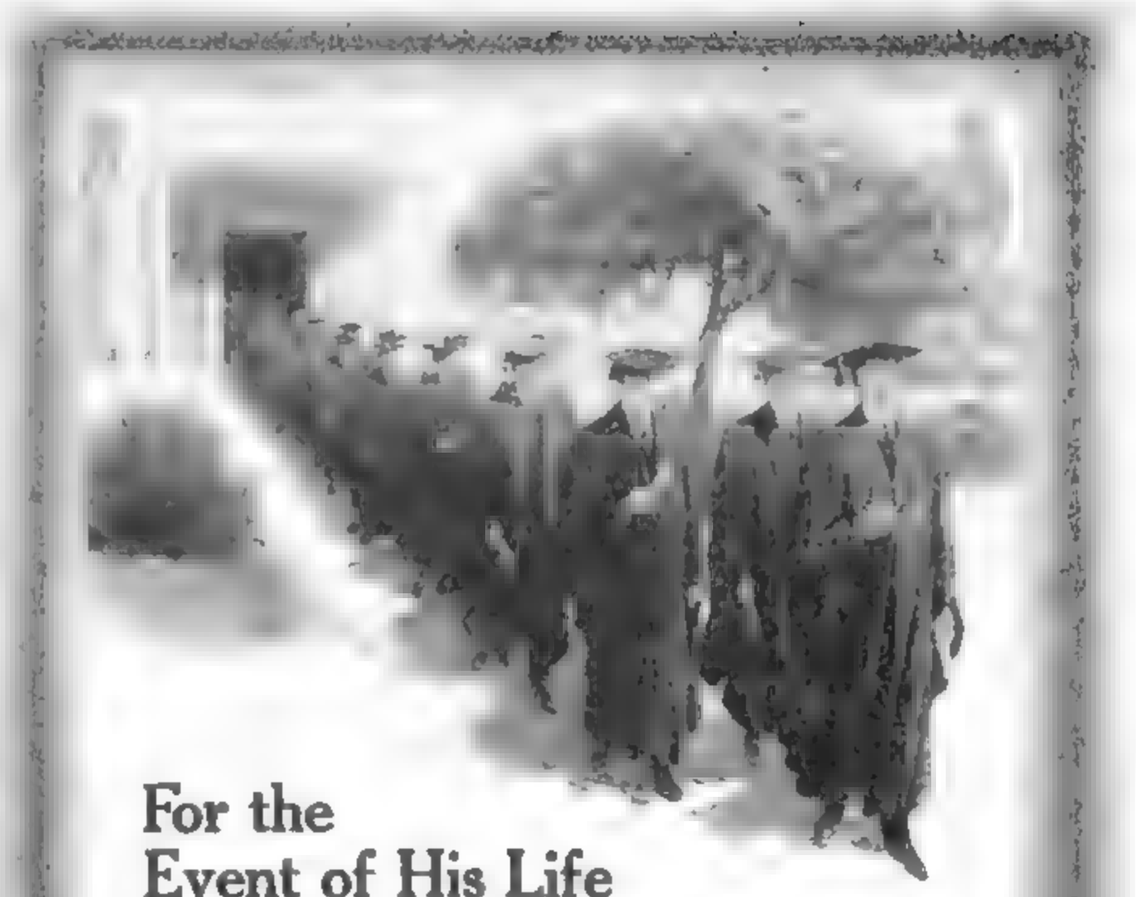
"Huh!" said he. "It is due to the atmospheric conditions. We are up in such a high altitude, and the atmospheric pressure is so reduced, that water boils under these conditions at a much lower temperature than in ordinary altitudes."

"Is there no remedy that will prevent this water from boiling in your radiator so easily?" I asked.

"No," said he, "not with a standard-make car and radiator. I suppose that with a bigger radiator the difficulty might be overcome; but when the conditions are right nothing can stop the water from boiling. That is not our only difficulty, however," he continued. "The very conditions that make the water boil quickly also make it freeze quickly. To-day seems hot to you; but when night comes on it cools off very quickly, and unless I am very careful my radiator freezes up! Isn't it funny that this applies to a good many things in life? Cures easily become poisons, and poisons easily become cures."

This young man happened to be a doctor and was consequently posted on both poisons and cures. I know nothing about either, but I do think that his boiling-water conditions apply exceedingly well to Wall Street's boiling market conditions. Many conditions are now right for a bull market, and a boiling market is not so abnormal as many pretend to think.

On the other hand, it is likewise true that conditions which make the market boil easily also may make it freeze easily. Hot days in high altitudes are followed by cold nights, and boiling markets are followed by good freeze-ups. And, just as sure as I am now writing on When Wall Street Boils, I shall some day be writing on the subject: When Wall Street Freezes.



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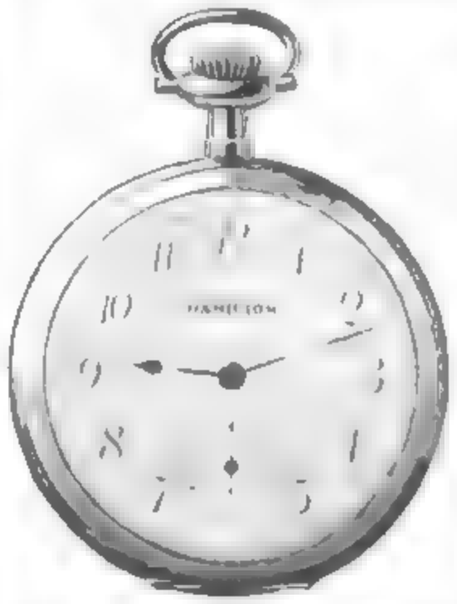

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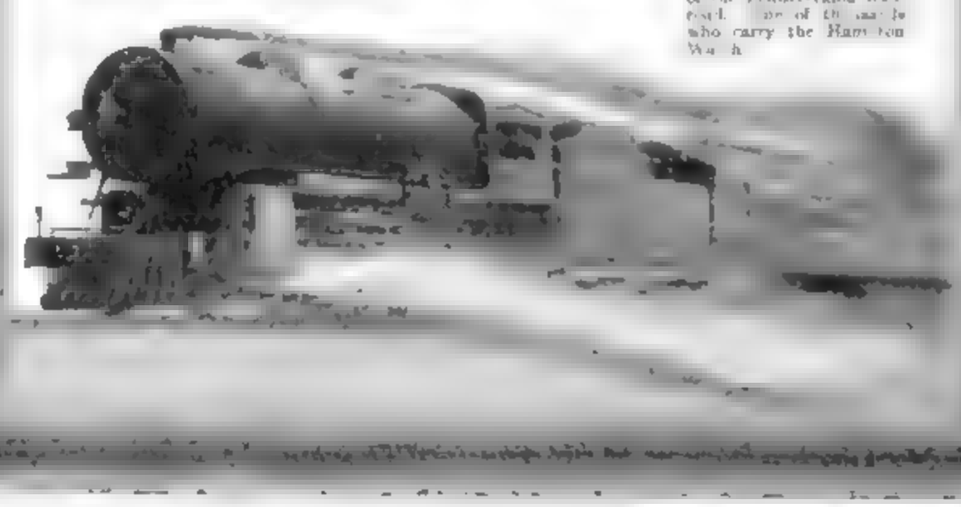

These Blue an' Gray reunions
Ain't a NEW thing, seems to me;
They started 'way back yonder
In the days o' sixty-three,
When the boys that burnt the powder
Through the long day's bloody fight
Swapped their coffee an' tobacco
'Cross the picket lines at night.
An' I hope the day ain't distant
When the wars on earth shall cease,
An' the world shall smoke the peace pipe
In the "pipin' times o' peace."

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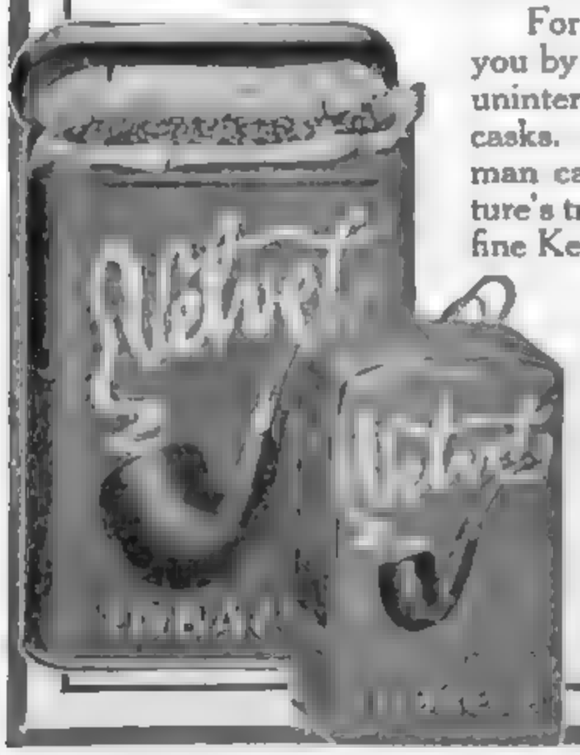

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DEA EX MACHINA

(Continued from Page 16)

Kate nodded approval to Humphrey; it was really awfully good of him, for he hated a poor game. Reflecting on this, Kate decided to release him in due season; and she strolled down an hour later, blithely proposing a row on the lake before luncheon. Humphrey looked at her, embarrassed.

"I say, why didn't you tell me earlier? I promised—er—that is, I asked Miss Davis to play another set."

"Don't let that trouble you." Philip now strolled into the conversation, racket in hand. "I'll substitute."

Humphrey glanced at the little figure at the end of the court practicing volleys.

"Or doubles?" he suggested, glancing at Kate.

Kate walked silently to her place. She was a steady player and Humphrey and she knew each other's every trick. She had abundant opportunity, therefore, to observe Miss Davis, playing a good beginner's game and doing credit to the zeal of her instructors; the utmost that could be said was that their instructions sometimes overlapped.

"Keep to your own side, will you, Kane?" Philip said sharply more than once.

As for the subject of their tuition, one could fairly see the starch melt from her manner and movements as, encouraged by her preceptors, she charged boldly here and there, and ever and anon rolled her sleeves half an inch higher.

"Roll them up; roll them right up, like Kate's," commanded Philip. "That's the way!" he added, approvingly glancing at the rounded arm thus recklessly revealed.

Kate played on; it was natural that they—that Philip at least—should devote most of his attention to the beginner.

"Game—set!" he announced triumphantly, flinging his racket into the air and turning to grasp Miss Davis' hand in extravagant congratulation.

"I say, you'll make a player!" said Humphrey low to her—but not too low for Kate to hear.

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl delightedly. "Do you really think so?"

She leaned breathless against the post and awaited Kate's approach, smiling. It came across the latter that there was something weirdly wild in her tempered aspect—like one drunk with some fine, spiritual excess; a mild and mid-Victorian bacchante, she leaned, with ruffled hair, dazedly smiling at them all under the influence of what was undoubtedly her first draught of Life. And, as undoubtedly, there was something piquant in the combination.

Kate noted, also, that this "inebriate of sun and air" made no haste to roll down those sleeves; instead, she walked all the way back to the hotel with an almost ostentatious swing of bare arms and jauntily held racket. Philip, with whom she walked, evidently found her amusing, for his laugh floated back more than once to the silent pair following. Kate was thinking too hard to talk. Among other matters she was wondering whether she had perhaps too hastily had Miss Davis' chair moved to their table.

It was a still-vacant chair to which their three pairs of eyes occasionally wandered through the first course of lunch—a delay abundantly explained, to Kate at least, when presently Mary Davis advanced to fill it. Humphrey and Philip were on their feet instantly; and so—quite unnecessarily—was Peter Van Dusen, under pretext of clearing a way for her.

It had all the aspect of a triumphal entry; and Mary Davis accomplished it with a blushing and demure self-possession amazing in one who had been but a mouse the day before. Gone was the bacchante—every trace; but she had dressed her pretty hair in a new and engaging manner and tied a velvet ribbon about her throat.

With a fatalistic calm, after this, Kate beheld her departure in the motor car in garb that could only be called frivolous—for her veil floated in the air—and her still later return, without either hat or veil, in a triumph of blown hair and joyous eyes. This was some hours after Humphrey had announced with decision that "Phil ought to be ashamed of himself!"—and refused specifications on Kate's demand.

Other things than hair had been blown out, it appeared—tires not a few. And oh! Mary Davis had had the loveliest time! She cooed it into Kate's half-sympathetic and half-disgusted ear.

After this it was like watching a butterfly shake out first one and then another damp wing—the gradual but not slow evolution of the following days. Kate pondered it all deeply; she had every opportunity, for she never remembered to have had so much time to herself before. Being engaged—other men respected Humphrey's claim; and Humphrey was engaged also—but in unforeseen ways. Having—at Kate's request, as he pointedly reminded her—undertaken Mary Davis, he meant to see the job through; and Humphrey had a Prussian standard of efficiency. It was only equaled by Philip's.

Kate, too, had endeavored to carry out her part tactfully at first; faithfully drawing Miss Davis' attention to her own good points—to establish her in her own confidence, as it were. With such lovely hair—why did she not wear such and such colors? With such a charming voice—she ought not to be so silent—really. But never was a pupil graduated so quickly. It was not a thing you could put your finger on, or say on what day a curl was allowed to escape, or a slipper to appear beneath a discreet hem, or an innocently keen observation to slip from a no less innocent tongue—when, in short, she began to show an almost fatal intelligence in every sense.

It was a fine part of this, too, that she just kept from making one feel she was almost too much of a good thing; at least, if you ever had that feeling you were ashamed of and could not justify it.

There were moments when Kate felt this to be a pity. She was musing over all this one day—alone as usual—when Philip burst abruptly on her solitude.

"I say, have you got Shaw's Plays?"

"No; why?" his sister inquired, eying him—for she knew the answer.

"Oh, nothing—just something I wanted to read to Miss Davis; we're going out on the lake a little."

"Again?" said Kate only—but her brother turned on her.

"What do you mean by 'again'? And why not?" he demanded wrathfully.

Kate shrugged and surveyed him over her book.

"No reason, if you choose; unless, indeed, I should remind you ——"

"Well, what?"

"That, as you said, girls sometimes get ideas."

Her brother glared at her.

"Well, of all the —— Who was it that asked me to take her boating in the first place?"

"But not permanently and forever, my dear Philip. Oh, do what amuses you, by all means." She successfully counterfeited a little yawn. "But don't hold me responsible for the consequences."

Her brother looked the dumb outrage the male may not put into words. He turned on his heel; then turned back to say over his shoulder pointedly:

"Hadn't you better keep some of your admonitions for Humphrey?" And therewith departed.

The shot went home; Kate sat transfixed. Philip had said it at last. For a long time past she had been aware that if she wanted to find Humphrey the easiest way was to look for Mary Davis. Now if Philip, too, had observed this —— It did not occur to her that Philip's opportunities for observation were unsurpassed.

What did occur to her was that if Philip's reading Shaw to Mary Davis made a mental image sufficiently weird, Humphrey's reading Chesterton to the same lady—an image by no means mental, which she had surprised that morning—was a subject for thoughtful consideration. She herself had never discovered these literary leanings in Humphrey, and was it not an established axiom that they held for each other no surprises? Kate got up and walked about the room, stopping short when she confronted her pacing reflection in the mirror.

"Heavens! I look like a movie heroine!" she thought with a scornful lip, and sat sedately down again. Vulgar passions, vulgar scenes—these were medieval, or maybe mid-Victorian, things. Mid-Victorian recalled Mary Davis; and Kate haughtily demanded of herself what it was to her what anybody might read to Mary Davis, or what any series of Mary Davises had to do with her—Kate Bellair's—life!

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As for the immediate Mary Davis, she reflected, not without an inconsistent satisfaction, that she was going away on Saturday—which finished that! So far as Kate was concerned, her last public appearance would be to-night at the final dance. Kate's impulse was to stay away from this event, but Bellair pride could hardly stoop to that; instead, she made a most stately toilet, telling herself it had no bearing on anything—she had always intended to wear the gown, or why had she brought it?

When the maid had done her utmost Kate confronted herself in that same mirror from which she had retreated, and was satisfied. Now let pallid things in meek, mid-Victorian costumes do their worst!—though it was true Mary Davis had herself imparted that she had sent home for a gown for the occasion; and, considering everything, even a slashed skirt would not surprise Kate.

Slashed skirt or not, Kate felt equal to her, as she descended the stairs, with a dubious haunting vision of her previous descent—ages ago—behind the shrinking form of a yet untheorized Mary Davis.

Humphrey was waiting politely, though somewhat distrait, in the hall.

"Well, how do you like me?" Kate's eyes challenged; and Humphrey met it like a gentleman.

"Some gown!" was the elegant verbal form his approval took as he drew Kate's arm a little too casually through his, in evident haste to reach the ballroom. His preoccupation, indeed, burst forth guilelessly: "I say, have you seen Miss Davis'?"

"No ——" Kate began in icy accents, and stopped; for through the wide doors Miss Davis' gown burst on Kate's vision.

"Burst" is the right word; the vision had the force of a rifle ball—and a dumdum at that. Kate was stunned—but horribly conscious too. Before her, occupying, as it seemed to her, the whole space of the room, was Mary Davis, dancing, of course, with Philip; and not the most prejudiced eye could deny that it gazed on a thing of pure beauty. Kate's eye, in its first sweep, took in the diabolism of the whole apparition.

Mary Davis—her own creation—was attired in something that could only be called another creation, a gown of such subtle and marvelous and simple intricacy as made mere slashes of no account, and could only be paralleled by the smooth, subtle and considered allurements of her wonderfully dressed hair. Starlike she shone in the midst of a general confusion of the elements, a mist of light and sound and motion and emotion, out of which nothing emerged clearly but that luminous figure outlined against Philip's shadowy one.

A soundless tumult was their dancing. Dancing? Flying, rather! A whirling grace—a wind-borne leaf—a soaring flame and fire of living joy, Mary Davis swung and circled and dipped and skimmed and fled on wings before them, holding every eye, and held herself by Philip, whose own gaze never left her face and who was dancing as though they were the only two things left alive in all the world.

"Dance—Lord!" muttered Humphrey; and, meeting Kate's cold glance, offered deprecatingly, and as one who offers something new: "And dance—Lord!"

"Yes; dance—Lord!" Kate repeated it grimly to herself as, in spite of herself, she gazed spellbound at that earth-emancipated pair. So may the morning stars. And suddenly they were gone, having danced themselves from a room that now, in one breath-taking, became a crowded emptiness of awkwardly moving creatures, trying to pretend they, too, had knowledge of the joy of life. Humphrey, with a gasp, turned to his fiancée.

"I say ——" But he never said—Kate was gone.

She opened to his persuasive knucklings later, and presented herself in all the splendor of her wasted toilet. From some remote height she heard his poor and stammered explanations with an unmoved countenance.

"But you ought to be pleased," he wound up, expostulating.

"At what?"

"Why, the—the success of your—er—undertaking."

"I do not remember ever having undertaken a ballet!"

"But you must admit she's wonderful."

No human being, with that recent memory, could deny this—not even Kate. She made the only possible answer:

"Quite too wonderful—doesn't it occur to you?"

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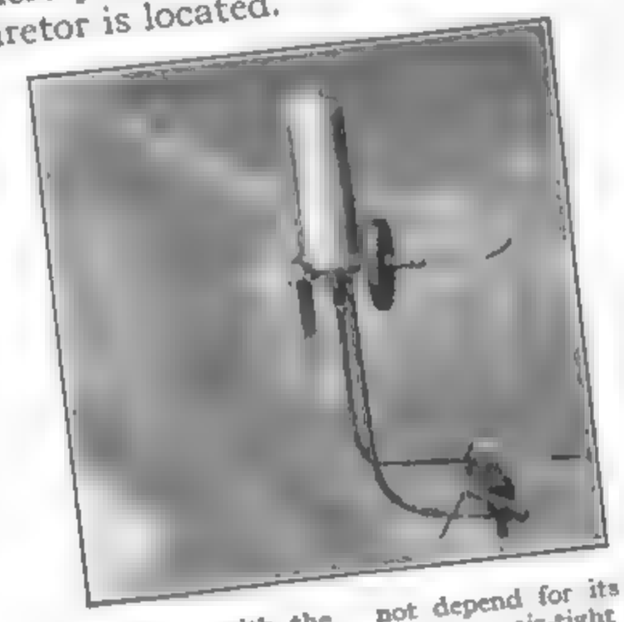

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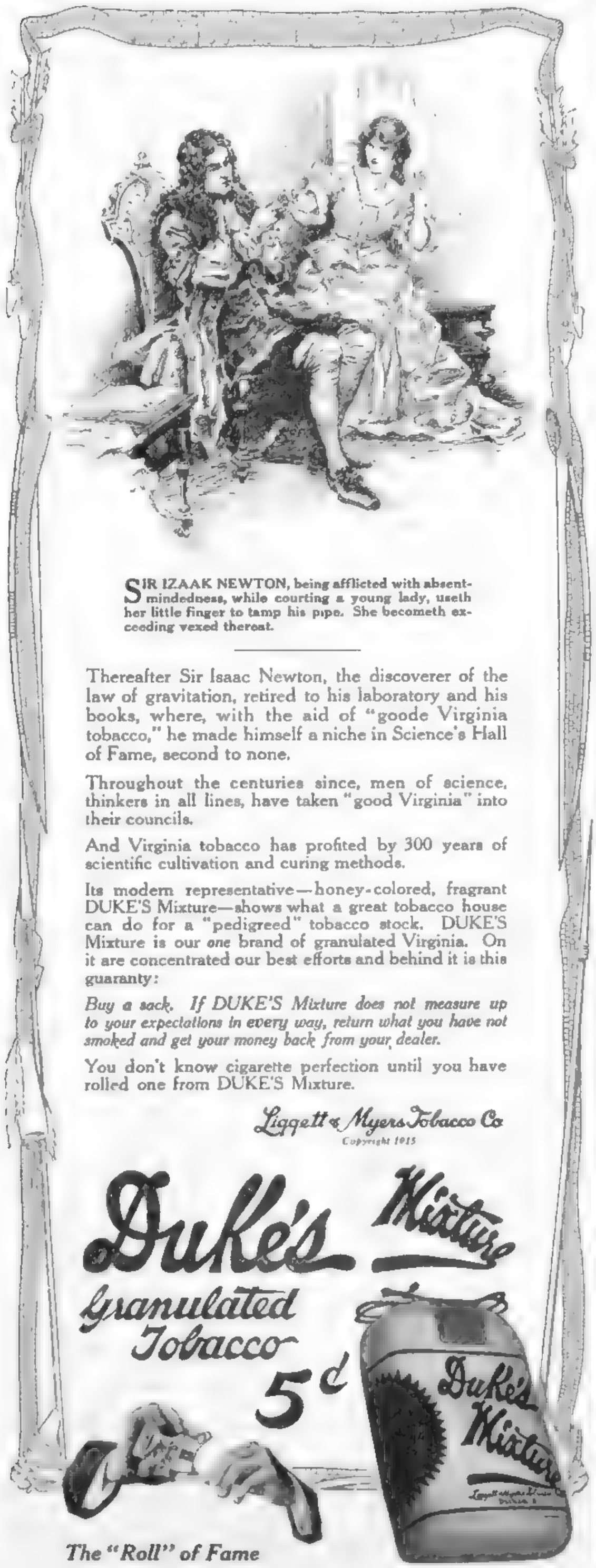

SIR IZAAK NEWTON, being afflicted with absent-mindedness, while courting a young lady, useth her little finger to tamp his pipe. She becometh exceeding vexed thereat.

Thereafter Sir Isaac Newton, the discoverer of the law of gravitation, retired to his laboratory and his books, where, with the aid of "goode Virginia tobacco," he made himself a niche in Science's Hall of Fame, second to none.

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The "Roll" of Fame

"Everybody's wild about her," Humphrey feebly blundered.

"So it seems," said his fiancée. And Humphrey had a poignant moment of enlightenment; he approached his betrothed humbly and hesitantly.

"I've told you," he said, "it was all a put-up job. It was Phil's notion; but I backed him loyally—that we should—er—go the limit."

"Well," Kate replied unsmilingly, "let me congratulate you on your thoroughness; you have, as you say, gone the limit."

"That's the way it began," said Humphrey, and stopped short; a slow, painful color said the rest. He looked appealingly at Kate; her face was averted.

Not for worlds would she have had him see it, or feel the wild pounding of her heart as she waited to see what would follow. A perfectly new Humphrey was standing before her, looking on a new woman, so far as Kate's knowledge of herself had ever gone. They had come as near as this to losing each other—perhaps they had lost each other! She should presently know. This came of taking people for granted. Worlds trembled in the balance before Humphrey spoke.

"I've been a fool!" he said simply; and humbly: "Kate—can't you forgive me?"

Little did he know how near—in that moment's blind awakening terror—she had been to casting herself on him with entreaties—she, Kate Bellair! It was his turn to wait, while worlds trembled in the balance, until Kate spoke steadily:

"If you are perfectly sure *now* ——" Their eyes, startled at their own strangeness and wonder, met, and the rest was the swift speech of lovers.

The gentlest of taps interrupted it; and instinctively, foreknowing, they drew awkwardly apart. Kate motioned, and Humphrey opened the door. Deferentially he admitted the visitor and closed it again—but with a swift transference of personalities. As Mary Davis walked in he as simply walked out. It made, Humphrey felt, for other simplicities.

As though one of these, Mary Davis confronted Kate smilingly.

"May I?" she asked and, with great composure, did—that is, she walked across the room, helped herself to a chair and, bringing it forward, sat down by Kate. And all the time she was doing this Kate was noting mechanically the undulating yet upright grace of her bearing, the pluperfect perfection of her costume. Anybody in the world—with money—can buy a pluperfect costume, Kate had reason to know; but few are they who can wear it, once bought. This woman wore hers as angels might wear wings—unconsciously. With a like composure she spoke:

"I've been dancing myself breathless."

"So I saw." This icily from Kate.

And her visitor laughed, turning on Kate a battery of sparkles, smile and dimples all in one.

"And didn't like it? Well, are you going to forgive me? I couldn't go without thanking you and—apologizing." A faint, extremely faint penitence crept into her wicked eyes. She laid a lovely hand, from which lovelier lines ran up to a sleeveless shoulder, on Kate's rigidly unresponsive one. "Really, you know, it was you who began it."

"Really!" replied Kate, giving an excellent imitation of British manner. "I'm afraid I don't quite understand."

The hand was quickly withdrawn.

"No—I see you don't." Her visitor looked slightly puzzled, an expression quickly melting into the indulgent compassion with which one confronts defective intelligence. "I thought, of course, you would. Well"—she laughed—"that makes it slightly more awkward; but at least you do understand that this is really me?"

Kate gazed stonily at the radiant figure.

"Then who," she said, "is Mary Davis?"

"Why, of course, my incognita!" Her visitor laughed again.

Hot resentment seized Kate, making her voice still colder.

"Would you mind explaining?" she asked. "Merely to deceive us could hardly have been your motive, I suppose?"

In her turn Miss Davis flushed with indignation.

"The idea! I hadn't given you a thought. Why, you didn't even exist for me until that day you followed and—and thrust yourself on me! I was only trying to be alone—I never am, you know."

Kate winced at the possibly unintended dart.

"And why, pray—why are you never able to be alone?" Her tone did its best to convey that this should present no difficulty in face of a visible denial, which only laughed at her.

"My fatal attractiveness! I see you don't feel it—but, honestly, it's so; it's a perfect bore at times."

Kate's face hardened.

"May I ask, then, why you allowed yourself to be so easily seduced from your cherished solitude? You weren't suffering from your—er—fatal attractiveness then, you know."

Miss Davis' eyes twinkled.

"Well, for one thing, I knew by that, you see, I had succeeded ——"

"By that?"

"Why, yes—by your trying to take me up and be good to me; for, of course, if you hadn't thought me a poor little frump of a thing you wouldn't have dared ——"

"Really!" Kate was crimson.

"You see"—Mary Davis' voice softened—"I didn't know then how—how nice you all were. I took it for just the usual unconscious insolence of the rich." Kate glanced sharply, but her visitor presented an innocent face. "And you offered me—you almost threw at me—such a priceless opportunity to—to find out whether I was as perfect as I thought."

Kate's expression was stony.

"And were you—as perfect as you thought?" she inquired with irony.

"I must have been—mustn't I—to take you in?"

"But why on earth should you want to take us in?" exclaimed Kate, losing all patience.

Her visitor regarded her again with that mingling of indulgence and compassion due the feeble-minded.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "You don't mean that you don't understand yet! Why, I've been telling you for the last half hour that I was studying my part—my part in my new play. It's the way I create all my characters; it's my method. How did you suppose I ever learned to be Nora Hedda—all the rest you've seen me in?"

Kate rose to her feet; she focused all her memories, staring intently at her visitor.

"Nora—Hedda—Mary Davis!" she repeated. "Why, then you are—you must be Marie Davisohn!"

"Haven't I been telling you for the last hour!" exclaimed Miss Davisohn pathetically. "And I really want to thank you. You've no idea how useful it has all been to me. A perfectly natural part is the most difficult of all; but I think I've got it now," she added thoughtfully.

"Oh, you've got it!" Kate could not refrain from this. She looked at her caller, still dazed. "My father never misses a performance of yours—do you know what that means? And I've seen you in a dozen parts."

"You can call it thirteen now," said Miss Davisohn nonchalantly.

"Your Nora!" began Kate. "Oh, no wonder you can dance! And you let Phil—you let my brother think he could teach you!"

As she said it her voice changed. Philip! Philip! She looked at the famous actress before her, and the famous actress looked away.

"He—he was a very good teacher," said Mary Davis' voice softly.

There was a tense silence. Kate was thinking rapidly. Philip—Humphrey—Humphrey's assurance that it had been a put-up job—all these things flitted through her mind; but something in the droop of Mary Davis' head and eyelids told her more. And she heard again Humphrey's voice saying: "That's how it began!" Alas, Philip!

Mary Davis lifted her drooping lids, and now Kate had that impression of her having somehow grown eyelashes during the interview. Fatally she divined what this woman's charm must be—this woman who could make of herself anything she pleased—for men.

"I remember now," Kate said dryly. "Even though I didn't 'exist' for you, you had noticed I wasn't alone—even that very first day."

"Anybody," said Miss Davisohn, speaking as though with a little difficulty, "would have—would have noticed your brother." Then she began to speak rapidly. "I'm going away in a few hours; my maid is packing now. And I want to leave this note for—for your brother—please." She drew it from the folds of her gown and Kate saw that her fingers trembled.

"Why!" she exclaimed. "Why, you care! You care!"

"Care!" repeated Marie Davisohn. "C-care! Wh-what did you think! Care! Oh!" She flamed suddenly on Kate as though somebody had lighted her.

Again Kate's brain did a rapid dance. A Bellair—the son of Senator Bellair—and an actress? Yes—but, Kate hastily told herself, not any actress—the actress; the one great woman of her day. Genius—didn't that level all? She thought hurriedly of Humphrey—of Philip—of the Senator, who never missed a performance—and decided that it did. She took Marie Davisohn's hand in hers much as she had taken Mary Davis' that first day in the woods.

"If you care, and you do"—she pressed the quivering hand reassuringly—"nothing really matters besides. You must—you should ——"

"No!" said Miss Davisohn sharply, and drew her hand away. "No!" she repeated with emphasis—"not even for your brother! I can't make that sacrifice—not for any soul alive!"

Sacrifice! Kate sank feebly into a chair; she wrestled dumbly with the Bellair environment, and at last got her vision—her glimpse of a greatness in which senatorial and diplomatic and financial worlds swam as nebulæ.

"I see!" she said at last humbly. "I see; of course to you Philip is only one of thousands."

And now the woman to whom she thus capitulated turned on her the look of pity reserved for the congenital idiot.

"Your brother—one of thousands!" she repeated with withering intensity. "Your brother! Why, there isn't one in tens of thousands—there isn't anyone in the world in the least like him!"

Kate gasped—she also seized her advantage.

"Then ——" she began.

"No! No!" Mary Davis interrupted her hurriedly, as though she feared her argument. "Not my art! Not for anybody! Good-by!" She pressed Kate's hands and looked back once—at the threshold. "I'll send you a box—the first night; but please—please don't let your brother come," she said—and was gone.

None too soon. The third knock came almost before Kate, who had perceived its logical necessity, was prepared for it.

"Are you up, Kate?" asked Philip's voice, low.

She opened the door and let in yet another strange man.

"I came up to say I'm going to town early. Dickson will pack up and follow." He looked at his sister and his face changed. "Has she been here?" he asked simply.

Kate handed him the note. While he read she watched him, seeing him for the first time in her life with detached vision, as others saw; always she had known Philip was a personable being; now she saw him as how much more! He folded the note and put it into his pocket. Kate laid a hand on his sleeve.

"Philip, I'm sorry!"

He shook the hand off—not unkindly.

"For what, please?" He looked astonishingly like the Senator—Bulldog Bellair they called him for his tenacity—when he folded his lips together like that.

"She won't give up her profession—even for you."

"Give up her profession!" exclaimed her brother with emphasis. "And for me!" He eyed his sister sternly. "Who sprang that antique idea? I hope to heaven, Kate, you haven't been doing any more of your sublime condescensions."

"Phil!"

"Good heaven! Why, the scraps and leavings of the love of a woman like that are worth more than ——" He broke off. "I'm going up, as I said, in the early train."

Kate put both hands on his arm and held him firmly.

"Philip—I give you my word—I hope, with all my heart, she'll marry you. I—I want her in the family," she wound up with a laugh of deadly earnestness.

"You'll have her there!" Again the father spoke in the son. "I'm going to marry her. Not that I'm fit—not that any one of us is; but I'm going to marry her because—because—oh, because!" His voice broke in the third impatient saying lovably, in a tone that thrilled his sister's heart. Never again would she take Philip, either, for granted! She began to understand Marie Davisohn.

Yet the fervency of good wishes with which she accompanied his disappearance down the corridor would have astonished even her brother. She had said the truth when she said she wanted Mary Davis in the family. She reflected on many things—on Humphrey, and held him excused; on the Senator, who never missed a performance; on Philip—and her Godspeed followed him devoutly. Decidedly—most decidedly—Mary Davis was a person it was safest to have in the family. Kate herself, with every reason against it, acknowledged a tingling attraction toward that radiant personality which opened to her doors of understanding. With the mere brushing of the passing robe of genius, the surprise element had been so fully restored to life that Kate divined she had made her last experiment to supply it.

It was a pity—she could still smile at the thought—that one would never know whether, under other circumstances, Mary Davis would have responded to treatment or not; but Kate here highly resolved to resign herself to ignorance on that point—if need be, through the long, long remainder of her life.

SELLING SHOT AND SUPPLIES TO EUROPE

(Continued from Page 13)

he wants. Moreover, a great many orders have been placed in the past months; and when the goods prove satisfactory these orders are simply duplicated. At the present writing the manager sees only the men with whom he has already been negotiating, or men who come to him with an introduction.

Even after weeding out the touts and fakers the really serious troubles started. The manager, too, was up against the fact that the manufacturer believed war business justified inflated prices.

On one occasion he employed this strategy to secure lowest rates for his clients: Along about November he received an order for a million blankets, with definite specifications. Therefore, it was not necessary to ask the various manufacturers to submit samples as was usually done; but if he himself went to the manufacturer with this large order he should have to admit war business, and that would at once boost the price.

So one of the large department stores was requested to handle this purchase. The blanket manufacturer, knowing this store as a shrewd buyer, saw nothing suspicious in the size of the order, for this store had branches in other cities, and, with adequate advertising, it could dispose of even so vast a number of blankets. The manager in this way secured the closest possible price and prompt delivery.

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A sample of socks was submitted to France. This sample sock contained eighty per cent wool and twenty per cent cotton. An order for two hundred thousand dozen pairs was given, to be duplicated from time to time. The first shipment was O. K. So was the second. Then the manufacturer probably thought he was safe to do as he pleased; that, having passed safely with his first and second orders, the others would be accepted without question—but he found out, as so many others have, before and since, that the modern War Department is on the job constantly.

The third shipment of socks contained thirty per cent wool and seventy per cent cotton. As almost all war material is paid for in New York, against the ocean bills of lading, the manufacturer got his money; but he cut himself off from any further war orders, which would probably have amounted to hundreds of thousands of

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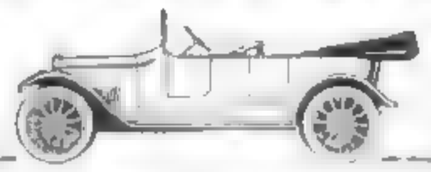
VACUUM OIL COMPANY
Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

DOMESTIC BRANCHES

Detroit, New York, Philadelphia, Minneapolis, Boston, Chicago, Indianapolis, Pittsburgh



Correct Lubrication

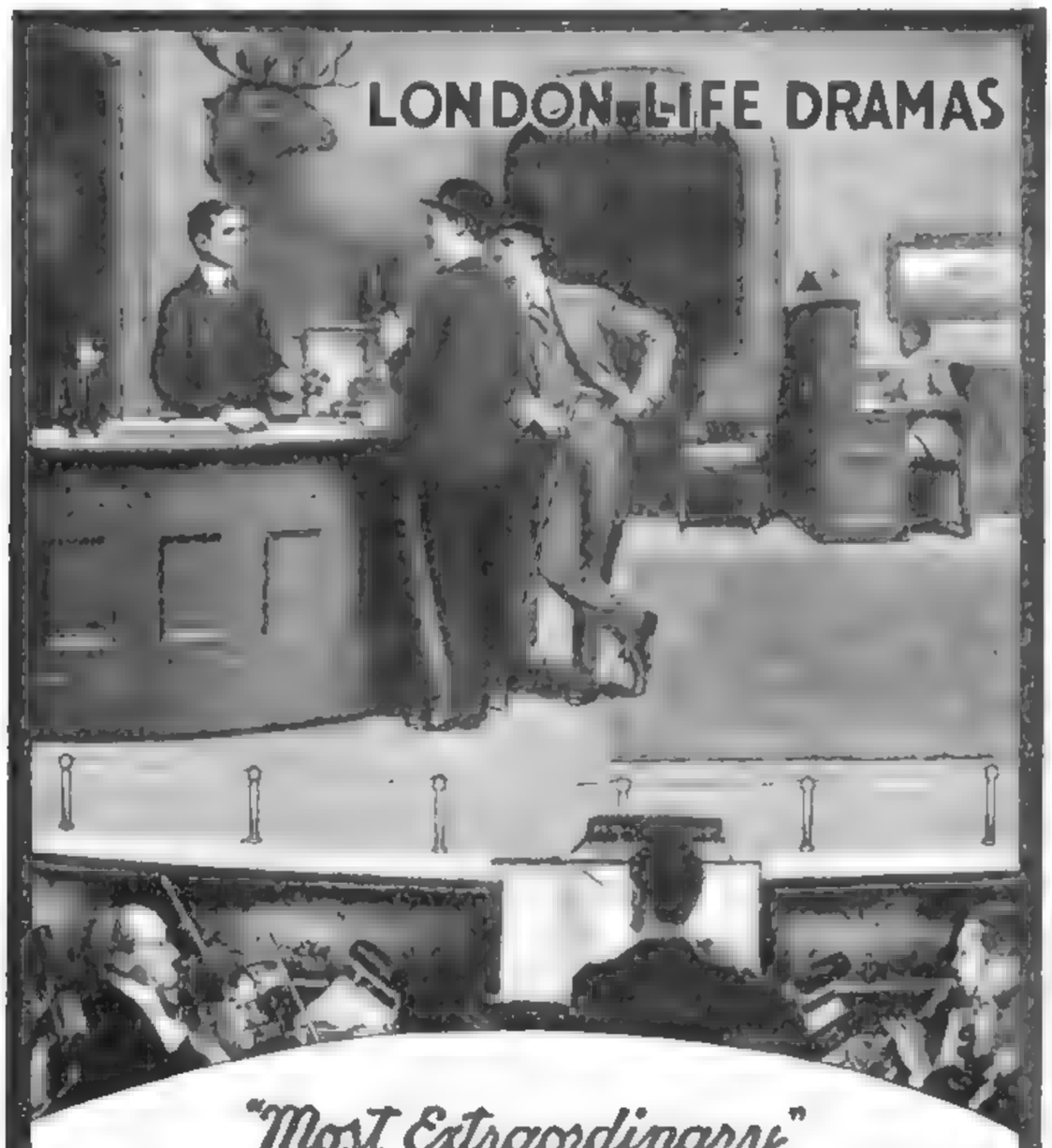
Explanation: In the Chart below, the letter opposite the car indicates the Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A". "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic". Recommendations cover all models of pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF CARS	1911 Summer	1911 Winter	1912 Summer	1912 Winter	1913 Summer	1913 Winter	1914 Summer	1914 Winter
Abbott-Detroit	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Acme	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Alco	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A
Allen	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Allen (6 cyl.)							A	A
Alter	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Amer.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Anderson	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A	Arc
Auburn (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Auburn (6 cyl.)							A	A
Autocar (3 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Autocar (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	A				
Avery	A	B	A	A	A	A	A	A
Avery Model C							Arc	Arc
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac (8 cyl.)							Arc	Arc
Carter	A	E	A	E	A	E	Arc	Arc
Carter Com'l.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Case	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chalmers	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
Chandler							Arc	Arc
Chase (air)	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
Chase (water)							Arc	Arc
Chevrolet							A	A
Chevrolet					A	A	Arc	Arc
Cole	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Continental	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
Dearborn (Model E)	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Detroit			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Detroit (Model 37)							Arc	Arc
Dodge							E	E
E M F	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Empire	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Fiat	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Franklin Com'l.	B	A	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Garford	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Garford Com'l.	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
Grant							Arc	Arc
Haynes	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile					A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile Model 20	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
I H C					B	A	B	A
I H C (air-cooled)					A	A	A	A
International	B	B	B	A				
Interstate	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Jackson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Jeffery							A	Arc
Kissel			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kelly Springfield	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
King	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	A
King (8 cyl.)							Arc	Arc
Kissel Kar							A	A
Kissel Kar (8 cyl.)							Arc	Arc
Knox	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Lafayette							A	A
Lambert							Arc	Arc
Lexington	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	E	E
Locomobile	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Lozier	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Lyons Knight							A	A
Mack	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	E
Mack (Model 5)					A	A	A	A
Marmon	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Mercer	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Mercer 22-70							Arc	Arc
Meta	B	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Mitchell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Moline	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Moline Knight							A	A
Moon (4 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Moon (6 cyl.)							Arc	A
National	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
National (air-cooled)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
National (water-cooled)	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Paige	A	Arc	A	E	A	E	A	A
Paige (6 cyl.)							A	Arc
Pathfinder					A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Peerless	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pierce-Arrow	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pierce-Arrow (8 cyl.)							A	Arc
Pope-Hartford	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rambler	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Regal	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Renault	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Stearns	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc	A	Arc
Saxon	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Saxon							E	E
Selden	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Simplex	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stearns	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Stearns Knight					A	A	B	A
Stevens Duryea					A	A	A	A
Stevens Duryea	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stoddard Dayton	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Stoddard Dayton Knight			A	A	A	A		
Studebaker	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
Velie	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	A
Velie (6 cyl.)							Arc	Arc
White	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Willys Knight							A	A
Willys Knight (6 cyl.)							A	Arc
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, for gasoline motor lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

For Electric Vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for motor and enclosed chains. For open chains and differentials use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C".



"Most Extraordinary"

CLUBMAN:—This "London Life" looks like a regular cigarette.

CLERK:—You've said something, sir! It's all of that, and more.

CLUBMAN:—What's the tariff—quarter?

CLERK:—No, sir—one dime.

CLUBMAN:—Ten cents? I usually smoke something higher-priced.

CLERK:—But "London Life" *are* "higher-priced" in every way *except the price.* The manufacturer sure wrapped up a quarter's worth in "London Life" and tagged it 10 cents for 10. It must take some sleight-of-hand artist to shake up a dozen kinds of Turkish tobacco, and pull a cigarette like "London Life" out of the bag.

CLUBMAN:—That listens like good music to me! Shoot me a bundle of ten.

LONDON LIFE

CORK TIP CIGARETTES

10 Cents Here - 10 Pence There

Anargyros

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

dollars before the war is over—this he offset for a few paltry hundred. Also, he laid himself open to a civil suit for the recovery of the money.

Another sock manufacturer accepted an order for five or six million pairs of socks of two-and-a-half-pound quality—that is, the socks must weigh two pounds and a half to the dozen. His sample came up to standard; but when delivery was made it was found that two-thirds of the quantity were like the sample and the remaining third two-pound socks. There was a saving of some thousands of dollars for him; but the discovery meant a cancellation of all future orders—a rather poor investment!

In such cases as the two above quoted, it is the manager who really suffers the money loss; for, though the government may have made the purchase and its money actually paid for the goods, if the goods are not as represented they are turned back to the middleman. And, because he is financially responsible, he must stand the loss or fight it out with the manufacturer.

The foreign Army Departments learned their lessons well. Now, when an order is placed with a manufacturer, he is first compelled to give a bond guaranteeing quality of material, quantity of order and time of delivery.

When the war started each country found that even the vast government supplies on hand were quite inadequate for the unprecedented size of the armies put in the field and the long struggle they seemed to realize was before them. Buying war supplies, therefore, at the beginning had to be done hurriedly; specifications and inspections were, of necessity, lax. But by this time the buying of war supplies has become thoroughly systematized. Specifications are very definite and requirements very strictly accounted for.

One of the great difficulties the manager encountered when dealing with American manufacturers was convincing them that the foreign armies knew exactly what they wanted. He would carefully lay the specifications before them, and then Mister Manufacturer would say: "Oh, but that isn't the correct way to make a shoe"; or, "Cloth really wears better if it has a little cotton in it."

The armies, however, by years of experimenting, have found out, to their own satisfaction at any rate, exactly what they require, down to the tiniest detail. They rarely accept a substitute. Manufacturers have found that innovations are not looked on with favor by the foreign War Offices. Just now they have no time for experimenting.

France is particularly keen for minute specifications and detailed routine. Every five years its War Department issues a series of books describing every requirement of the army—the material; source of supply; method of manufacture; system of inspection, and so on. Every item received at the Central War Office is stamped. There are three kinds of stamps—even the place where they must be put is definitely stated—stamps of acceptance, of further consideration, and of rejection.

Carrying Out French Ideas

When an article reaches the War Department it is first examined by a Board of Experts; then by the Civil Verifiers—checkers; and third by the Commission of Acception. If goods are rejected by the first Board there is a Commission of Appeal. If again rejected there is a last appeal to the Minister of War.

The cloth selected for the new field uniforms of the French Army is a kind never before manufactured in the United States. The manager took a sample to several large manufacturers, with a request to reproduce it. They submitted their samples, which he forwarded to France. Several of these samples were returned for further instructions, and were again and again submitted for criticism and inspection, until a sample identical with requirements was produced.

The French army shoe is quite different from anything ever made in this country. One was sent from France with detailed specifications. Several samples were made up by different manufacturers and sent back to France. There the shoe was put through the most minute examinations—as to the kind of leather used; how it is tanned, and so on; size and quality of nails on the soles and heels; the kind of stitches used; and the number of pieces in the heels.

The shoes were sawed apart and sections and cross sections inspected. The soles were ripped apart. The inner linings were torn open. Then the shoe that came nearest to requirements was reshipped to New York, with additional instructions. The finished product, however, had to be sent once more to France for a final inspection before the order was definitely placed. The leather of this shoe, by the way, is turned, with the glazed part inside.

In the matter of haversacks—knapsacks—there was no firm in this country that had ever made anything even faintly resembling them. So the manager went to a shoe manufacturer, whose factories had been more or less idle for several months, and showed him exactly how to construct a haversack. This firm is now making all the haversacks purchased on this side by the French Army. Its employees are working three shifts a day and have their meals served in the factory.

It will be interesting to note the procedure followed by the manager in endeavoring to obtain an order from the French Government after an inquiry for an article has been received—definite specifications being given. In the case of ammunition and armament the order is placed only by the War Department. The Pasteur Institute, in Paris, passes on all medical supplies before they are ordered by the War Department. Of automobiles, aeroplanes, wagons, artillery wheels, and such heavy items, one sample is submitted to the War Department direct, to be thoroughly tested out; but with smaller articles several samples must be submitted.

The Lack of Shipping Facilities

Part of each corps in France is in the field and part is in reserve. The Central War Department makes all purchases of field supplies. Supplies for the reserve corps, however, are purchased by each individual quartermaster. Therefore, samples of the desired article are sent not only to the Central War Office but also to the many quartermasters. These samples, when received, are stamped, examined, carefully sealed and filed away. The order is then sent to the manager.

Before submitting the samples, however, the manager carefully investigates the financial reliability of each manufacturer, the capacity of his plant, and so on. He has on his staff a number of experts who do this investigating for him. Having received the order he turns it over to a manufacturer, receiving from him a bond covering quality, quantity and time of delivery.

These orders are usually in large quantities, running into millions, and deliveries are generally specified, covering a definite quantity within a given time and equal quantities within regular intervals thereafter.

Each of these is an individual order, with every chance of being duplicated many times. Do you wonder manufacturers are so eager for this business? Though these huge orders are being constantly given there has been a lot of talk about million-dollar orders without any foundation. Those who know say it is a disease; they call it waritis.

The immensity of these war orders and the poor shipping facilities at present make transportation another serious problem for the manager. He must, one way or another, find room on board ship to carry his goods. Now the German lines, of course, are not running, and a large number of French and English boats have been taken over by their respective governments as transports and for other purposes. The Relief Commissions have found it necessary to charter a certain number of boats.

The number of available boats for regular shipments has thus been materially reduced. Nor must you forget that most of these boats are owned by the French or English and are absolutely controlled by their governments, so that they may be taken off for transport purposes at any time and with scarcely a moment's notice. Moreover, if the government requires space on a boat it gets this space regardless of whose goods must be left on the dock. There is in each space contract a clause covering just this contingency.

And even after the boats get to the other side more difficulties are encountered. First, it takes time to get dockage, as the docks are being constantly used for troop disembarkation, and everything else must literally go by the board. So the boat lies at anchor until the authorities see fit to issue permits for her unloading. Finally the boat docks, and then the goods are again held up until the custom house finds time to pass them.

After this it would seem a simple matter to land the goods at their destination; but there are all sorts of permits to be issued and further transportation difficulties to be overcome. You cannot go round the corner and hire a teamster to haul your goods to the railroad station, because the teamster is likely enough in the army, and so are his horses. Also, there are no such things as train schedules.

A sample automobile tractor was shipped from New York early in November. It arrived at Havre in the latter part of the month. Early in January the boat was unloaded. By the end of February a permit was obtained to take the truck out of Havre. Fortunately there were no further delays.

The tractor reached Paris promptly, was tested, and within two weeks an order for three hundred was placed.

The manufacturer is saved all this transportation annoyance. His contract calls for payment against the ocean bill of lading and he gets his money before the merchandise leaves New York. The foreign governments have opened credits at various New York banks. The ocean bills of lading are presented to one of these banks, accompanied by invoices approved in writing by the manager. The money is promptly paid the manufacturer and he has no further concern in the matter.

During the past few weeks much money has come to the United States from the foreign War Departments. Mr. Pratt, Chief of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, at Washington, permits publication of his estimate that five hundred million dollars will be added to our shipments if this war continues a year. This money is just beginning to come in.

The previous months have largely been taken up with the examination of samples, placing of orders, and the manufacturing of goods. Now these goods are being shipped and the money is being paid. And this money is not going into the private vaults of a few financiers but is going into the pockets of the American laborer, who has been given employment. It has gone to the credit side of the American manufacturer; and he has in many cases been enabled to work closed factories.

To the individual business man war brings legitimate business opportunities. It stimulates his business by the unexpected demands made on it. It lends him new ambition as wider possibilities are presented. It opens other markets.

His biggest field, however, he seems as yet scarcely to have realized. When this war is over Europe will be exhausted. Her people will need food, clothing, machinery—all the necessaries of life. And these she must have at once. She cannot wait until her factories are replaced; until her fields are resown; until her daughters have raised for her another crop of men.

Europe will want her needs supplied without delay. And it will not only be the small proportion of fighting men that must be supplied with merely war materials, but every man, woman and child in each country must be provided with the thousand and one items each requires for individual necessities, comforts and pleasures.

Here, then, will be a ready market for our goods—if only we are ready. It might be well if manufacturers, instead of striving so keenly for this war business, would look ahead and prepare for this after-the-war business. That is where the big money really is.

Sense and Nonsense

Rain Alarms

RAIN alarms are now made for people who wish to leave the windows of their homes open all night, yet fear that a rainstorm may come up in the night and the drops blow in. The alarm is a little buzzer inclosed in a wooden box, which is to be placed on the window sill.

When rain blows in the first drops on the top of the box switch on an electric current from a battery in the box and the alarm begins to sound. At the same time a tiny electric light appears on the side of the box, so that any person who is wakened by the buzzer may quickly discover into which window the rain is blowing.

A Circular Screwdriver

THE simple idea that makes the inventor successful is illustrated by a new vest-pocket screwdriver capable of fitting screws of any size. It is nothing but a disk of metal about the size of a large coin. The edge of the disk is put into the slot of a screw like the blade of an ordinary screwdriver. One edge is thin, for small screws, and another is thick, with a graduated thickness between the two extremes for the purpose of having an edge that will fit any slot.

A hole in the middle of the disk gives a chance to slip in a nail or pocketknife, or anything else handy, to be used as a lever on tight screws.

In Short, One Gallon

JUST before Christmas a darky entered the post office at Thomasville, Georgia, which is a dry town in a dry state.

"Boss," he said to the clerk at the money-order window, "will you please, suh, mek me out er order ter Jacksonville?"

"For how much?" asked the clerk as he drew a blank to him and poised his pen.

"Jes' fo' quarts, please, suh," said the darky.

The Unwilling Worm

DAMON RUNYON and Sid Mercer, New York sporting writers, were fishing in Great South Bay one Saturday afternoon in the autumn. Mercer caught fish regularly. Runyon had never a nibble. Finally he reeled in.

"Come on, Sid; let's quit," he said.

"Why?" inquired Mercer. "There's an hour yet before dark?"

"I think I might as well quit," said Runyon sadly; "my worm's not trying!"

A Filial Burglar

THE small son of a Washington official was asked by his mother what he intended to be when he became a man.

"I think I shall be a burglar," he replied.

"Why, Willie," his shocked mother protested, "that isn't nice."

"Oh, it will be all right," he assured his mother. "I shan't steal anything from you."

Electric Fly-Catchers

CATCHING flies with an electric motor has been proved to be entirely practicable, and such machines have now appeared on the market. The motor does not chase the flies round the room, but induces them to come near and then captures them.

The machine operates like a suction cleaner, a fan creating a strong suction. Round the pipe through which the air is sucked in, some sweets—such as moistened sugar—are spread. Any fly that comes near the pipe will be quickly sucked in and dropped into a steel cage for future attention.

Automobile Trains

LITTLE electric automobiles are now made to haul trucks round factory buildings and grounds. One of these will haul a train of a dozen trucks hooked in a row, storage batteries on the automobile furnishing enough power for several miles of travel. It has been found practicable in some factories to make up a regular schedule of trips for the little automobile. At certain points trucks are unhooked and at other points trucks are connected to the train and delivered to some other part of the factory on the regular stop there.

Telephones Everywhere

TELEPHONES on every table in the store, so that patrons may telephone orders to the desk, is the scheme adopted in a Western confectionery to give quick service. Patrons who wish ice cream or soda sit down at any table and promptly telephone their wishes to the order clerk at a central desk. This clerk writes the order on a slip and records the number of the table from which the call came. The order is then filled and delivered by a waiter.

The same telephones are available for calls through the city telephone exchange; and it is not uncommon for a person at one telephone to have a conversation by wire with some friend at another table in the other end of the store.

No one thinks of leaving poisons within reach of little children—except fly poisons. Yet fly poisons kill more children than all other poisons combined.

We quote from an editorial in the December issue of The Journal of the Michigan State Medical Society:

> "From the first of July to October 15, the press of a few states reported 45 cases of poisoning of children from the use of fly poisons."

These children were all under six years of age. The poisoning was caused by swallowing the liquid poison covering fly paper or by sucking the poisoned and sweetened wicks protruding from tin boxes. The editorial suggests that a large number of cases of such poisoning probably escaped recognition, because:

> "—it is difficult, perhaps impossible, for even an experienced physician to distinguish a case of arsenical poisoning from cholera infantum, the symptoms being so similar. How many children have been poisoned from these fly poisons and the deaths ascribed to cholera infantum, can never be known."

Mothers who have intuitively avoided fly poisons now have their good judgment complimented by these actual facts. The danger is even greater than most of them knew.

"Arsenical fly-destroying devices are as dangerous as the phosphorus match. They should be abolished. *There are as efficient and more sanitary ways of catching or killing flies,* and fly poisons, if used at all, should not be used in homes where there are children, or where children visit."

TANGLEFOOT

The Sanitary Fly Destroyer
Non-Poisonous
Catches the Germ With the Fly

The new metal Tanglefoot Holder removes the last objection to the use of Tanglefoot. 10c at dealers', or sent postpaid—two for 25c—anywhere in the United States. (40)

THE O. & W. THUM CO.
Dept. 254. GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

The Wise Battery Buyer Gets Columbias

The buyer who really knows batteries asks for Columbias. If the dealer says, "Try something else"—he changes dealers.

The buyer who doesn't know battery quality asks for a dry cell and gives the dealer a chance to hand him any old thing.

Columbia Batteries are dependable, honest, hard working, serviceable sources of energy. Sold everywhere, and absolutely uniform.

Wire up Columbia Batteries to your bell, buzzer, telephone, automobile, motor boat, gas engine, gong, tractor, hand lamp, barn light or blasting outfit. Insist on seeing the name Columbia on the jackets. Cost no more—last longer.

National Carbon Company, Cleveland, Ohio
Factories in U. S. A. and Canada
Convenient Fahnestock Spring Clip Binding Posts—no extra charge.

See America This Summer—Via an Overland Six

With the famous Overland Six you can travel the whole American continent.

You can tour out into the great Far West; see the Sunny South; go up into charming, quaint and quiet New England; visit all the prominent American watering places; in short, see everything you ever heard of and things of which you never have heard.

For the Overland Six is a large car.

It seats seven adults comfortably.

The 45 horsepower en-bloc motor is a giant for work, yet economical.

With this Six you travel in real comfort. The soft, deep and durable upholstery is made of the best hair and the finest, bright French finish, black, hand-buffed leather.

Catalogue on request

"Made

THE WILLYS-OVERLAND

The Willys-Overland of C

This, with the large tires, 35 x 4½ inches, long wheel-base of 125 inches, and underslung rear springs, insures riding comfort under all conditions.

Then there is the high-tension magneto ignition. This means dependability at all times. Most other Sixes do not have this ignition system.

Another decided advantage is the convenient electric control buttons on the steering column.

Anyone in the family can drive this Six.

It takes but a few lessons to become familiar with its operation. Your wife can learn to drive in no time.

Get your Overland Six *now*.

Please address Dept. 254
s U. S. A."

COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO
nada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

$1475

Seven-passenger touring car
125-inch wheel-base
Electrically started
Electrically lighted
Color—Royal blue, ivory white striping
One-man top
Pockets in all doors
Rain vision, ventilating type windshield, built in
Full floating rear axle
35 x 4½ inch tires; smooth tread in front; non-skid in rear
45 horsepower motor
High-tension magneto
Demountable rims
One extra rim
High-grade magnetic speedometer

Other Models: United States—$795 to $1600. All prices f. o. b. Toledo.
In Canada—$1065 to $2150. All prices f. o. b. Hamilton, Ont.

AN "*R. I. W.*" Preservative Paint damp-proofs New York's Public Library and prevents discoloration, crumbling and disintegration of its walls.

Other "*R. I. W.*" preservative paints prevent rust, corrosion and electrolysis. A railroad terminal in New York, a city hall in Richmond, a skyscraper in Seattle, a hotel in Philadelphia, a department store in New Orleans, a mint in San Francisco, a museum in Detroit—these and thousands of structures throughout the world stand element-proof to verify the "*R. I. W.*" truth that "Steel need not rust; wood need not rot; nor concrete dust!"

Trade Mark **R.I.W. DUSTOP** (Patent Applied for)

Stops Dust on Concrete Floors

DUSTOP the new *R. I. W.* Preservative penetrates the concrete floor, hardens it, stops dusting and makes it waterproof. Prevents absorption of oil and grease—makes concrete and cement floors hard as granite. Can be applied by anyone with mop, or brush, or broom, and be walked on a few hours after. Dustop will not scuff off or track on the floor.

Send $1.50 for Trial Gallon

We will deliver through our nearest distributor, one or more gallons of Dustop at $1.50 per gallon.

Write for "*R. I. W.*" literature, invaluable to every man interested in building undertakings, large or small.

TOCH BROTHERS

ESTABLISHED 1848

Inventors and Manufacturers of Preservative Paints and Varnishes

320 Fifth Avenue, New York

Works: Long Island City, N. Y., and Toronto, Ont., Canada

Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-ko

Made in America GINGER ALE *Best in the World*

Drink It at the Ball Game When your throat is dry from "rooting," wet it with Clicquot Club Ginger Ale. Your cold bottle will hold two glassfuls, and will keep its life for four innings or more.

In Clicquot there's a real ginger—the pure juices of lemons and limes, pure spring water (slightly laxative), pure cane sugar. Its mild ginger stimulus makes it the one safe beverage to drink when you are overheated. Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is a wonderful mixer; it is good alone or mixed with almost any other good drink. Get a case into your cellar and lay two or three bottles in the ice box.

Sold by Good Grocers and Druggists

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, MILLIS, MASS.

New York Office, 100 Hudson St
Chicago Office, 350 North Michigan Ave.

CLICQUOT CLUB BEVERAGES:

Ginger Ale
Sarsaparilla
Root Beer
Birch Beer
Orange-Phosphate
Lemon Sour

OUT-OF-DOORS

Your Bird Dog

AMONG the curiosities of literature is the fact that there seems to be a perennial demand for books on dog training. Many a mute inglorious Milton, of whom you never heard, has written a simple and unpretentious book on dog breaking that has netted him more in royalties than most authors can claim for their best novels. Everybody owns a dog or is interested in a dog—or ought to be. There are physicians who minister to dogs, professors who educate them, guides and counselors who tell what to do with them. In case you own a dog—and of course you do—you very probably have bought some book about dogs or are intending to buy such a book some day.

These things are true because, though there is less use for a bird dog to-day than was once the case in this country, there are more of them now than ever. Not only in number but in value, the sporting dogs of to-day far surpass the best records of the halcyon time when every one had a dog and, with little trouble or expense, could find good shooting. To-day a good bird dog is worth as much as a race horse, and is handled much like one.

Bench shows and field trials have changed the looks, stature and qualifications of the dog of modern times. The bird dog of to-day is a commercialized product. His price, if not his value, has increased. He is an artificial modern proposition, like the three-dollar shoe or the buffet flat or the moving-picture show. Perhaps he is old at five or six years to-day, but, even so, he may have paid his way very well on a commercial basis, more especially if he has been fortunate enough to win some of the large stakes in the field or on the bench.

The tendency of human nature to run after success—the craze for successful or fashionable blood in a strain of setters or pointers—has left its imprint on most of our bird dogs of to-day. A great many of them are overbred, overnervous and too much accentuated. In dog history our leading strains date back to certain great individuals who lived at rather a remote time in the past. Perhaps in the future we may by accident develop some such great individuals—some William the Conqueror in setters, some Charlemagne in pointers—that will give history a new starting point. Just at present, however, that does not seem especially probable.

The Cost of Training

You must accept your bird dog to-day as you find him, a creature of changed conditions and one that must be fairly well adapted to existing conditions, else he himself would not exist. Your bird dog of to-day is not the grand, upstanding, heavily feathered specimen of your father's or your grandfather's choice. He is apt to be a smallish fellow, not two-thirds the weight he would have had forty years ago. His coat is light, his skin very thin and delicate. He is alert, keyed up, eager. He can go perhaps half the day, perhaps two or three hours, before you need to replace him with another dog. Perhaps his sire or grandsire, which was worth two or three thousand dollars because of certain fame, won that fame in a test of no more than twenty minutes or so of top-speed work against some other dog, almost as fast and nervous.

Of course the real test between two dogs ought to be a matter of a week's work. Our old dogs could hunt day by day as long as we wanted to hunt. Once in a while you will find such a dog to-day; but he is not apt to have a great deal of speed. Perhaps his nose will not be especially keen, either—he may have somewhere an out-cross of cold blood in his ancestry.

What does your good, modern, well-bred bird dog cost you? Perhaps somewhere round one hundred and fifty dollars, on a minimum basis, if you are a city man and have to pay to have him trained. To be sure, as good dogs as you ever saw are bought for forty or fifty dollars, already trained. The best dog I ever owned cost me twenty-five dollars and would not have been sold at five hundred dollars or a thousand—although it was poisoned within the second year after purchase. That was a natural bird dog, which really needed very little training. It was of wholly unknown pedigree and was found on a farm—owned by an honest farmer, who had annexed it from a passing wagon.

Perhaps in your own experience you have been fortunate enough to get a good dog at a reasonable price; but usually you pay an unreasonable price for half a dozen dogs and do not turn out one good one from the lot. The reason for this is that game is not so generally distributed to-day, dogs are not so widely owned, and they do not get such general use in actual field work.

There are a great many sportsmen who live in cities where they are unable even to keep a bird dog, much less train one. The city man must send his dog to a trainer for education. The latter will charge him about one dollar a week for boarding the dog. The training fee will run from twenty-five dollars up to two hundred. Very often the trainer gives the dog more board than he does work. Even so; figure that he keeps your puppy a couple of years—you will have to pay him one hundred or one hundred and fifty dollars in return for something that is wholly problematical.

How to Select a Trainer

If Nature has been very kind to the dog he may be developed into a shooting dog at a cost of somewhere between one hundred and two hundred dollars. In the average human experience, however, scarcely one dog out of half a dozen proves to be worth developing; something goes wrong with him and he rarely ever becomes a really good shooting dog. Take into consideration the expense of failures, and perhaps the average city sportsman will find that his first practical shooting dog has cost him somewhere between five hundred and one thousand dollars—about as much as a motor car. It looks discouraging, but there is always this great factor in the quest of the golden dog—when you do get him you would not trade him for any limousine on earth. The figures of expense in his pursuit and his use are things sedulously to be concealed from Friend Wife.

Granted good blood for your dog, good health, and a naturally good nose, his value depends on the trainer who handles him for the first couple of years of his life. There are good dog trainers; but there are many more who are wholly unreliable. Be careful in the selection of your trainer. Go to his place and see how his dogs look. Have a day's shooting with him and note how he handles his dogs. All too often a dog of little promise is left in the feeding yard. If fortune gives the trainer one dog of much promise in his string of inmates he is very apt to develop that dog at the expense of the others, especially if there is an opportunity to enter him in field trial, with his handler counted in on a division of the money.

In general, if you want a shooting dog of your own, do not send him to any man who trains dogs for field-trial purposes. In general, also, pick out a trainer who has a wife or daughter that will take a hand in looking after the welfare of the dogs. These things, you will observe, narrow down your choice of dog trainers very much. None the less they mark and explain the scarcity of good shooting dogs to-day.

The tricky and dishonest dog trainer is happily less numerous than the shiftless and inefficient one. Such a man may be a shrewd handler, but may also be a shrewd business man. You send him your valuable dog to keep for you after the end of the shooting season. A month or so disappears and you get a letter from the tricky trainer saying that unfortunately your dog has been run over by a railroad train. In that case it is just as well to ask the trainer to send you the hide of the dog—do not accept the collar. Cases have been known where valuable dogs were sold by trainers who reported them as dead.

Of course, if you live in a shooting country, or in a small community where you have your own home and can keep your own dog, the expense of owning bird dogs is much lessened and the pleasure much increased. You can very often get a good bird-dog puppy, with or without pedigree, for ten, fifteen or twenty dollars. The greatest of delights will be the training you

yourself can give him. That is far better than buying a dog alleged to be trained.

The last five dogs purchased by myself cost respectively twenty-five, fifty, two hundred, one hundred and twenty-five, and seventy-five dollars—that is first cost, not counting later board or training. Of these only the first and last amounted to anything. Number two was given away with difficulty after one day's trial. Number three was a case of delivery of a worthless dog instead of one that a year earlier had been seen to be an excellent performer in the field. Number four just did not have it in him.

Number one was the unknown, mentioned earlier as a natural bird dog.

Number five is not for sale at any price. A dog of good blood, he cost his former owner more than three hundred dollars in training fees. Happily he is a fine example of what is known as a gentleman's shooting dog—that is to say, he is fast, can go as long as his owner likes, has a grand nose, an instinct for finding birds, and an education that leaves him docile and well in hand. He is the winning hand in a series of dog gambles.

Suppose you got one good dog out of six efforts. What is he apt to be to-day, provided he is a typical product of a good strain? He is apt to be compact, small, nervous, thin-skinned, yet showing blood in his lines and intelligence in his face. He will have life and quality about him, like any thoroughbred. Do not purchase your dog until you have seen him work. In my own case I bought some dogs in a hurry; but I took out my last acquisition for a first and conditional trial on prairie chickens—a bird he had never seen. He went to work like a veteran, pointing a covey high-headed at one hundred yards. "Some class about that!" exclaimed my shooting friend. Next, the dog proved able to handle ruffed grouse in thick cover—a far more difficult proposition. "More class!" said my friend. The dog, a stranger to us both and we strangers to him, went on about his work and found a dozen coveys of quail that day. This was trial enough for any dog.

And when we lost him in a bit of cover and, after whistling and shouting in vain for five minutes, at last discovered him on a dead point, deaf to all the world and gloating over his last covey of quail—then we knew we had that sought-for treasure, a real shooting dog. Such a dog, any sportsman would agree, is worth almost any kind of money. The price of such a treasure is a varying thing, not in the least representative of value, either way.

The Modern Type of Dog

Now suppose you have such a dog, the product of six efforts to get a bird dog, what will your modern dog be? What will he do? Your compact, speedy little fellow will go into a buggy or a motor car comfortably, and not mash your feet. Moreover, since he has been shipped here and there through cities in his various travels, to suit the convenience of his owner or his trainer, he will jump into a taxi promptly and curl down on the seat. Being a good traveler, he will lie down in the baggage car on a railroad journey, and not tug at his chain and bark, and make the baggageman more unhappy than he is. In short, he is a practical dog for conditions of sport as you now must practice it.

Next, your dog has speed. He came from a family that had speed. In short, he must have speed to-day because coveys of birds are less easily found than once was the case, and he must cover more country in order to find them. He is, therefore, a practical proposition. For the sake of his speed and gameness, half a day at a time, you are willing to sacrifice a little bit of his ability to go through a week of hard travel—the fastest dogs cannot travel a week through, or even two days.

If your dog has been well broken, and has associated with decent people, he is strictly businesslike. At the end of his day's work he gets his dinner and his drink, and curls up to sleep. He does not bark and nose round the camp table, and make himself obnoxious. He is quite companionable; and yet he is strictly business. This is what we call the old-fashioned sort of dog manners; and such a dog, that attends to his own knitting and lets the others do the prowling round, is nearly always popular among shooters.

A dog of such character will perhaps seem to a new owner at first a trifle aloof and independent of spirit. Why should he not be? Another man has trained him and fed him. You have not seen him before the time when you take him out to hunt—he does not know you as his master. That is the great trouble for the city sportsman—some other man receives the best affection of the dog, which he owns as a piece of property but which he rarely sees.

Now any good dog wants one master, and no more. A setter is perhaps more apt to be faithful to one man than a pointer; the latter breed is full of hunt and often will follow any man with a gun. Yet absolutely the best pointer I ever knew never would hunt with anyone but her master; and absolutely the best cocker spaniel I ever knew was a one-man dog to an extent almost ludicrous—he would not allow anyone to touch his master, would not allow the hand of another to be laid on him, kept his master in sight every hour of the day, and slept on his arm at night, like a child. Fate is kind to you if it gives you the worship, sole and undivided, non-negotiable, of a real bird dog, such as either of these. There was something in you too worth while. Dogs are the best judges of human nature.

Taking your dog just as he is, and supposing that once out of six times he is worth while, there are some things which you ought to bear in mind regarding him and his use. For instance, he perhaps lives at his trainer's place, two or three hundred miles from your city. That means that he must travel occasionally by express in a box or crate. When you have him shipped see that he has food and water. Tip the baggageman and the express agent, especially if the journey is to be a long one; pass the word down the line that it will be worth while to care for that dog—to feed him, water him, and even to exercise him if he is out for more than a day and a night.

What You Owe Your Bird Dog

In camp use your dog well. When he comes in from the field do not let him lie down in the wind or on cold, wet ground—take care of him; make him a bed where he will be warm. The modern bird dog is not so hardy as a wolf. Heated up by his exercise, he will chill off quickly when he stops running, just as you do yourself; and he has no extra coat to put on. Feed your dog lightly in the morning, if at all, and still more lightly in the middle of the day; but feed him all he wants at night.

During hunting hours see that he gets water often, especially if the weather is warm. It is very hot down in the grass where a dog is obliged to work. No dog—especially the average delicate bird dog of to-day—is able to go indefinitely, like a machine, without great physical discomfort. Care for your dog, therefore, during the day, and do not go on thoughtlessly, bent on your own enjoyment and thinking that all dogs have a way of taking care of themselves. Such is not the case.

If water is not abundant in the country where you are hunting take some along in a canteen in the motor car or buggy, at the saddlehorn, or on your own back. The average city shooter who gets his dog from his trainer is apt to be forgetful of these things, because he is not used to handling dogs in the field.

In time your dog will get to be very much like you. If you are excitable and unreasonable, he himself is apt to become so. You ought to remember that hardly any two dogs have just the same temperament and that no dog thoroughly understands human speech. You are addressing yourself to an embryonic intelligence. The dog's brain is vague, unformed—very shrewd in some specialized, instinctive ways, but not at all the same brain that belongs to a man. Any man worthy the name will not brutally penalize or punish his dog simply because he does not at once do what he is asked to do.

For instance, your dog has been broken to retrieve—a very beautiful but very risky part of a bird dog's education. He wants to get his mouth on the bird as soon as it drops. If you do not watch him closely he is apt to break shot and run in as soon as a bird is knocked down, and perhaps flushes other birds, which otherwise would have lain to the gun. The time to punish your dog for that is not after he has the bird in his mouth and is bringing it to you, but before he starts in to pick up the bird.

Why does he start in? In nine cases out of ten because you yourself were thinking of the bird and not of the dog—you went

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on with your shooting or loading or marking the flight, and did not promptly stop the dog where he was. You were eager, unsteady, excited. In order to have a perfectly broken field dog you must be willing to sacrifice a little bit of your own sport now and then. If your dog is very unsteady perhaps you will let a friend do the shooting while you watch your dog, or vice versa.

A check collar and rope will steady the dog. Some shooters use a long buggy whip and bring it down across his back if he starts to break shot, calling to him at the same time—Whoa! or Drop! If your friend would bring the whip down across your own back once in a while it would have a similarly salutary effect. In many and many a case it is the sportsman who needs the whip or the check collar, and not his dog. Have your friend try it on you.

Chasing his birds is the trick of a puppy, and it is one of the most easily curable faults of a bird dog. The check cord is useful here. Very soon the dog will learn that he has been at fault; but do not whip your dog too late for chasing—be sure he knows what it is about. It is inhuman and wholly ineffectual to punish a dog when he does not understand why it is done.

The Effects of Bad Handling

False pointing is something due to the lack of a dog's confidence in his own nose. Do not whip your dog for false pointing. Simply use him more and more until his nose gets a chance to detect the difference between game birds and mice or moles. The dog that jumps promptly and positively into his points, that is always sure of himself—you respect that dog, of course, the same as you do a man of positive nature; but you do not find that sort every day in the week. There is no more use in whipping your dog for something he cannot help than there is for snubbing your friend for the same reason.

Blinking his point is something a querulous owner or handler may teach his dog. I once had a grand young dog—I think, the finest specimen of a pointer I ever saw—one that ought to have been a noble individual in the ranks of shooting dogs; but he was really quite worthless. Why? He was so fast as a puppy, so eager, that his trainer could not keep up with him; and, puppylike, now and then he would flush a bird. His trainer whipped him for this, tied a log chain to him to slow him down; and, in short, about every time the dog found a bird he punished him.

Bold and courageous as this dog was, he began to think he ought not to point birds. I have seen him point a covey on a stubble field and then, the hair rising all along his back in anger or fear—some strange, inexplicable emotion acquired in his education and not in his breeding—turn round and leave the birds where they were!

This dog could find as many birds as any dog, but he rarely would point; and if left alone he took a savage delight in chasing up the birds and setting them afire. It was bad handling which was responsible for that—punishment administered when the dog did not know what it was about. A noble dog was ruined by bad handling.

The bird dog that will find and point singles well is the one over which you are apt to get your bag; your fast, eager, high-headed dog is rather the one to find coveys for you. If, after the covey rises, he will go patiently to work on singles, then you have a bird dog. If you have one that will patiently hunt for a dead bird or a cripple, so much the better; but do not whip the dog unreasonably if he does not wish to go and hunt for the lost bird. His instinct is to be off after more birds. If you whip him when he has that thought in his head you have cause and effect twisted.

Indeed, cause and effect are twisted in nine cases out of ten in which dogs are punished by their masters or handlers. The instinct of the average shooter is to whip his dog whenever the latter does not at once do what he wants him to do. Patience and care alone can develop the ideal bird dog. Therefore, if your dog does not want to hunt the lost bird, do not bang him about, but deal kindly with him. Reward him when he has found the bird and do not whip him for not finding it.

Bear in mind, also, that curious trait of indifference which hounds and bird dogs have for dead game after it is down. If you take from your pocket half a dozen dead birds your bird dog will simply snuff at them and go away. He has no delight in them after he knows they are accounted for.

The hardest thing to teach a dog is to come to you when you want him. Why? Because too often the dog has learned that when he does come it is only to receive a beating and not a reward. Would you be keen to go up to your boss if you were sure he was going to thrash the life out of you as soon as he could get his hands on you? Reason about these things. Remember that you are addressing a vague and unformed intellect, which does not think as you think. You must deal only on broad lines in reaching the intelligence of this willing and faithful servant.

The prime instinct of a dog is to find birds for himself; the acquired instinct, intensified by many generations of careful training, is that under which the dog identifies you with his find. There are a few dogs in Norway known as reporters. They will leave the covey of birds when found, go and locate the shooter and bring him back to the birds, which they point again. This trait is well defined and well authenticated, but is rare or unknown in this country.

None the less, if you examine your bird dog while he is on his point, you will see him turn his head away now and then. He will see you out of the corner of his eye, will incline his head a little toward you, then slowly bring it back in line with the object which has produced in him that strange, almost cataleptic condition of the pointing dog. He knows you are in on the play. He wants to hear the sound of the gun, and he wants to see the bird fall.

You may have seen an efficient shooting dog—yet a cowed and hangdog sort of affair, with little spirit left—do the bidding of some market hunter or other, and do it well. In the best sense of the word, however, I do not believe that any ideal gentleman's shooting dog ever belonged to anybody but a gentleman. A dignified owner gives dignity to his dog. The grand old dogs of earlier times, when we had abundant game and abundant leisure, nearly always were dogs that belonged in good families. In those days we had handsome big setters and pointers, brainy, individual dogs, which knew nothing of field-trial training as we understand it to-day, but which were like the men who owned them.

The Noble Nature of Dogs

So may your dog be like you to-day; you both live under changed conditions. Our dogs have changed and we with them, because the times have changed. The dogs that take down money in the field or on the bench to-day would not have been of value fifty years ago; but they are in better tune with the present time than their old-time ancestors would be.

Adjustment, compromise and acceptance of existing conditions are things that control the sport of to-day as we find it. Lucky the man who has a place to keep and train a good bird dog. If the dog favors him as his one master, be sure that is the one lasting and indissoluble friendship.

The dog has essentially a noble soul—not servile and fawning and selfish, as has the cat; not ignorant and weak-minded, as has the horse—but large-minded, owning some sixth sense that human beings do not in the least understand; some sixth sense that gives him more breadth of nature, more charity and more kindness than are owned by his master. The dog's friendship is a beautiful and wonderful thing, something no man really understands and which all too few men really deserve.

Take the bird-dog puppy—the soft, fuzzy little creature, his eyes still blue, his voice still squeaky—feed him and bed him and care for him, teach him to be a gentleman because you are one yourself; then you are laying foundations for a friendship that will cause you grief when its end comes.

Use that dog with reason and dignity, not asking him, even with his strange, undefined sixth sense, to understand all of your own proud intellect—live with him, think with him, work with him, until he knows who you are and what you want—and then you are getting at one of the delights of life, for the absence of which nothing of success can really atone.

To have a dog meet you at night when you come home from work, and look you in the face and welcome you—to have him wake you in the morning with his cold nose and tell you it is time to go to work again—these are things no fellow ought to be without. Of course some of us do lack them. In that case we must compromise and do the best we can; but in no case should any man in the world be without a dog.

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Distributors in the Principal Cities

H. R.

Continued from Page 5

into the bank; but now he looked from the bank out on the world. And that was why that selfsame world suddenly changed its aspect. The very street looked different; the sidewalk wore an air of strangeness; the crowd was not at all the same!

He drew in a deep breath. The April air vitalized his blood. This new world was a world to conquer. He must fight! The nearest enemy was the latest. This is always true. Therefore Hendrik Rutgers, in thinking of fighting, thought of the bank and the people who made of banks temples to worship in. All he needed now was an excuse. There was no doubt that he would get it. Some people call this process the Autohypnosis of the Great.

Two sandwich men slouched by in opposite directions. One of them stopped, and from the edge of the sidewalk stared at a man cleaning windows on the fourteenth story of a building across the way. The other wearily shuffled southward. Above his head swayed an enormous amputated foot.

Rutgers himself walked briskly to the south. To avoid a collision with a hurrying stenographer girl—if it had been a male he would have used a short jab—he unavoidably jostled the chiropodist's advertisement into the gutter. The sandwich man looked meekly into Rutgers' pugnacious face and started to cross the street.

Hendrik felt he should apologize; but before his sense of duty could crystallize into action the man was too far away. So Hendrik turned back. The other sandwich man was still looking at the window-cleaner on the fourteenth story across the street. Happening to look down he saw a man coming who looked angry. Therefore, the sandwich man meekly stepped into the gutter out of the way. It was the second time within a minute! Hendrik stopped and spoke peevishly to the meek one in the gutter:

"Why did you move out of my way?"

The sandwich man looked at him uneasily, then without answering walked away sullenly.

"Here I am," thought Rutgers, "a man without a job. And there he is, a man with a job and afraid of me!"

Something was wrong—or right! Something always is, to the born fighter.

Who could be afraid of a man without a job but sandwich men, who always walked along the curb so they could be pushed off into the gutter? Nobody ever deliberately became a sandwich man. When circumstances, the police, hopeless inefficiency or shattered credit prevented a hobo from begging, stealing, murdering or getting drunk, he became a sandwich man in order to live until he could rise again. Whatever a sandwich man changed himself into it was always advancement. Once a sandwich man never again a sandwich man. It was not boards they carried, but the printed certificates of hopelessness.

The spring-filled system of Hendrik Rutgers began to react for a second time to a feeling of anger, and this for a second time turned his thoughts to fighting. To fight was to conquer. There were two ways of conquering—by fighting with gold and by fighting with brains. Who won by gold perished by gold. That was why a numismatical bourgeoisie never fought! Hendrik had no gold, so he would fight with brains. He, therefore, would win. Also he would fight for his fellow-men, which would make his fight noble. That is called hedging; for defeat in a noble cause is something to be proud of in the newspapers. The reason why all hedging is intelligent is that victory is always Victory when you speak about it.

The sandwich men were the scum of the earth. Ah; it was a thrilling thought—to lead men who could no longer fight for themselves against the world that had marred their immortal souls; and then to compel that same world to place three square meals a day within their astonished bellies! The man who could make the world do that could do anything! Since he could do anything, he could marry a girl who not only was very beautiful but had a rich and dislikable father. The early Christians accomplished so much because they not only loved God but hated the devil.

Hendrik Rutgers found both the excuse and the motive power. One minute after a man of brains perceives the need of a ladder the rain of ladders begins! Hendrik filled his lungs full of self-oxygen and of the consciousness of power for good, and decided to draw up the constitution of his union. He would do it himself in order to produce a perfect document, perfect in everything! A square deal—no more, no less. That meant justice toward everybody, even toward the public.

This union, being absolutely fair, would be more than good, more than intelligent. It would pay!

Carried away by his desire to help the lowest of the low, he constituted himself into a natural law. He would grade his men; be the sole judge and arbiter of their qualifications, and even of their proper wages!

The chronicle of a succession of accidents is generally called history. Men believe it because they were not there. Nothing is so fatal to credibility as being an eyewitness and confessing it. Hendrik walked back toward the last sandwich man and soon overtook him.

"Hey, there, you!" he said, tapping the rear board with his hand.

The sandwich man did not turn about. Really, what human being could wish to speak to him? Hendrik Rutgers walked for a few feet beside the modest artist, who was proclaiming to a purblind world the merits of an optician's wares, and spoke again politely:

"I want to see you on business."

The man's lips quivered, then curved downward, immobilizing themselves into a fixed grimace of fear.

"I ain't done no-nothing!" he whined, and edged away.

This was what Society had done to an immortal soul!

"Hell!" said Hendrik Rutgers between clenched teeth. "I'm not a fly cop. I've just got a plain business proposition to make to you."

"If you'll tell me where yer place is I'll come roun'," began the man, so obviously lying that Rutgers' anger shifted from society and tyranny on to the thing between sandwich boards—the thing that refused to be his brother!

"You fool!" he hissed fraternally. "You come with me now!"

The inverted crescent of the man's lips trembled, and presently there issued from it:

"Well, I ain't done ——"

Charity, which is not always astute, made H. Rutgers say with a kindly cleverness to his poor brother:

"I'll tell you how you are going to make more money than you have ever earned before."

The prospect of making more money than he had ever earned before brought no flame of joy into the blear and furtive eyes. Instead, he sidled crabwise into the middle of the street.

"No, you don't!" said Rutgers, so menacingly that the sandwich man shivered. It was clear that to feed this starving man force would be necessary. This never discourages the true philanthropist. Rutgers, however, feeling that Christian forbearance should be used before resorting to the ultimate diplomacy, said with an earnest amiability:

"Say, Bo, d'you want to fill your belly so that if you ate any more you'd bust?"

At the hint of a promise of a sufficiency of food the man opened his mouth, stared at Rutgers and did not speak. He couldn't because he did not close his mouth.

"All the grub you can possibly eat three times a day. Grub, Bo! All you want any time you want it. Hey? What?"

The sandwich man's open mouth opened wider. In his eyes there was no fear, no hunger, no incredulity, nothing—only an abyss deep as the human soul that returned no answer whatever.

"Do you want," pursued the now optimistic Hendrik Rutgers, "to drink all you can hold? Booze and grub and a bed and money in your pocket, and nobody to go through your duds while you sleep, hey?"

The sandwich man spasmodically opened and closed his mouth, in the unhuman fashion of a ventriloquist's puppet. Rutgers heard the click but never a word. It filled him with pity. The desire to help such brothers as this grew intense. Next to feeding them, there was nothing like talking to them about food and drink in a kindly way.

"What do you say, Bo?" he queried gently, almost tenderly. The man's teeth chattered a minute before he said huskily:

"Wh-what m-must I do?"

The Secret is Out

¶ OLUS means Open Leg Union Suit. But—that isn't the secret.

¶ The secret is COMFORT and is only a secret to those who have never worn OLUS.

¶ OLUS is coat-cut, opens all the way down the leg. Easy to put on, easy to take off.

¶ You wear a coat-cut shirt. Try a coat-cut union suit.

¶ If OLUS label isn't in neck, it's a substitute and isn't coat-cut.

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OLUS ONE-PIECE PAJAMA, delightful for sleeping and lounging. No strings to tighten or come loose. $1.50 and up.

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Courtesy of the National Motor Vehicle Co

The Top Is An Important Part of Motor Car Style

Bear in mind that the top is an integral part of the whole car—not an accessory Its design and material must harmonize with the body in order to give an effect of style and beauty.

Neverleek is the top material selected by manufacturers of style-leading cars.

It makes graceful, harmonious lines. It retains its smart, rich appearance through long wear

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Made in long and pebble-leather grains. Bright, semi bright and dull finishes Write for samples and unlimited Guarantee

Specify a Neverleek Top on *your* new car. If your old top needs re-covering, write us for the name of a topmaker who will re-cover with Neverleek

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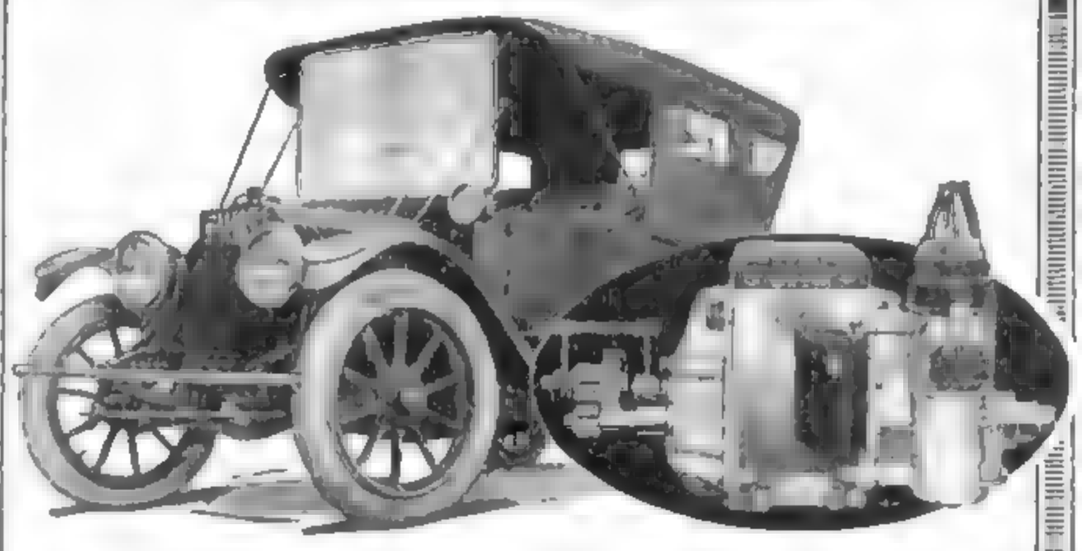

This is the Story of One of the First Electrically Cranked Cars that ever Left the Factory

IT is a 1912 model—placed on the market in the summer of 1911—*It is Delco Equipped.*

The owner is a physician—and that means excessively hard service for the electrical equipment.

The physician stops and starts his car a great deal—His lights are burning much of the night. The drain on the batteries is continuous and heavy—and the runs are so short that there is little opportunity to generate electricity—

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"I am the owner of a 1912 Cadillac, with Delco equipment. I have driven this car over 15,000 miles in all kinds of weather without even having to recharge the batteries. In all that time the cranking system has never once refused to work and the ignition has been perfect.

"If I buy another car my first demand will be that it shall be Delco equipped."

The name and address of this Physician is withheld from publication for ethical reasons—but will be furnished upon request.

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Go where you please
Do what you like
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Last summer several hundred young people were able to go to the seashore, to the country, to the mountains, because they took advantage of an offer similar to this that we are now making to you. Most of them will do so again this year; many will attend the California Expositions.

All that we ask is some of your spare time

this Spring in looking after the subscription business of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* in your neighborhood. You will receive a commission on each order when it is taken and then at the end of the month a handsome check for salary.

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

"Let's go to the Battery," said Rutgers, "and I'll tell you all about it."

The mission of history is to prove that Fate sends the right man for the right place at the right time. While Hendrik Rutgers talked the sandwich man listened with his stomach, and when Hendrik Rutgers promised the sandwich man believed with his soul. Rutgers told Fleming that all sandwich men must join the union; that as soon as he and the other present sandwiches were enrolled on its books no more members would be admitted, except as a superabundance of jobs justified additional admissions; and at that, it would require a nine-tenths vote to elect, thus preventing a surplus of labor and likewise a slump in wages. The union would compel advertisers in the future to pay twenty cents an hour, and would guarantee both steady work and these wages to its members. There would be neither an initiation fee nor strike-fund assessments; the dues of one cent a day were collectible only when the member worked and received union wages for his day's work. Any member could lay off any time he felt like it, unmulcted and unfired. There was only one thing that all sandwich men had to do to be in good standing: Obey the secretary and treasurer of the union—Mr. H. Rutgers—in all union matters.

The sandwich business, once unionized, would become a lucrative profession and, therefore, highly moral, and therefore its members would automatically cease to be pariahs, notwithstanding congenital fitness for same. Anybody who can not only defy Nature, but make her subservient to the wishes of an infinitely higher intelligence, is fit to be a labor leader. And he generally is.

Fleming agreed to round up those of his colleagues whose peregrinations extended south of Chambers Street. He would ask them to come to the Battery on the next day at noon.

So thrilled was Hendrik by his rescue work among the wreckage that it never occurred to him to doubt his own success. This made him know exactly what to say to Fleming:

"Don't just ask them to come—tell them that there will be free beer and free grub. Tell them anything you please, but bring them! Do you hear me?" He gripped the sandwich-man's arm so tightly that Fleming's lips began to quiver. "And if you don't bring a bunch, God help you!"

"Ye-yes, sir, I will. Sure!" whimpered Fleming, staring fascinatedly at those eyes which both promised and menaced.

And in Fleming's own eyes Hendrik saw the Four B's that form the great equation of all democracies: Bread Bludgeon = Born Boss! Such men always know how to say everything. This is more important than thinking anything!

"Remember the beer!" Brother Hendrik spoke pleasantly and Fleming nodded eagerly. "And get on the job!" hissed Mr. Rutgers; and Fleming shivered, and hurried away before the licking came.

Hendrik himself walked briskly uptown. When a man is pleased with himself he can always continue in that condition by the simple expedient of continuing to see whatever he wishes to see. Hendrik opened his eyes very wide, and continued to see the ladder of success that great men use to climb to their changing heaven. Hendrik's heaven just then happened to be one in which a man of brains could make the money-makers pay him for allowing them to make money for him. After finding the ladder, all that was necessary was for Hendrik to think of George G. Goodchild's money. That made him see red; and whenever he saw red he could see no obstacles whatever, and because of this self-inflicted blindness he was intelligently ready to tackle anything, even the job of helping his fellow-men. To be an efficient philanthropist a man must have not only love but murder in his heart. That is one of the two hundred and eighty-six reasons why scientific charities often make absolutely no inroads on the world's poverty.

Mr. Rutgers met the charter members of his union at the time and place indicated by Providence through the medium of Mr. Rutgers' lips. There were fourteen sandwich men. Hendrik, not knowing what to say, gazed at the faces before him in impressive silence. So long as you keep a man guessing he is at your mercy. Orators have already discovered this.

"Holy smoke! What in the name of Maginnis do you call this?" shrieked a messenger boy. "Free freak show?"

A crowd gathered about them by magic. Opportunity held out its right hand, and Hendrik Rutgers grasped it with both his own. If all New York could be made to talk about him all New York could be made to pay him as it always pays for the privilege of talking of the same thing at the same time. You cannot get anybody to talk about the Ten Commandments; therefore, there is nobody to listen; therefore, nobody capitalizes them.

It is the first rung that really matters. All other rungs in the ladder of success are easier to find and to fit. Hendrik could now gather together his various impulses and thoughts and motives and arrange them in their proper sequence, as great men do, to make easier the work of the historian. It was a crusade that he had undertaken for the liberation of the most abject of all modern slaves; he had changed the scum of the earth into respectable humanity. That was history.

The facts, however, happened to be as follows: He had thrown up his job because he wished to go fishing, which of course made him angry because his fellow clerks were slaves, and he, therefore, got himself discharged by the president, which made him hate the president so that the hatred showed in Hendrik's face and made two sandwich men so afraid that he couldn't help organizing the Sandwich-men's Union, because he could boss it, and that would make people talk about him, which would put money into his pocket, and once he was both rich and famous he would be the equal of the greatest and as such could pick and choose, and he would pick Grace Goodchild and choose her for his wife, which would make him rich.

In Europe the ability promptly to recognize the kindness of chance is called Opportunism. Here we boast of it as the American Spirit. That is why American bankers so often find pleasure in proudly informing you that it pays to be honest!

"Listen, you!" said Hendrik to the sandwich men. These were the tools wherewith he would hammer the first rung into place.

They looked at him, incredulous in advance. This attitude on the part of the majority has caused republics at all times to be ruled by the minority. The vice of making money also arose from the fact that suspicious people are so easy to fool that even philosophers succumb to the temptation.

"Just now you are nothing but a bunch of dirty hoboes—scum of the earth!" It would not do to have followers who had illusions about themselves. This is fundamental!

"Say, I didn't come here to listen to ——"

"You——!" said Hendrik Rutgers, and did not smile. "You came here just exactly for that, see?" And he walked up to within six inches of the speaker, not knowing that his anger gave him the fighting face. "You came to listen to me just as long as I am talking—unless you are pining to spend your last three hours in the hospital. Do you get me? Which for yours?"

"Listen!" replied the sandwich man. He had been poor so long that from force of habit he economized even in words.

"By cripes, here I am spending valuable time so as to make you bums into prosperous men ——"

"Where do you come in, Bill?" asked a voice from the rear.

"I don't have to come in. I am in! You fellows have got to join the union. Then you'll get good wages, easy hours, decent ——"

"Yeh, but ——"

Hendrik turned to the man who had interrupted, a short chap advertising a chain of hat stores, and asked:

"But what?"

"Nothin'!" The hatter had once helped about a prize-fighter's training quarters. Hence the quick duck.

"Also you'll have easy ——"

"Easy!" The hatter had spoken prematurely again.

"What?" scowled Hendrik.

"Hours!" hastily explained the man.

"We ask only for fair play," pursued the leader.

"Yeh, sure!" murmured Fleming, with the cold enthusiasm of all paid lieutenants of causes.

"And we must make up our minds to play fair with employers so that employers will play fair with us."

"Like hell they will!" This was from a tall, thin, toothless chap. Reason—Booze. Name—Mulligan. Recreation—Chiropodist's favorite.

(Continued on Page 45)

NOTE: This is a view of our plant, drawn by Vernon Howe Bailey, April 17, 1915.

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The world's largest Wall-Board mill!

$3,500,000 home of

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For walls, ceilings, partitions

The *original Cornell fibre sizing process*, which is largely responsible for the phenomenal success of **Cornell-Wood-Board,** was conceived by our experienced wood fibre engineers and, together with many other improvements in manufacture, was made possible only through having this magnificent plant at their disposal.

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Five big reasons why Cornell-Wood-Board is unexcelled in *quality* yet sells at a record breaking low *price*

1. **Raw material.** Our timber lands, located adjacent to the plant, insure a *permanent* and *economical* supply of highest quality raw material.
2. **Power.** The *20,000 horsepower dam*, a part of our plant, provides ample power at minimum cost.
3. **Facilities.** The only mill in the world combining all processes of wall board manufacture under one roof and one management—*a factory-built* product, therefore uniform.
4. **Cornell capacity.** 300,000 sq. ft. of **Cornell-Wood-Board** daily. Largest single plant devoted to the manufacture of wall board in the world.
5. **Distribution.** Stocks in all principal cities insure prompt delivery at lowest cost.

During the first three months of 1915, the average monthly sales of **Cornell-Wood-Board** were *four times* as great as our first three months of 1914—taxing our *increased mill capacity* to the utmost.

Cut out and mail us today, the coupon below that fits your needs, and we will send you samples, literature and prices

Owners

Let us show you why **Cornell-Wood-Board** is the *logical* and *economical* product for your walls, ceilings and partitions, in erecting new buildings and repairing old.

Architects

Specify **Cornell-Wood-Board** where you want *durability, economy* and *efficiency*. Let us send you proofs of its *reliability* and *permanency*. Photographs of large jobs for the asking.

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For low cost and quick action use and recommend **Cornell-Wood-Board.** It increases your opportunities for both new and repair work, and provides excellent jobs for dull seasons.

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Cornell co-operative dealers sales plan sells **Cornell-Wood-Board** and increases your profits. Write for our *exclusive agency proposition* for your locality.

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Manufactured by Cornell Wood Products Co.
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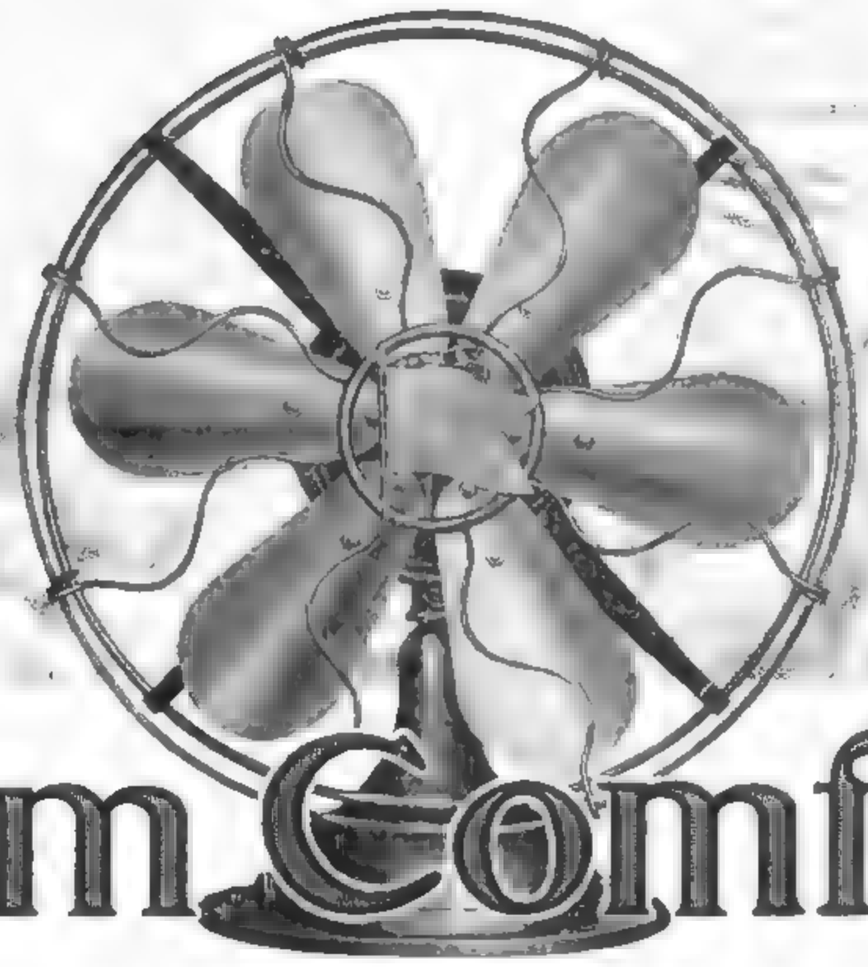

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I am a Robbins & Myers "Standard" Electric Fan.

I stand between millions and the blazing sun.

Men and women work better, and little children sleep better because of the comfort I bring.

Men say I add to their efficiency by taking their minds off the weather during working hours, and by bringing cool, restful relaxation through mercury-soaring nights.

Boreas begat me. Vulcan forged me. A whole world adopted me.

My vitals are steel and wire. My power is the thunderbolt.

My breeze is soft and refreshing. In shop, home, factory and mart I lavish invigorating comfort on legions.

I bring to every user the best of nineteen years' master experience in fan making. I make the casual buyer a veritable fan expert. The expert knows that fans are not made better.

Look for the Flag on the Guard

I keep breezes "on tap" everywhere and always. A touch of a button is all that I ask.

I connect readily wherever electric current is used.

I come in any desired style and size: Oscillating or stationary, ceiling, desk or bracket. I deliver three speeds and breeze strengths, adjustable at will.

I bring you the fan you need and the service you want. Insurance of this is in buying me by name—Robbins & Myers "Standard."

An interesting story has been written about me by Elbert Hubbard. It is called "Keep Cool." A postal brings it free, together with name of the Robbins & Myers dealer nearest you. If you will state your fan requirements when writing you will receive some helpful fan-buying suggestions.

Let me make your summer days and nights comfortable. My price is small—$9 and up, depending on the size and style. All I ask for my services is a few cents per week for current—less than one ordinary incandescent lamp requires.

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Get the interesting Robbins & Myers dealer proposition. It means more and better business for you.

This successful line is heavily advertised in the leading national publications. All inquiries, wherever possible, are turned over to R. & M. dealers. We help you sell.

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The Robbins & Myers line also includes standard motors for all commercial direct and alternating circuits. All sizes from 1-40 to 15 horse power. Especially adapted to requirements of dealers who handle small electric motors. Write today. Our selling plan will surely interest you.

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See Robbins & Myers Fans and all Motor-driven Appliances at our Exhibits at San Francisco and San Diego

(Continued from Page 42)

"I'll prove it to you," said Hendrik very earnestly.

"Perhaps to-day, but not by me," muttered Mulligan.

"Union wages will be twenty cents an hour."

"Never get it!" mumbled an old fellow with what they call "waiter's foot"—flattened arch. "Never!"

"Never!" came in chorus from all the others, their voices ringing with conviction.

"I'll have the jobs to give out. I guess I know how much you'll get!" The flame of hope lit fourteen pairs of blear eyes. Maybe this lunatic had the cash and desired to separate himself from it.

"I'll fix the wages!" declared Hendrik again. He saw himself feeding these men; therefore he felt he owned them absolutely. It isn't, of course, necessary actually to feed people, or even to promise to feed them, to own them. Nevertheless, his look of possession imposed on these victims of a democracy. They mutely acknowledged a boss. Instantly perceiving this, a sense of kindly responsibility came upon Hendrik. These were his children. He said it paternally.

"We'll now have a beer—on me!"

Fleming, to show his divine right to the place of vice-regent, led the way to a joint on Washington Street.

Hendrik saw, with carefully concealed delight, the sensation caused even in the Syrian-infested streets of the quarter by the sight of a handful of sandwich men in full regalia. He heard the exclamations that fell from polyglot lips. It was a foretaste of success, the preface of a famous man's biography!

The union drank fifteen beers slowly—and quickly wiped the day's free lunch from the face of the earth. The huskiest of the three bartenders began to work with one hand—the other being glued to a bung-starter. He felt it had to come.

"I'm boss!" said Hendrik to his children.

"I'm willin'!"

"Same here!"

"Let 'er go, cap!"

"Suits me!"

They were all eager to please him—too eager. It made him ask disgustedly:

"Don't you fellows care who is boss?"

"Naw! Don't we have to have one anyhow?"

"Yes. But to have one crammed down your throats ——"

"The beer helps the swallowing, boss," said the hatter with conviction—and a fresh hope!

"There doesn't seem to be a man among the whole lot of you!" said Hendrik.

A young fellow of about twenty-eight, very pale, wearing steel-rimmed spectacles, spoke back:

"If you'd starved for three weeks and two days, and on top of it been kicked and cheated and held up, there wouldn't be a hell of a lot of fight in you, my wise gazabo!"

"That's exactly what would make me fight," retorted Hendrik angrily. "Each of you has a vote; each of you, therefore, has as much to say how this country should be run as any millionaire. Don't you know what to do with your vote?"

"You're lucky to get a quarter and two nights' lodging nowadays," said the old man with the waiter's foot. "The time we elected Gilroy I made fifteen bones and was soused for a month. Shorty McFadden made thirty-five dollars ——"

"Any of you Republicans?"

"No!" came in a great and indignant chorus.

"I used to be!" defiantly asserted the young man with the spectacles and the pale face and the beaten look.

"And now?"

"Just a lame duck, I guess."

"Too much rumatism," suggested a husky voice, and all the others laughed. The depths of degradation are reached when you can laugh at your own degradation.

"Are any of you Socialists?" asked Hendrik.

They looked at him doubtfully. They wished to please him and would have answered accordingly, if they had known what he wished to get from them. What they wished to get from him, in the way of speech, was another invitation to tank up. But when in doubt all men deny. It is good police-court practice. Three veterans, therefore, tentatively said: "No!"

Hendrik was disappointed, but did not show it. He asked:

"Are any of you Christians?"

The crowd fell back.

"Is there one man among you who believes in God?"

They stared at each other in the consternation of utter hopelessness. Mulligan was the first to break the painful silence. He said with a sad triumph:

"I knew it! Stung again! They'll do anything to get you to listen. We fell for it like boobs."

"What is that?" said Hendrik sharply.

"I was sayin'," replied Mulligan, grateful that he was one schooner ahead anyhow, "that I can listen to a good brother like you by the hour when I ain't thirsty. The dryness in my throat affects my hearin'. If you blow again I'll believe in miracles. How could I help it?"

Fourteen pairs of eyes turned hopefully toward the wonder worker. But he said in the habitual tone of all born leaders:

"You bums, get round. I'm going to lick Mulligan. And after that, to show I'm boss, I'll blow again. But first the licking." Hendrik gave his hat to Fleming to hold and began to turn up his sleeves. But Mulligan hastily said: "I'm converted, boss!" and actually looked pious.

"Mulligan, the union wages will be forty schooners a day!" Hendrik said sternly. Again it was genius—that is, to talk so that men will understand you.

"Kill the scabs!" shrieked Mulligan, and there was murder in his eyes.

Hendrik Rutgers put his right foot firmly on the second rung of the ladder. He did it by spending seventy-five cents for the second time—fifteen beers.

"Everybody," he said threateningly, "wait until the schooners are on the bar," thereby disappointing those who had hoped to ring in an extra glass during the excitement. But all that Hendrik desired was to inculcate salutary notions of discipline and obedience under circumstances that try men's souls. He yelled:

"Step back, all of you! Back!"

They fell back! The quivering line, now two feet from the beer, did not look at the glasses full of cheer but at the eyes full of lickings. They gazed at him, open-mouthed; they gazed and kept on gazing, two feet from the bar—the length of the arm from the beer! Not obey after that? There is no doubt of it, they are born!

"To the union! All together! Drink!" They did not observe that this man was regulating even their thirst. The reason they did not notice it was that they were so busy assuaging it.

They drank. Then they looked at Hendrik. He was a law of Nature. He shook his head. They understood his "No." It was like death. To save their faces they began to clamor for free lunch.

"Get out of here!" said the proprietor.

"Do you want your joint smashed?" asked Rutgers. He approached the man and looked at him from across a gulf of six inches that made escape impossible. Whatever the proprietor saw in Rutgers' eyes made him turn away.

"Come across with the free lunch!" Hendrik bade the proprietor. To his men he said: "Boys, get ready!"

These men-that-were, miserable worms, scum of the earth, began to take off their armor. The bartenders were husky, but hadn't the boss commanded: "Get ready," and didn't all men know he meant: Get ready to eat? Moreover, each sandwich man felt he might dodge the bung-starters, but not the boss' right flipper. The union was making ready to fight, with the desperation of men whose retreat is cut off by a foe who never heard of the Geneva Convention!

"Hey, no rough-house!" yelled the proprietor.

"Free lunch!" retorted Hendrik. Then he added: "Quick!"

The sandwich-men's nostrils began to dilate with the contagion of the battle spirit. One after another these men of the gutter took off their boards and leaned them against the wall, out of the way, and eyed the boss expectantly, waiting for the word. Hendrik, with the eye of a strategist and the look of a prize fighter, planned the attack. Like a very wise man who lived to be the most popular of all our presidents, he did his thinking aloud. On occasions like this Hendrik's mind also worked in battle cries and best expressed itself in action!

"Free lunch," said Hendrik, "is free. It is everybody's. It is therefore ours!"

"Give us our grub!" hoarsely cried the union.

"Three to each bartender," said Hendrik. "When I yell 'Now!' jump in from both ends of the bar at once. Six of you here; you six over there. Fleming, you smash

Bye Baby Bunting.
Papa's gone a hunting
For the new GEM Damaskeene!
To shave himself both quick and clean
—One Dollar—

Economy

demands that you shave yourself — the easiest habit in the world to get into if you use Gem Damaskeene Blades: finely tempered steel with a clean, close cutting edge that assures complete and continued satisfaction.

Gem Damaskeene Blades, 7 for 35c

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Spend *one* dollar on a Gem Safety Razor today—then count the number of dollars you save.

ALL LIVE DEALERS

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Canadian Branch: 591 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal

$1.00

The GEM is different—better than the average so-called "Safety Razor."

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"The 'Emery' label is a certificate of character for a shirt: represents thirty-five years' shirt-making experience; stands for a manufacturer of national fame; means unsurpassable workmanship, finish and style."

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Your dealer can supply you. Or we will send name of dealer who will, together with Catalog of Emery Shirts from which to select.

Write us for "Ethics of a Gentleman's Dress."

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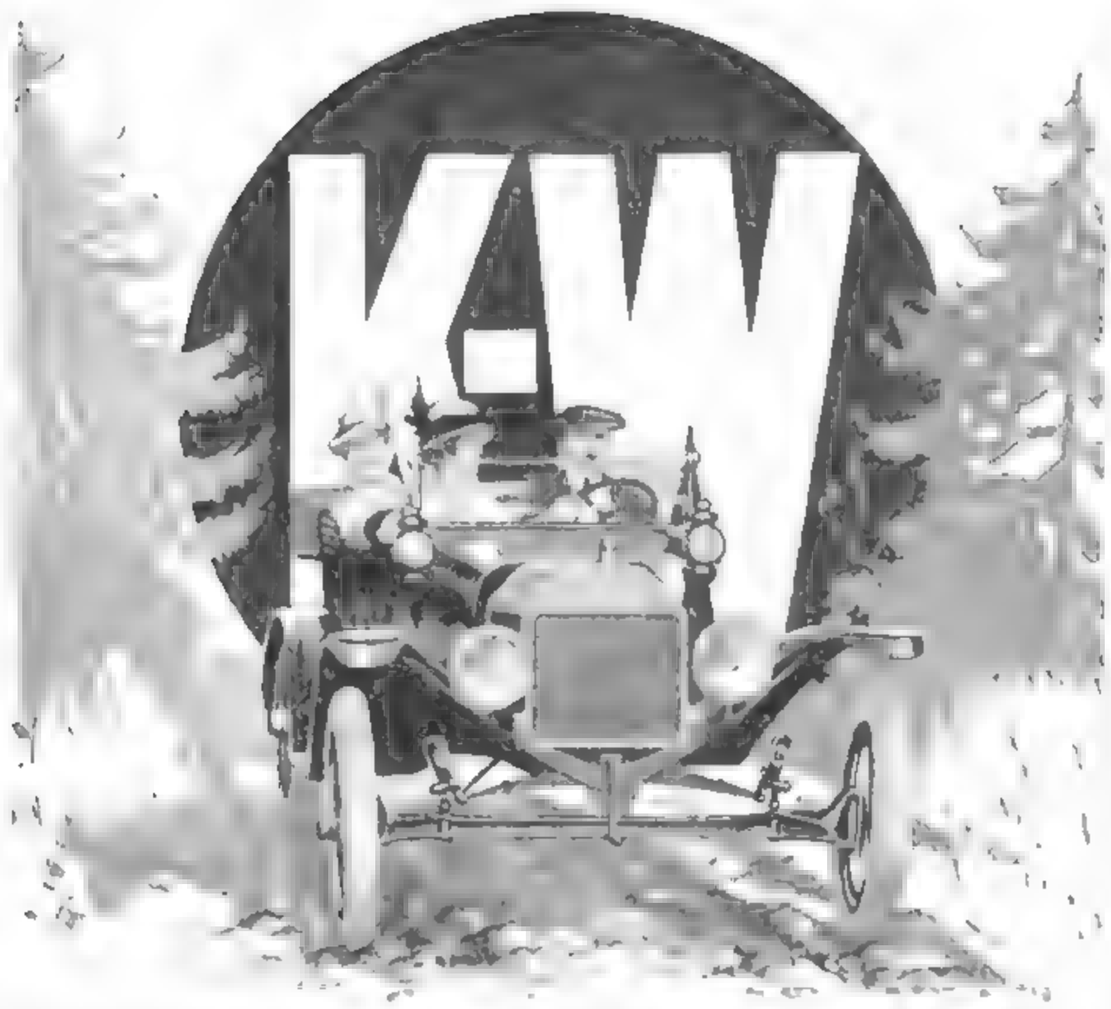
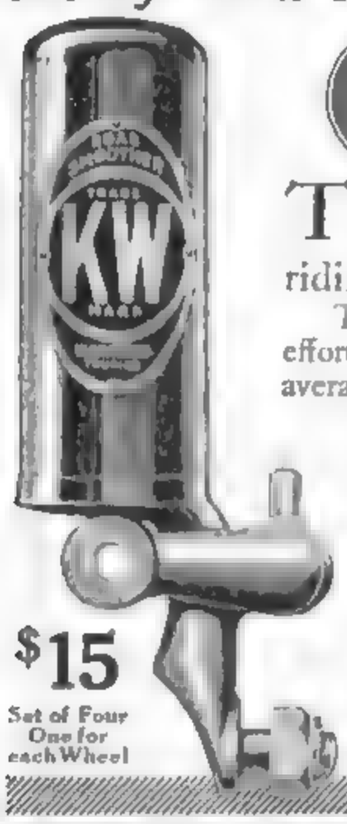


There are two kinds of Comfort—Body and Mind—you get both with



KW Road Smoothers

NO SIDE-SWAY NO RE-BOUND

THEY give you the body comfort that comes *only* from motoring "relaxed" in a smooth riding car—regardless of the road's roughness.

They give you mind comfort—that freedom from the tiring effort of steering around bumps and ruts so common to the average road. You are relieved of the nerve-racking tension of "picking the road." You get the same comfort as your passengers, plus the pleasure of "no road worry" driving.

K-W Road Smoothers give you this enviable comfort because their design combines these three vital factors: a spring to effectively take up the shock; an anti-rebound air chamber to check the rebound; anti-side-motion links to prevent side rocking and swaying.

And you can find all of these vital factors *only* in K-W Road Smoothers. Sold by reliable dealers everywhere.

Write for booklet—"That Satisfied Feeling."

The K-W Ignition Co., Cleveland, U. S. A.

Manufacturers of 125,000 K-W Master Vibrators

$15

Set of Four
One for
each Wheel

Summer Work For Students

C. H. LEWIS, of the District of Columbia, devotes his spare moments during the college term and summer vacation to subscription work for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. His present arrangement gives him an assured salary of $12.00 a week throughout the year.

We have a hundred similar positions open to present or prospective students. We will pay a salary with liberal commissions at the start, or we will arrange to pay all educational expenses under our Scholarship Plan. Let us tell you about it.

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"ONE YEAR AGO I sent to you my first subscription order. Since that time I have made enough to pay for all my college expenses, clothing, books, and incidentals, and have saved over one hundred dollars besides. I expect to continue the work for my next five years in the medical school."

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

the mirrors back of the bar with those empty schooners. Mulligan, you cop some bottles of booze and wait outside, do you hear? Wait outside—for us. I'll attend to the cash register myself. Now, you!" he said peremptorily to the proprietor. "Do we get the free lunch? Say no, won't you, please?"

Hendrik radiated battle. The derelicts took on human traits as their eyes lit up with visions of pillage. Fleming grasped a heavy schooner in each hand. Mulligan had his eye on three bottles of whisky, and for the first time in years was using his mind, planning the get-away. The proprietor saw all this, and also perceived that he could not afford a victory. It was much cheaper to give them seven cents' worth of spoiled rations. Therefore he decided in favor of humanity.

"Do what I told you, Jake," he said with the smile of a man who has inveigled friends into accepting overexpensive Christmas presents. "Let 'em have the rest of the lunch—all they want!"

The proprietor smiled again, much pleased with his kindly astuteness. He was a constructive statesman and would be famous for longevity.

But the sandwich men swaggered about, realizing that under the leadership of the boss they had won. They had obtained something to which they had no right. By threats of force they had secured food; the boss had made men of them. They, therefore, crowned Hendrik king. The instinctive and immemorial craving of all men for a father manifests itself, in republics that have forgotten God, in the election of the great promisers and the great confiscators to the supreme power. History records that no dynasty was ever founded except by a man who fought both for and with his followers. The men that merely fought for their fellows have uniformly died by the most noble and inspiring death of all—starvation. Names and posthumous addresses not known.

When not a scrap remained on any of the platters Hendrik called his men to him and told them:

"Meet me at the sign painter's, corner of Twenty-ninth Street and Ninth Avenue, Friday night after seven. We'll be open till midnight. Be sure and bring your boards with you."

"We gotter give 'em up before we can get paid," remonstrated Mulligan. "If we don't we don't eat."

"That's right!" assented a half dozen.

"Bring them!" said Hendrik. The time to check a mutiny is before it begins.

"A'right!" came in a chorus of fourteen heroic voices.

"Beginning next Monday you'll get twenty cents an hour. I guarantee that to you—out of my own pocket. You must each of you bring all the other sandwiches you run across. If necessary drag them. We must have about a hundred to start if you want forty beers a day."

"We do! We do!"

"Then bring the others, because we've got to begin with enough men in the union to knock the stuffing out of those who try to scab on us. Get that?"

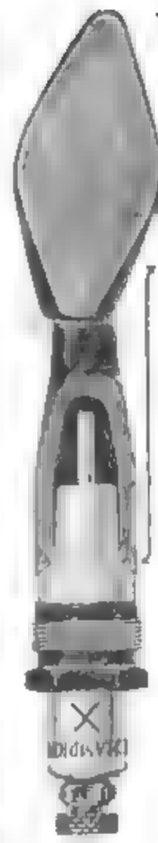
"Sure thing!" they shouted, with the surprised enthusiasm of men who suddenly understand.

They were deep in misery, and accustomed to a poverty so abject that they no longer were capable of even envying the rich. They, therefore, could hate only those who were poorer than themselves—the men who dared to have thirsts that could be assuaged with less than forty beers per day. Not obey the boss, when they already felt an endless stream trickling down their unionized gullets? And not kill the scab whose own non-union thirst would prolong theirs? No? A man owes some things to his fellows, but he owes everything to himself.

That is why, for teaching brotherhood, there is nothing like one book—the City Directory, from a fourth-floor window.

When the boss left them he was certain that they would not fail him. Just let them dare try to stay away, after he had so kindly destined them to be the rungs of the ladder on which he expected to climb to his lady's window—and her father's pocket! As he walked away his confidence in himself showed in his stride so clearly that those who saw him shared that confidence. It is not what they were when they were not leaders, but what they can be when they become leaders that makes them remarkable men.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Why the Porcelain Doesn't Break

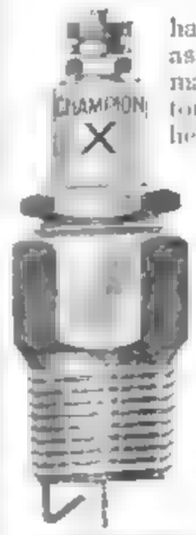
Where the porcelain insulator in your Champion Spark Plugs must endure the terrific force of the explosion in your cylinders, there is an asbestos-cushioned copper bushing. (*A* in illustration.)

This is a distinctive Champion feature which saves Motor Car Owners many a dollar and much annoyance.

Champion

TOLEDO MADE FOR THE WHOLE WORLD'S TRADE

"X" for Ford Cars



have this feature and are just as carefully and accurately made as the Plugs we make for the largest Motor Car and heaviest Motor Trucks.

Because of the superexcellence of Champion Plugs the builders of Ford, Overland, Studebaker, Maxwell, Metz, and over 60 other cars equip them when new with Champion Spark Plugs.

Insist on Champions when you replace your plugs.

Accept a substitute is to disregard this most definite expression of scientifically determined

The Champion Guarantee

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG CO.

104 Avondale Ave., Toledo, Ohio

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Bran for breakfast would save many a dull day. It is Nature's laxative. But the bran should be made inviting.

In Pettijohn's the bran is hidden in luscious soft wheat flakes. The food is a dainty, rich in flavor, liked by everyone. Yet 25 per cent is bran.

Pettijohn's fosters the bran habit—makes it delightful. And that fosters right living and good cheer. Watch its effect for one week.

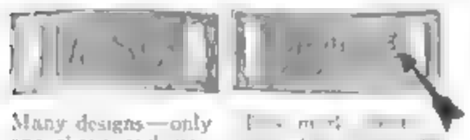
Pettijohn's

Rolled Wheat With the Bran

If your grocer hasn't Pettijohn's, send us his name and 15 cents in stamps for a package by parcel post. We'll then ask your store to supply it. Address The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago.

(900)

"Bob-o-links" enlarged one-third



Many designs—only one shape and size. Every genuine "Bob-o-link" will fit ... the kind of link that matches your friend's Bracelet.

"Bob-o-links" are the kind everybody is wearing

Start a "Bob-o-link" Friendship Bracelet now

It's all the rage—everybody is doing it. Real popular girls are wearing several strings that their friends have presented to them. Each link is a token of friendship—an emblem of the regard someone holds for them. The whole is a beautiful bracelet made immeasurably more precious by the bonds of friendship that hold it together, and the sweet memories that are bound up in it.

This is not a passing fad, but a pretty plan for the expression of friendship, made practical by the beauty and value of the completed bracelet.

The "Bob-o-link" Friendship Bracelet is limited only by the friends you have. It is made up, link by link, as your friends present them to you. Each "Bob-o-link" is engraved with the initials of the friend who gave it to you.

"Bob-o-links" are made of Sterling Silver, and cost only 25c each, and in gold-filled at 30c and 50c each, according to quality. These prices include the engraving. "Bob-o-links" cost so little that friends may exchange them freely without fear of the expense. Any jeweler, who sells the "Bob-o-links", will clamp them together, without extra charge.

The Friendship Bracelet craze started with "Bob-o-links". It's "Bob-o-links" your friends everywhere are wearing. If imitations appear they must differ from "Bob-o-links" and will not match or fit a "Bob-o-link" bracelet. Be sure to get genuine "Bob-o-links"—look for the E on the back.

"Bob-o-links" are also made in 10k gold at $2.00 each and 14k gold at $2.50 each, and can be set with precious stones, if desired.

How to start a "Bob-o-link"

Arrange with some friend to exchange "Bob-o-links"; then go to your jeweler and buy the first "Bob-o-link", have it engraved with your own initials and present it to your friend. She will do likewise and both of you will have a start. With the first "Bob-o-link" your jeweler gives you a narrow black velvet ribbon, so that you have an attractive bracelet from the very start. The other "Bob-o-links" come quickly.

If your jeweler has not ordered "Bob-o-links", he can get them quickly from his jobber. Tell him you and your friends want to start "Bob-o-link" Friendship Bracelets, and he will be glad to get them for you. If you have difficulty in getting them, write us.

Special uses for "Bob-o-links"

Graduating Classes

will soon be separating and many school friends will part. What could be nicer than for each member of the class to have a Friendship Bracelet made up of "Bob-o-links" from the other members of the class? Many classes are doing this. Such a bracelet would be full of pleasant memories.

Dances

It is very popular for girls to make Friendship Bracelets from "Bob-o-links" presented at dancing parties. Many girls have a Friendship Bracelet for every dance they attend. It is better than a program and far more interesting and beautiful.

House parties, outings, etc.

What more pleasant memento of a house party, picnic, outing, etc., could there be than a "Bob-o-link" Friendship Bracelet made up by the members of the party? The pleasures and sentiments of the occasion would live as long as the bracelet.

Clubs

A Friendship Bracelet for each member of a club, made up of "Bob-o-links" from each of the other members, would be an ideal insignia of membership, with a sentiment that no other emblem could have.

Eisenstadt Manufacturing Co.

Makers and Distributors under license of H. B. PRATT, the inventor

St. Louis, Mo.

"Bob-o-links" Actual Size

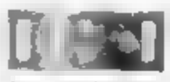
Sterling silver or gold-filled, plain

Solid gold, set with two diamonds

Pat. Applied For

Solid gold, plain

Pat. Applied For

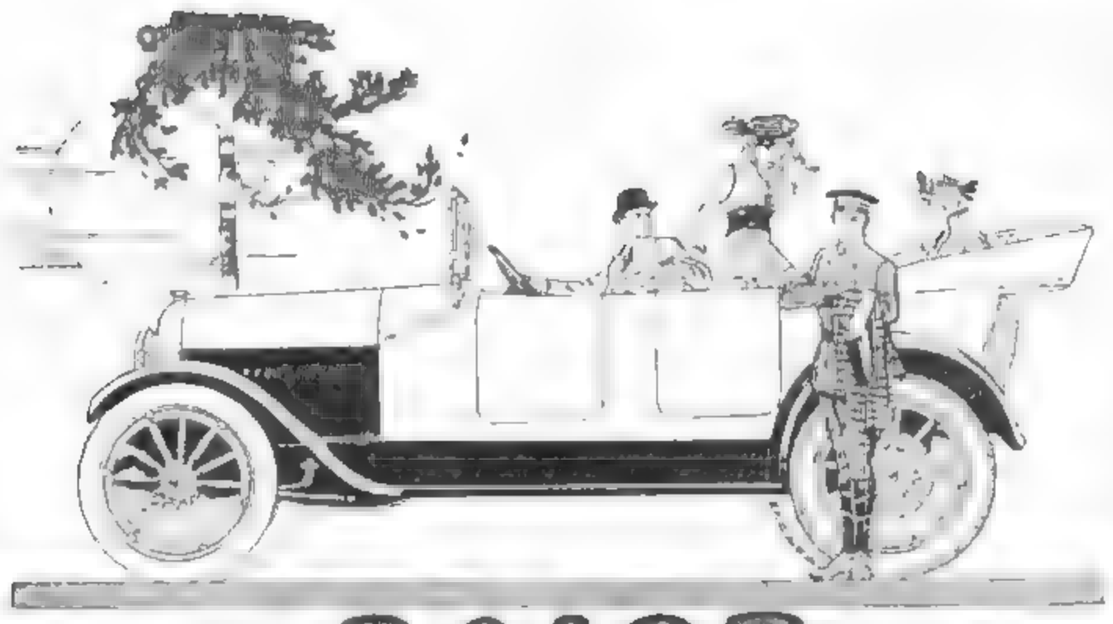


Solid gold, set with four diamonds

Pat. Applied For

Sterling silver or gold-filled, chased

Pat. Applied For



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PAIGE

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Real Economy

REAL economy in motor cars is vastly more than a mere matter of tire mileage and low gasoline consumption.

Practically any car of light, "flimsy" construction will make a creditable showing as far as its tires and carburetion are concerned. But *Repair Bills* and *Depreciation* may tell quite a different story. And these—after all is said and done—are the items of upkeep which stamp your car as an Economy or an extravagant Luxury.

If you have seen the new Paige Six "46," you can readily understand why the item of Depreciation on this car is bound to be a small one. In our opinion this car is distinctively one year ahead of the field. It is refreshingly new in lines, design and equipment. It belongs to no "school," for it is rapidly establishing a school of its own—*the School of 1916.*

"The year ahead car"—that's what they call the Paige "Six." And if you are really interested in economy, that is the car you will want to buy.

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The FAIRFIELD SIX-"46"
$1395

When you go camping

—when you pack up your fishing kit, stuff your knapsack with blankets and cooking utensils and set out for the wild places, you'll need a good waterproof tent. Then it will make no difference to you whether the stars are winking through the branches overhead or a thunderstorm is drenching the woods around you. You'll be safe and sound—and dry.

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Thousands of boys are earning from fifty cents to five dollars a week, and in addition are receiving splendid prizes which they choose from our Book of Rebates.

This catalogue is one of the most interesting books you ever saw. A copy will be sent to you upon request. Address your letter to

Sales Division, Box 882

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

THE BIG DOC

(Continued from Page 19)

that now—a little opium from time to time. It'll break Simon Gannon."

"I should like to hear an exact history," Lloyd told him, and Coffy recapitulated the case in a rambling but approximately true manner.

Jennifer Lloyd was astounded by the antiquated medical equipment of the other. Where the latter was concerned, there had been no progress in the practice or the understanding of medicine during the past thirty years.

"But"—Lloyd was unable to repress his impatience at one point—"did you make no effort to determine the degree of poison circulating in the blood?"

Coffy's expression grew sullen; his small eyes exhibited his growing resentment at the implied criticism of his methods, of his present treatment.

"I didn't fiddle with a lot of theories," he pronounced shortly; "I went right to the point, to what I know—what anybody with practical experience knows."

"Then," Lloyd queried in polished tones, "you commenced the purging?"

"And that," Coffy took up the burden, "showed me there was no use—she was beyond me or anyone else, in Buckshot or New York."

"You have never heard of Cottonet's treatment?" Lloyd asked. "Or of the Faraday position?"

"I don't know nothing 'tall about them," the other shot out, exasperated; "but I know how to treat appendicitis. You cut when you can and purge when you can't; and when neither does, she dies."

Jennifer Lloyd, with a short inward struggle, repressed his mounting intolerance of Coffy's meager understanding of their profession. He forced himself to explain concisely Cottonet's celebrated treatment for post-operative and later appendicitis, and the gratifying results obtained from Edgar Faraday's discovery. The other listened with an impatient incredulity which, toward the end of Lloyd's remarks, he was unable to contain.

"Why!" he exploded. "Are you telling me that you can cure a condition like Linda Gannon's with salt and warm water, by just sitting her up, and a superficial cut for draining?" He moved to the door of the dwelling. "Simon!" he called.

Simon Gannon immediately appeared.

"Simon"—Coffy laid his heavy hand on the boy's shoulder—"somebody's fooled you. This man's not a real doctor. He might be one of the swindlers with cure-alls you read about in the newspaper advertisements, but he's nothing better. Don't you let him a-near Linda. Why, he aims to cure her with salty water and setting her up against a pillow! The first thing you know he'll be selling you some miraculous salt at two dollars a little package. . . . That's him!"

"But," Simon Gannon protested, "I heard it told in Buckshot that he's one of the biggest doctors in the world. He came clear from New York to see some rich woman at the Queen."

"You've been fooled, Simon."

The latter turned a deeply troubled countenance to Lloyd.

"Will—just that do any good?" he queried. "Linda's dreadful bad. I'd rather see her—her die like she is than hurt her out of life. That seems a mortal little to do now."

Jennifer Lloyd steadily met the other's agony of doubt; a sudden determination had crystallized among his warring emotions.

"Gannon," he said in a level voice, "the treatment I have described has been very often used and is often successful; it has a sound scientific base. Though I have never applied it, I am confident of my ability to carry it through. It will take from four days to a week; and I shall need some very simple appliances, most of which I can make myself. . . . Well?"

The young man met Lloyd's gaze for a long breath. Then he extended his hand:

"I wish you'd do it, doc," he said simply.

Coffy climbed abruptly into his carriage.

"Linda'll be dead by this time tomorrow!" he pronounced.

VI

LATE that night Gannon and Jennifer Lloyd consumed a hasty repast of cold bacon, coffee, and dark, salt-raised bread, in a shedlike extension that formed kitchen and dining room. Lloyd drank the coffee black from a tin cup, standing, with a sandwich of bacon in the other hand. He thought for a moment of the extraordinary change that had fallen on him in the past twenty-four hours—from the suave interior of the Harvey Society, the company of its correct members, to this rude room of unfinished boards and the concerned figure with the faded shirt open on a bronzed throat.

"Remember," Lloyd told him concisely—"no questions until the treatment is completed. It is impossible to guess beforehand at the result. It is very late for any effective action; but I tell you now your wife has a chance."

The gravity of this meager statement carried more than repeated affirmation the danger of the situation.

Lloyd entered the room where Linda Gannon reclined in a semiupright position on the bed. A small lamp, shaded by a scrap of newspaper, diffused a pale radiance. The countenance against the pillows was drawn, the lips were twisted and dry. He flashed over her a keen, hard glance, missing no detail of her condition, and tested the improvised apparatus of Cottonet's treatment. He made his way from the room and out to the road in front of the house.

Under the immaculate sweep of night the valley lay dim and still. Jennifer Lloyd had never before been conscious of such a vast, primitive hush. It disconcerted him; dwarfed him to an insignificance in which the fact of his failure, which had seemed of such overwhelming importance, became a thing of little moment. A new humility took possession of him.

When the dawn found him by the bed of Linda Gannon he appeared palpably older than he had but a few hours before. This was partly due to the unavoidable disarray of his customary exact niceness of apparel and the stubble of beard on his aggressive chin; but, for the most part, it showed in the diminished intolerance of his gaze, a soft blur of lines at the corners of his eyes.

VII

LATER in the morning Coffy found the two men by the entrance of Gannon's dwelling. The former read at a glance that Simon's wife was still alive. With a curt questioning nod to Lloyd he entered the house; and, a few minutes after, emerged, his brow furrowed by perplexity.

"Linda's stronger than I thought," he said ungraciously, slowly climbing into his vehicle.

He untied the reins from the whipstock and paused for a moment as though to speak further, but suddenly drove off without again opening his lips.

The day dragged, slow and magnificent, to noon, and slowly declined. Simon left for the village that lay beyond the north range, where he was to dispatch communications from Lloyd, and to obtain some simple necessities for the pending slight operation. On his return he confronted Lloyd with a silent, instant anxiety; but the latter made no reassuring sign.

Jennifer Lloyd was unable to tell whether, as he hoped, Nature was heroically responding to his assistance and walling up, isolating by adhesions, the poison in the girl's system.

He was within, sterilizing a hypodermic needle in a spoonful of steaming water, when Simon summoned him to the door.

He saw before the house a dilapidated buggy, gray with neglected, caked mud, and driven by a shriveled old man, lost in a harsh black garb, like the dried kernel of a nut in its shell. At his side sat a child with a mop of mouse-colored hair, a solemn face streaked with dusty woe, and her spindling left shoulder drooping loosely forward, the arm limp and oddly flat at her side.

"This Honoria," the old man shrilly informed Lloyd, "she's put her shoulder out. Coffy can't get it in again, neither. He had a boot off, braced her with his foot, and give a wrench that nigh unmembered her. It wasn't no good. She ain't made natural, he says; but I dunno. I do know nothing would suit but I'd hitch up and drive fifteen mile with her when they heard another was doctoring Linda Gannon. . . . I'll lift her down."

"Don't disturb her," Lloyd returned, and stepped between the wheels of the buggy, lightly fingering the dislocated bone.

He abruptly grasped the loose elbow, and, holding up her forearm with his other hand, swept the elbow out and high up

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against the meager chest, and brought her palm sharply back on her right shoulder. There was an audible click, an involuntary cry. . . . He stepped back from the buggy and the old man incredulously surveyed the shoulder returned to its place.

"Goddy!" he exclaimed—"and Coffy pulled himself black in the face! I'll tell this on him—slick as butter!"

Doctor Coffy stopped again at the end of the day, and reappeared from the house more perplexed than before. He stopped at his horses' heads, inventing a cover for his unwilling speech.

"What's the idea of that—in there?" he asked Lloyd.

The latter briefly explained the theory of the action of the slow saline infusion. As he outlined the minute and delicate operations of the involved tract, the impatience reappeared on Coffy's bluff visage. He climbed with surprising agility into his seat and departed, voicing a loud and angry imitation of a duck.

"He's crabbed," Gannon explained in extenuation. "There's scarcely been another death in the county in ten years. He's got sot."

Jennifer Lloyd slept in short, uneasy half hours through the night, his attention, without a nurse—the neighbor long since departed—constantly required by his patient. As he sank into momentary exhausted somnolence he saw the figure of Simon Gannon, sleepless, watching at the side of his wife.

In the middle of the following day his presence was again demanded on the road. A grim, lantern-jawed woman, sitting bolt upright on a board laid across a small wagon, driving an incredibly ungainly horse, had beside her an inert, sallow man with a heavy woolen scarf about his throat.

"Take a look at him, doc," the woman directed; "he claims to be getting more miserable every day. He can't more'n move round in the sun."

Lloyd's keen, unsparing gaze plunged into the core of the man's misery. He asked, deeply serious:

"Watch yourself? Sleep well, I suppose—windows closed?"

"That's what I told her!" the invalid triumphantly proclaimed. "Folks in my bad shape got to sleep all they kin. I keep the poison night air out, too, doc."

"Enjoy your dinner?"

"Didn't I tell you! Didn't I?" the other cried at the stern visage of his wife. "I need a lot of keeping up."

"And your house—has it a porch?"

"I put one to her before I was took."

Lloyd turned abruptly to the woman.

"Nail some mosquito bar about it and make him sleep there," he ordered. "Get him up with the sun, and eliminate a cooked breakfast."

A swift, indignant surprise swept over the yellow countenance of the subject of these directions. He was about to burst into noisy remonstrances when the woman gave him a sudden and powerful shake.

"You hush!" she said fiercely.

"How's the woodpile?" Lloyd continued significantly.

"Doc," she replied, "I'll tell you the Lord's truth—it just ain't."

Jennifer Lloyd, with a curt nod, indicated the horrified individual beside her. An expression of iron determination settled over her harsh countenance. She produced a small black cotton purse and extracted a battered piece of silver.

"I guess fifty cents is right," she proclaimed, not without a conscious pride in her ready command of the obligation of the situation. An expression of dreamy abstraction overtook Jennifer Lloyd, M. D., Ph. D., Fellow of Royal Societies. She repeated, more sharply: "Ain't fifty cents what it's worth?"

"Yes," he finally responded; "it might be worth that."

The wagon left him silently turning the coin over in his palm. Above the rattle of the wheels the man's voice rose in excited remonstrance; but his wife incontinently cut him short. She said:

"That ain't alone doctoring—it's sense!"

VIII

THROUGH all the remainder of the long, mild spring day a string of mountain vehicles wound over the ridge, down the dusty reach of road to Simon Gannon's, to consult the "big doc." Lloyd observed with increasing interest the primitive, direct people, the complex or simple maladies, that sought his heralded skill. A small store of dingy silver accumulated, dragging

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in his pocket. For the greater number he could temporarily do little; the suffering was largely the result of long-accumulating and ignored ills—evils wrongfully covered up, drowned in drugs, stilled momentarily by hypodermics.

He observed cases of the remarkable ravages of malnutrition and delicately hinged nervous disorders springing from the unrelieved monotony of isolated and introspective minds. A great part of these could be corrected, their repetition avoided, by primary instruction in hygiene, an organization of community interest.

As he sat before the door in the deepening twilight, while Simon prepared their informal evening repast, he thought with a quickening pulse of the virgin field that wild place offered for the scientific practice of medicine; he thought of the vast psychologic problem presented by human existence in the solitude of the great mountainous forms, the untampered conditions of Nature. He realized that such a humanity, ideally situated for observation and treatment, must show, almost within a generation, the benefits of the accurate knowledge and application of modern analytical therapeutics.

His scientific enthusiasm, lately dashed by a deep conviction of failure, once more stirred to life. The obvious course here would be to erect——

Simon Gannon summoned him to supper.

IX

THE night slipped away and morning found Linda Gannon still alive. Lloyd at least found her no worse; but her face was still dry, her lips twisted, under a hovering blue shadow. She spoke but little, breathed in shallow, fluttering gasps; and in the night she had cried out.

A cold dread lay on Lloyd at the thought of her possible death. Never before had he desired anything so utterly as he did to save Simon's wife. That necessity seemed to have become the paramount issue of his life—the crux of his entire career; before it the fact of his personal catastrophe retreated into oblivion.

Daylight, in its turn, merged imperceptibly into dusk, night; the dark changed into morning. Throughout the day the slow, intermittent procession stopped at the door, drawn by new hope from lonely cabins, far settlements. Jennifer Lloyd did what he could.

The day passed, night commenced. Lloyd realized that the moment was fast approaching when he must put his course to the final test and discover whether he had been successful in segregating the poison sufficiently for draining through a slight incision.

He noted, soon after, an increasing languor, and decided to operate at once. In the rude kitchen, with a shallow pan of boiling water, he made what preparations were possible. They were, he told himself, adequate, but limited.

He crisply informed Simon Gannon of his purpose, noting that the latter's hands and lips were still, his gaze level.

"Bring in all the lamps you possess," Lloyd directed; "but don't light them until we are ready to proceed. Then the basin and that linen; but first wash your hands in the hot water."

Linda Gannon's eyes were shut; she had drooped momentarily from her prescribed position, lost in a fleeting oblivion. The two men stood for a while silently gazing at her weary, girlish form. The dawn glimmered grayly through an unshuttered square of a window.

X

THE sun swept on an aureate tide above the eastern ranges. The April day was brimming with life, with the fragrance of flowering bushes, a lyric, inchoate joy; but there was no joy on the face of Simon Gannon, standing with clenched hands before the door of his dwelling. A slow, involuntary shudder passed over him; a horror burned in the depths of his somber blue gaze. The hair on his forehead was dark—clotted—with sweat. The horse stamped impatiently in the sounding barn; a chicken cackled hysterically from the straw; but the man remained motionless, unheeding.

He heard the door at his back open; a step fell on the stone doorsill. He turned suddenly, like an automaton, with a face as gray and as stony as granite. The question his entire being soundlessly directed at Jennifer Lloyd was aflame with hate.

Lloyd drew a deep inspiration of the pellucid morning air. He said:

"She'll live!"

The loathing died in a swift tide of dusky red on the other's face. He huskily cleared his throat and twice tried vainly to speak. Then:

"Doc, I ——" he stammered, and vanished into the house.

"No disturbance!" Lloyd commanded.

His direction was needless; he found Simon Gannon standing bowed at the foot of the bed on which his wife lay in an exhausted slumber, bathed with the perspiration that spelled life.

Later Jennifer Lloyd sat, relaxed, outside the door that gave on the valley. He was lost in an inward vision. . . . It was interrupted by Gannon, addressing him from within.

"I reckon you'll want to get off," he said.

"Get off!" Lloyd responded, half unconsciously. "Where?" The last word brought him to a sharp realization of the implication in Gannon's remark.

"Where?" he repeated to himself, unable to answer that direct question. . . . Where? To—so far as he was concerned—the cloistered existence of such institutions as the Wagmann Foundation? To the pretensions, the insolence, the fictitious or pampered maladies of Mrs. Doddridge Wagmann's kind? To the jealousies, the contradictions of fellow scientists immersed in narrow interests, impatient of his convictions and labors?

These questions drifted from his mind before the return of the vision momentarily dispelled by Simon's speech. It was not a beautiful vision, an abstraction of life in a radiant nimbus of poetic image. It was simply a mental picture of a bald, squat brick building, disfiguring one of the sylvan slopes about him. From it a chimney rose starkly against the living canopy of green; its portal was severe, its rigid rows of windows were unlovely. It had, too, another quality largely lacking in the visioned ideals of man—Jennifer Lloyd realized his ability to make it an actuality. Not, he added, immediately—in its finished, perfected form; but he could make a very respectable beginning—and at once.

"You'll want to be leaving us," Simon reiterated, lounging in the doorway.

Lloyd rose, ignoring the other in a sudden accession of scientific fervor.

"It will be a small hospital," he cried, "but modern! A unique situation—a great use!"

Coasting Recorders

WATCH the motorman of a street car to see how much he coasts the car—that is, lets it run along on its momentum, with the power turned off. If he succeeds in coasting a considerable part of his trip he is saving much money for his company, though it is easier for him to have the car all the time either under power or under brakes. In crowded streets the motorman has little chance to coast, because he must make quick starts and stops. It is the quick stops that use up the electric current, because the brakes are applied to stop the momentum, and that momentum has been obtained at the cost of much current.

A simple little machine to watch the motorman in this respect has come into use rapidly of late, taking the name of "coasting recorder." Every time the car coasts without power a wheel in the recorder turns round, and the instrument marks the time on a moving strip of paper. At the end of the trip the strip is taken out, to be examined later by clerks who are skilled in interpreting the marks and can quickly tell how much coasting was accomplished on that trip.

The kind of trip has much to do with the amount of coasting. If a car is behind time or is running in crowded streets the motorman's chances of coasting are slight. However, the average amount of coasting that can be expected reasonably on any run is soon understood by the motormen and the clerks, and gives a fair comparison of the economy of various motormen when many runs are considered.

Considerable sums have been saved in recent months by some street railroads that have adopted these recorders, and thus have been able to obtain the coöperation of the motormen in learning the lesson of the paper strips. Companies that buy power outright, of course, have a direct saving in electricity which must be purchased, if the motormen succeed in doing more coasting; while companies that make their own electricity profit on their coal bills and perhaps succeed in postponing the day for building larger power plants.

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Traffic is different today. According to official figures there are now more than two million motor vehicles (pleasure cars and trucks) on our highways. These high-powered, heavily loaded, rubber-tired vehicles shear the surface of Macadam roads, throw out the stones and scatter the "binder" dust—modern traffic tears to pieces in no time the dirt or Macadam roads which met traffic requirements satisfactorily fifteen years ago.

The Concrete road made with Lehigh Cement costs but little more a mile than a Macadam road. Hanson, an authority on Concrete roads, tells us that the yearly upkeep of Macadam roads in five Eastern States in 1912 exceeded $800 per mile; whereas a mile of 16-foot-wide Concrete road, according to this same famous authority, costs approximately $50.00 per mile per year to maintain.

The Concrete road is the most economical and most practical for modern traffic; it is the road that is good in winter, dry in the spring, dustless in summer; automobiles do not skid upon it in rainy weather; it is the road that is free from ruts and holes, the road for every season, every requirement, every kind of service, and it will last indefinitely.

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BANZAI—AND THEN WHAT?

(Continued from Page 8)

has a blade of great thinness and keenness. It slits the envelope in such a manner that the cut is barely perceptible along the edge of the envelope. Then the writing is taken out, read, copied, and replaced or destroyed; and the edges are rubbed and stuck together by the machine in such a way that the fact that they have been cut is not discernible.

I asked this man why they went to such great trouble.

"Everybody who knows anything about the inside workings of the Japanese Government knows that all letters they want to read are opened and read anyhow. Why take such elaborate precautions to hide that fact?" I said.

"My dear sir," he replied, "it is contrary to the practice of our government to disclose these things."

That is probably the fact, but it is not contrary to the theory of the government to do them; and it is not very hard to find out about how they are done, either, provided one knows people. Of course, since Japan as the ally of Great Britain went to war with Germany, certain censorship restrictions over the mails and telegrams are justifiable; but Japan did not wait for such a war. Japan always has opened letters—not so many as now, probably, but enough to keep a linguist, whose identity has long been known in Tokio, employed busily. No one can object if a government opens letters that may contain information of use to an enemy; but why should letters be opened indiscriminately?

Let a man whose business is not definitely stated by him the moment he arrives go to any city in Japan, and there will be secret-service men set after him immediately. Every petty detail will be communicated to some secret head and set down painstakingly in some secret record. His trunks are likely to be opened. The boy in his room at his hotel is likely to be a spy. Every move will be watched. A man I know could do it told me he would get me a complete record of my comings and goings in Japan for a hundred yen. I told him it was not worth it.

To cite a concrete instance of the sort of things they do: If leading American citizens, who stand high in their communities and who gayly go to the Yoshiwara, in Tokio or in any other Japanese city, knew that Article Twenty-two, of the law relating to the conduct of these places of segregated vice, reads as follows: "The following particulars shall be entered minutely in the books of the houses in accordance with the regulations, that is: *a*—Amount of earnings; *b*—Residences, names, ages, appearance, style of dress, and so on, of guests"—it is quite likely there would be fewer visits to those interesting places, inasmuch as all this information goes to the government employees and is filed for future reference.

A Nobleman in Buttons

Any man you meet may be listening for governmental purposes to what you say or because of that national curiosity; but in case you say anything you should not, whether the listener is a regular secret agent or not, he goes and reports your conversation to somebody, for that is the first duty of all Japanese—to tell what they hear.

There are always some of these agents about the big hotels. They act as room boys, as bar boys, as waiters, and in any other capacity that will put them in contact with the guests. In the days of the Russian War the correspondents who were held in Tokio were accustomed to relate their opinions of the Japanese in front of a certain bar, and each night complete reports of what they said were transmitted to the War Office. The bar boys were secret agents, you see.

It is the same at present. A constant espionage is maintained. It is unobtrusive. It never offends. It is smiling and Japanese, but it is petty. It does not discriminate. I wonder what they do with all the piffling information they get.

When Dr. Shailer Mathews was here he said, in a speech at a dinner at which Baron Kato, the Foreign Minister, was present, that one thing the Americans were convinced of was that Japan maintains a large number of spies in the United States. Probably Japan does. I remember once, a few summers ago, a friend of mine who runs several hotels in the West had occasion to engage a Japanese as a messenger. This Japanese could speak English, was expert at figures, and wrote a copperplate hand. There was no place for him but messenger, and he took that, put on a plum-colored suit, and answered the buzzer faithfully.

We called him Togo. Presently Togo became enamored of one of the waitresses. Right there Togo forgot his position. In order to make an impression on the waitress he went to a photographer and asked him to make some prints from some photographic films he had. The photographer made the prints and was astonished to find that they showed Mr. Togo, the boy who wore the plum-colored suit and waited on the bell, standing on the bridge of a Japanese battleship, clad in a silk hat and a frock coat, with the insignia of a Japanese order on his breast, and between two Japanese officers, both in full naval uniform. There is a large American military post not far from the place where Togo officiated.

Government Control of Newspapers

The Japanese not only spy on foreigners but they spy on one another. "I'll be glad to get home," said a foreign diplomatist to me. "I shall be glad to get to some place where I can talk and not think that somebody is listening to every word I say in order to make a report to some government official."

Moreover, the very Japanese Government officials are watched by other Japanese officials and their spies. It is a lovely system of mutual espionage. And it amounts to nothing in most cases—that is, three-quarters of the spying done is trifling in its results.

Another thing shows their cleverness: They allow the spy impressions to spread, and thus create an atmosphere of fear that saves them a lot of trouble. If a man thinks he is being watched he will be careful. It is not at all unlikely that the Japanese use this phase of human nature at times. They are an adroit people. They create an atmosphere and let the atmosphere do the work.

Their censorship of news is direct and definite, however. The police attend to that. Formal orders or telephone orders from the police department telling the newspapers not to print this or that are of almost daily occurrence. The entire Japanese Navy was reorganized without a word in the papers about it. Two big scandals in religious circles—one Shinto and one Buddhist—were suppressed. The order suppressing one of these scandals was quite long, and closed with this particularly Japanese paragraph:

"And, in addition to the above, it is expressly forbidden that anything of any nature whatsoever shall be printed tending to show or state or intimate that there has been any scandal at any temple in Japan."

They suppressed all news of a big dispute between the Russians and the Japanese merchants who sold certain fabrics and rice to the Russians. They held out the dispatch of additional troops to Manchuria for several days. They suppress not only governmental matters but anything that, in the light of their opinion of their standing outside, will tend to lower that estimate which they think the rest of the world has of them.

Their control of the press is absolute; and, of course, they have as absolute control of the cables and telegraph wires, and of the mails. Also, they maintain an official press bureau which sends out such news as they want to go out. They have a reasonably complete grip on that sort of thing.

I quote an order issued last September showing how complete their censorship is:

"By an official order of the Navy Department the following additions have been made to the clauses of the press censorship: Matters concerning the naval movements of the ally in war, which have some reference to the naval strategies of the empire; plans of war; organizations of fleets and ships, their duties, present condition and movements; employing of transports, their crews, their present condition and their movements; whereabouts of fleets and transport ships, and their departure and arrival; as to goods ordered for service; the naval preparations and defenses in naval stations and along the coast; present condition of the various companies engaged in manufacturing war materials for the navy by order of the naval arsenal and the Navy Department; the positions and

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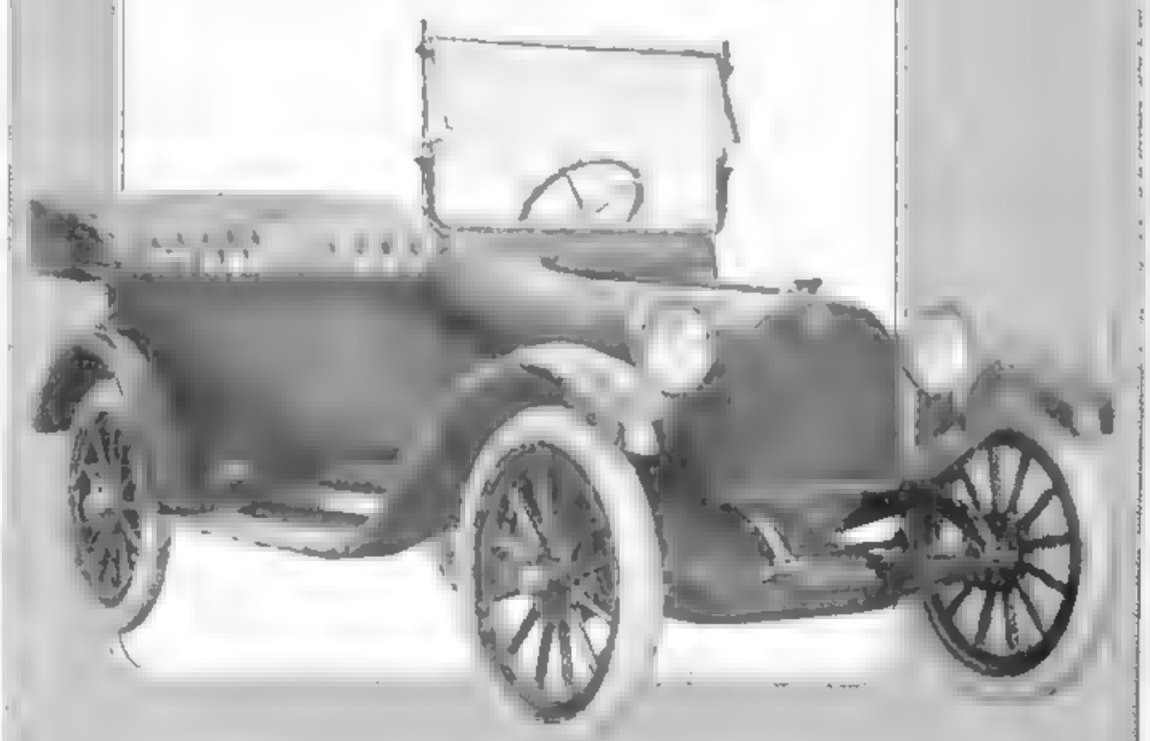

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names of the bases or gathering places; the same regulations as to aëroplanes." The order concludes: "Besides the foregoing, anything that has not been made public by the government and has direct or indirect reference to naval secrets."

Now when you think that similar orders are issued with reference to the army, and that similar orders are issued with reference to anything and everything the government does not want printed, you can see how this phase of it works out—a right tight little censorship. And it is in force all the time—not only when Japan is at war but when Japan is at peace. Hence, though anything that happens in the United States may be and is printed in Japan, nothing that happens in Japan which the Japanese Government does not want printed—unless it is smuggled out—is printed in the United States; and hence, again, a good deal that the Japanese Government does want printed is printed in our country. They catch us coming and going when it comes to publicity.

Their methods when a distinguished American gets to Japan are interesting and efficacious. The Japanese are the most charming hosts. Their hospitality is unbounded; their courtesy is unexampled; their attentions are flattering; their polite recognition and deference are alluring to the susceptible. The Japanese capture a distinguished American without half trying. They have become experts at the game.

The distinguished American is kept constantly on the move; is entertained until his own appreciation of himself grows immeasurably; is taken here and there; is made much of; in certain cases, deemed most important by the Japanese, presented to the Emperor or given a decoration; is flattered and handled so skillfully that he leaves the country in a haze of happy delight over the wonders he has been shown and the wonderful courtesy and hospitality of the showing. And until he is on his way home he never wakes up to the fact that he has seen nothing except what the Japanese wanted him to see, nor heard anything except what the Japanese wanted him to hear. Indeed, many of them never do wake up.

The Japanese Question

"It was delightful," said one of these amiable gentlemen to me. "I never enjoyed myself so much. Every time I wanted to go anywhere there was an automobile at my disposal, and a Japanese official to show me about and explain things to me. I was constantly attended and made comfortable; and I was given unexampled opportunities for seeing Japan, and guided to all the points of interest, and had the real Japanese spirit explained to me by cultivated Japanese officials and scholars. My view of Japan has entirely changed. I now realize how great is the work they are doing, how patriotic they are, how wonderful as a people!"

The Japanese are obsessed with the idea that the Japanese question—I do not know what it is, but they call it that—is of paramount importance to the United States, and that everything we do has a Japanese slant.

They hand out gravely—the government, I mean—items about some country legislator who introduces a bill in some legislature which, either remotely or directly, as they construe it, has a bearing on them and their complete recognition by the United States; items as inconsequential as local municipal proceedings.

While I was in Japan the papers printed stories about an explosive that was found under the Japanese pavilion at the San Francisco Exposition, which turned out to be nothing at all; and an item about some indignity that was heaped on Admiral Dewa because some railroad hands confused his name with that of our own Admiral Dewey. This, too, was a canard; and I do not mean to say the government gave them out. But I do know that if similar things had originated in Japan they would not have been printed in America—and, further, that the government did not stop the publication of these.

They treat these matters as solemnly as though they were of tremendous international importance. A comic paper printed in Osaka had a cartoon about the first of March showing China taking refuge from Japan under an umbrella made out of the Stars and Stripes. That symbolizes a general Japanese idea, which is that the United States, being so jealous of the growing power of Japan, will rush to the defense of China. So far, the United States has not rushed, but Japan thinks our country undoubtedly will. They asked me about that, and I told them that the United States would be many years older than now before our country would go to war over a commercial proposition in China or any other country.

Baron Kato on Germany

"But," they protested, "do you mean to say that the United States isn't jealous of Japan's growing power?"

"Not a bit," I replied; "not a bit!"

Nobody, I know, is in the dark about what Japan intends to do in China—or wants to do, rather. Let Baron Kato, Minister of Foreign Affairs, the frankest of all Japanese, albeit he is rather anti-American, tell about it. Baron Kato has a sort of superior, supercilious English view of the United States, arising from the natural suspiciousness of his race and his long stay in England.

He said the participation in the present war by Japan is beneficial to Japan because "Germany is an aggressive European Power that had secured a foothold on one corner of the province of Shan-tung. This is a great menace to Japan. Furthermore, Germany had forced Japan to return the peninsula of Liao-tung under the plausible pretense of friendly advice. Because of the pressure brought to bear on us, Japan had to part with the legitimate fruits of war, bought with the blood of our fellow countrymen. Revenge is not justifiable, either in the case of an individual or a nation; but when, by coincidence, one can attend to his duty and at the same time pay an old debt the opportunity certainly should be seized."

Taking all these things into consideration, the one remaining feature of Japan's nationalism that is responsible for her attitude toward us is her militarism.

When Japan, in the Japanese view, decided to be a World Power, Japan, of course, copied the militarism of other World Powers. She organized an army and a navy. World Powers have armies and navies; so Japan developed a very efficient army and the nucleus of a navy. With these two machines comes Japan's underlying idea that she can do things she cannot do; for, with her army, as with everything else, she has been flattered out of all proportion.

And the disconcerting thing about it all is that the United States has been so largely deluded—and has had nervous chills over a Yellow Peril; a Yellow Peril that has one leg manacled with a billion-dollar debt, the other leg manacled with a tax rate that is practically confiscatory, and carries on its shoulders a population that is largely only two meals ahead of hunger—the United States, which, by virtue of her generous custom, keeps Japan going, and without which Japan would flatten commercially in an hour.

Japan is not the only place that needs a national sense of proportion. Quite a supply of that commodity could be used to great advantage in the United States of America—and especially in Washington, D. C.

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the Dependable Tire—the tire you can *afford* to buy—the Thousand Mile Tire plus.

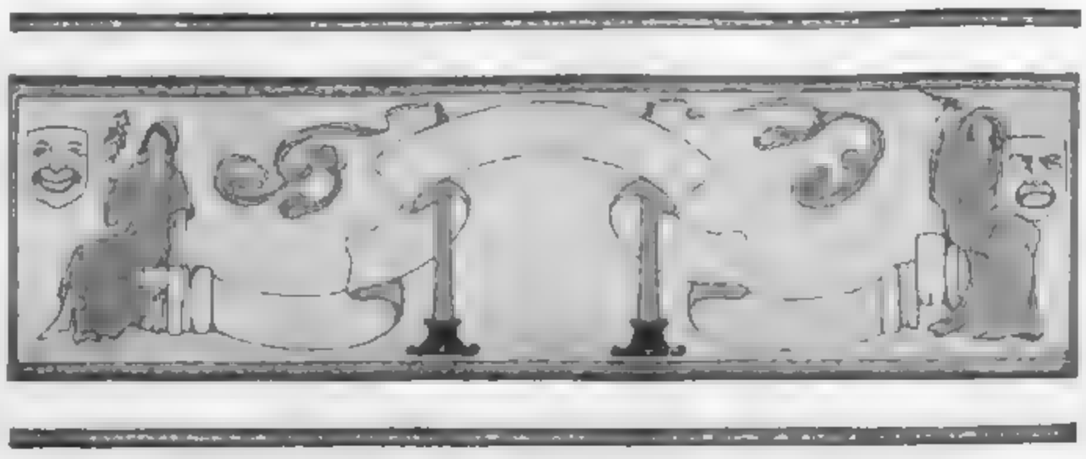
There's a deal of homely wisdom in "The Man Who Rode on His Rims"—a little story we will gladly send for the asking.

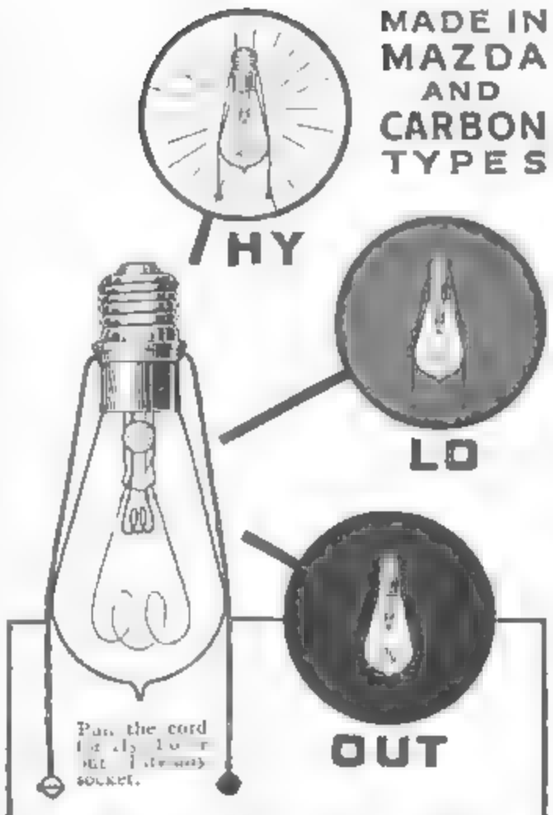
CONTINENTAL RUBBER WORKS

1904 Liberty Street

Erie, Pa.

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 137 Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.





Lightens Your Light Bill

Put a Hylo lamp in your bathroom. When you want a little light, turn it down and leave it. Current costs almost nothing. Big light ready at the pull of the cord. Another pull puts it out. You need a Hylo in your bedroom, nursery, kitchen, pantry, hall and library too. Fine for porches and summer homes.

HYLO

National Quality

Fully Guaranteed

TWO SIZES TWO PRICES

Carbon Hylo ... each 60c

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Made also in 32 volts (Mazda only) for storage battery lighting plants.

Sold by Lighting Fixture and Electric Hardware and Department Stores everywhere

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Economical Electric Lamp Division

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Soda Fountains Are Made More Beautiful and Efficient With

SNUG-SEATS

SNUG-SEATS are handsome table sets finished in any wood and ideally adapted for use in soda fountains, tea rooms, homes, lunch rooms, clubs, etc., anywhere space is limited. Solidly made and exceptionally comfortable. The four additional straight chairs allow greatest seating capacity for space occupied when in use. When not occupied, fit snugly and compactly under table. SNUG-SEATS occupy fully one-third less floor space than ordinary sets. One dealer (O. B. Hardwick, Fourth Ward, Newark, N. J.) writes: "SNUG-SEATS have given us complete satisfaction. We have sold more than we command than anything we have ever had in store." Hundreds of other testimonials for the asking.

Money-Back Guarantee—Ask Your Jobber or Write for Catalogue

SNUG-SEATS are sold for cash or on installments. If your jobber can't supply you, write us direct. We ship subject to approval.

W. B. McLEAN MFG. CO.

700 Herron Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa.

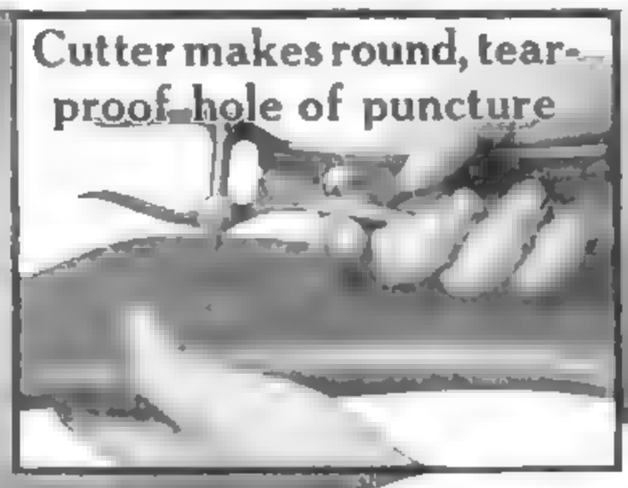
FREE Book

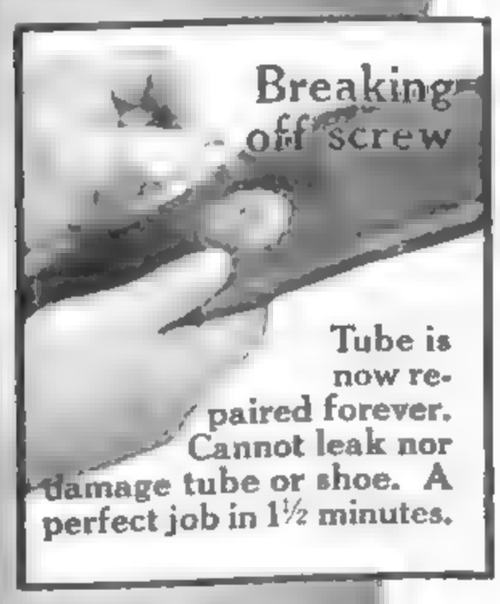
Send for "About Dogs—their Care and Feeding." Costs nothing, tells secrets of clear eye, glossy coat, sound muscle.

Sent with sample Austin's Dog Bread Free. Give your dealer's name, please.

Austin Dog Bread & Animal Food Co., 257 Marginal St. Chelsea, Mass.

For Punctures
and
Small Blow-Outs





Repaired Forever in 1½ Minutes

Read Special Offer

Skeptics, attention! No, you have not tried it before. No, you have not used something just like it. No, we could not afford to advertise this way until we had proved every claim.

Repairing a tube with a Sampson Plug is easier and quicker than looking at these pictures. You find the puncture or blow-out. Push into it the cone-shaped cutting point on side of tool. Press arms of tool together and you have a smooth, round hole which can't tear. Insert plier-ends of tool into hole, stretching it so lower half of plug slips in. Screw down plug with threaded bolt. *That's all.* No cement—no cleaning, no patches, no vulcanizing.

The puncture or blow-out is repaired forever. You cannot help doing a perfect job the first time you try.

Now, Mr. Skeptic—why that cynical smile? "The edges of the plug will cut the tube," you say? Well, you do know something about rubber. You've hit on the only real difficulty of repairing an innertube—the reason why other plugs are unsatisfactory. *A hard edge will* cut rubber every time.

Notice that word "Feather-edge"? It means a lot. The edge of a Sampson Plug is pure, soft rubber—purer and more elastic than the tube itself

A Sampson Plug—*absolutely—will—not—cut—the—tube.* It is put into the tube exactly as a valve is put in—with a reinforcement of soft rubber.

SAMPSON Feather-Edge Innertube Plug

Guaranteed

Sampson Plugs are guaranteed never to leak—not to affect the shoe in any way—not to cut, injure or shorten life of the tube. Money will be refunded if you are not satisfied. *You be the judge.*

With a Sampson Plug Outfit in your repair kit, the dread of punctures and small blow-outs is gone forever. When you have once repaired a tube with it, you will no more be without Sampson Plugs than you would be without a wrench.

We have made millions of plugs for bicycle tires, but the Sampson is our first successful plug for automobiles and motorcycles.

We are supplying dealers as rapidly as possible and prefer that you buy of your local merchant if possible. If, however, your dealer has not yet stocked it, owing to its recent introduction, we will sell you an outfit direct, prepaying carriage charges.

Generous Introductory Offer

As an inducement to ordering from us at once, we will present you, as a gift, the handsome radiator cap "Safety First" emblem, illustrated in lower left corner. It is a heavy die casting, richly finished in green and white enamel and polished nickel. "Safety First" is on each side for both driver and pedestrian to read. Measures 3" x 3½". Sells at retail for 75c, but will be included for a very short time with each $2.50 outfit which you order from us, after not finding it at your dealer's.

This gift is not included with outfits purchased of dealers, and we shall give it only to those sending us coupon on this page, in order to get Sampson Plugs quickly in use all over the country. The emblem will not be offered again at less than 75c.

Remember that you are at perfect liberty to return the outfit and emblem to us at any time and get your money back if you are not satisfied. You take no chance. Act at once and get the emblem.

No Cement No Cleaning

Can't Cut Tube

Motorcycle Outfit

We also put up a smaller outfit for motorcycles at $1.50. "Safety First" emblem is not included with this $1.50 outfit.

A $2.50 Sampson Feather-edge Innertube Plug Outfit consists of forged steel tool and twelve plugs of assorted sizes, packed in a black enamel box. Motorcycle $1.50 outfit consists of tool and six plugs in a stout wallet.

Please use coupon in ordering if you wish the "Safety First" emblem.

STEVENS & CO. (Established 1899)
Manufacturers and Distributors to Wholesalers of Bicycle, Motorcycle and Automobile Accessories
375 Broadway **New York City**
In Canada, Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Co., Toronto

Radiator Cap Emblem

THIS FREE
Beautifully finished in nickel and green and white enamel. Only given away with coupon offer.

75c Emblem Given with $2.50 Outfit SPECIAL OFFER

STEVENS & CO.
375 Broadway, New York City

Enclosed find $2.50. Send Sampson Plug Outfit and "Safety First" Emblem

Name

City

County

State

SAN-TOX Quality Forbids Price Cutting—and We Won't Cut the Quality

There are degrees of quality—on toilet and household preparations there is the SAN-TOX quality. This has reached the highest point obtainable. SAN-TOX quality is not hidden—it is immediately apparent at the very first test. There are upwards of 125 toilet and household preparations bearing the quality name

San-Tox

The Public Service Line

No matter which SAN-TOX preparation you test—tooth paste or powder, talc or cold cream, hair tonic, toilet water or antiseptic, shaving lotion or liquid green soap, etc.—you will have the utmost in quality and economy, as pennies saved on such preparations are danger pennies. Go to a SAN-TOX dealer—you know him; there is one in nearly every locality everywhere. He will guarantee the purity and quality of every SAN-TOX preparation and will cheerfully refund your money if you are not pleased. You see he can only make a profit on SAN-TOX by satisfying you. His only selling argument is quality and satisfaction guaranteed. He cannot cut the price.

SAN-TOX Price Same Everywhere

They are priced as low as they can be sold. There can be no sales or cut rates on SAN-TOX—the quality forbids. If you have never tested a SAN-TOX toilet specialty or household preparation there is a treat in store for you. No other preparations are just like them. You will be delighted with the difference. The name SAN-TOX on the blue package with the Nurse Head is your protection. The Nurse Head in the druggist's window points out to you the SAN-TOX dealer. No druggist can become a SAN-TOX dealer before he has personally investigated the merit of SAN-TOX. Thus he can safely guarantee your satisfaction, knowing you will be pleased and a permanent friend to SAN-TOX preparations—the quality fascinates.

SAN-TOX preparations are never handled by jobbers. They are shipped direct from the DePree Laboratories at Holland, Michigan, only to appointed SAN-TOX druggists. Before any druggist is accepted as a SAN-TOX dealer he is obliged to undergo rigid investigation for straightforward, safe and correct drug-store principles. SAN-TOX dealers everywhere have proved themselves to be dependable Public Service institutions.

THE DEPREE CHEMICAL COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILL. HOLLAND, MICH.

PERFECTLY NEUTER

(Continued from Page 11)

"I got no excuse to offer you for interrupting you when you are so busy, Sammet," he began.

"We are just so busy as you or anybody else, Potash," Leon retorted; "which you know as well as I do, Potash, the way business is nowndays, a feller couldn't sell diamonds for the price of paving blocks."

"I ain't saying we are doing more business as you, Sammet," Abe protested. "All I called to see you about was Jacob Polongin, of Portland."

Leon shrugged impatiently.

"A feller which is suspicious about such a concern would try to sell C. O. D. to Marshall Field *oder* J. P. Morgan," he remarked satirically. "Jacob Polongin is an A Number One house, Potash, and you shouldn't ought to need me to tell you that."

"Don't I know it?" Abe said. "All I ask you is you should give me a couple of dollars for the widders and orphans from soldiers *von unser Leute im Russland*, because Polongin asks me I should make such a collection for him; and ——"

"Polongin wants for me to give to Russian soldiers money?" Sammet interrupted.

"Well, he didn't say you exactly," Abe replied; "but he writes me I should collect among the trade."

"Show me the letter," Sammet said.

"I got the letter home," Abe answered; "but I would bring it down here tomorrow and show it to you, Sammet. Also, Sammet, if you're afraid I wouldn't give you credit for it, Sammet, I could assure you I ain't so small as all that."

"But Polongin ain't ——"

"Sure, I know," Abe hurried on. "You are going to say the same like Sol Klinger did Polongin ain't a customer of yours, Sammet; *aber* that don't make no difference to me. Give up for fifty dollars, Sammet, and I would tell Polongin all about it. Believe me, I ain't trying to hog his whole trade, Sammet. If you could sell him a bill of goods you are welcome, for all of me."

Sammet looked suspiciously at Abe.

"Do you mean to told me that Klinger give you fifty dollars for them Russlanders?" Sammet said.

"Not fifty dollars exactly," Abe replied. "The fact is, he asked me not to say nothing about it—in particular to Polongin."

"Well, if that's so," Sammet said, "I would also give you a little money, Potash. *Aber* what's fair for one is fair for all, Potash. And you should give Sol Klinger just so much credit to Polongin as you give me."

He pulled a five-dollar bill from a roll he drew from his trousers pocket and handed it to Abe.

"Sure, I would give credit to Klinger," Abe declared as he tucked away the bill with Klinger's two dollars. "Everybody says when they give money to charity that they don't want it to be known, Sammet, and they get awful sore if the information don't leak out somehow."

He extended his right hand to Sammet, who shook it limply.

"I'm much obliged to you," Abe said.

"Don't mention it!" Sammet replied with an enigmatical grin. "Any time I can do you and Klinger something like this I would be only too pleased."

IV

BEFORE Abe finally reached the specialty store of Simon Kittler on Thirty-fourth Street he had visited, with varying results, Louis Elenbogen, Birsky & Zapp, Polatkin & Scheikowitz, and four others of his competitors. Louis Elenbogen had contributed three dollars, with the comment that he was glad to do so, so long as Klinger and Sammet were in it too. Birsky & Zapp had declined emphatically, after discussing the responsibility of the Russian throne for Russian political and economic conditions in terms so personal to the Czar, Grand Duke Nicholas, and, last but not least, Abe Potash and Morris Perlmutter, that Abe was unable even to mention the name of Jacob Polongin in connection with his charitable scheme.

Polatkin & Scheikowitz and the four other competitors were equally divided between the examples of Louis Elenbogen and Birsky & Zapp, with the result that when Abe entered Simon Kittler's office he had grown too mentally confused to cope with that experienced philanthropist. Thus, instead of Kittler's contributing to Abe's collection, he forestalled Abe with so moving a picture of distress among the colonists in Palestine that, before Abe could begin his appeal, he had signed a check to Kittler's order for twenty dollars.

Immediately thereafter Kittler was called away by his store superintendent, and, after waiting twenty minutes for his return, Abe was compelled to leave. It was nearly six o'clock when he reëntered his place of business, where he found Morris, with his hat and overcoat, at the point of departure for his home.

"*Nu*, loafer, where was you?" Morris demanded. "Fooling away the entire afternoon over nothing!"

Except for a savage glare Abe ignored the greeting and sat down at his desk.

"Miss Feingut!" he called to the bookkeeper, who also exercised the functions of a stenographer. "Take down a letter."

Miss Feingut came from her office, and Abe smiled grimly at the sight of the hat and street coat she wore. "Also keeps union hours!" he said, glancing from Miss Feingut to Morris.

"Did you want me to take some dictation?" Miss Feingut asked in such even tones that her finger nails nearly drew blood from the palm of her left hand.

"I do," Abe said, "if it ain't going to upset your whole plans, Miss Feingut. I want to dictate a letter to Jacob Polongin, 2432-4-6-8-10 and 12 North Clinton Avenue, Portland. Dear sir!"

He paused and cleared his throat.

"In reply to your wife's favor to my wife, received to-day," he continued, "would say—our Mr. Potash can report good results with collecting for your widders and orphans. He seen several concerns this afternoon, with good results."

"That's twice you got there 'good results,'" Morris commented.

"——with good results," Abe repeated. "Hoping to see you in the store Thursday, when we will turn over the results of the collecting; and oblige yours truly ——"

"That's now three times you got 'results,'" Morris said.

"All right," Abe retorted solemnly; "if you ain't satisfied with the way I am dictatin' letters, Mawruss, go and get President Wilson for a partner. I said results three times because I got results three times—even five times, Mawruss, which I ain't trying to throw no bluffs to Jacob Polongin that I am a big *Melammed*. I am trying to tell him something—that he should come in here the day after tomorrow and buy from us a bill of goods."

He turned to Miss Feingut.

"Sign the firm's name to this letter," he said, "and mail it to-night. I would be late to-morrow morning, Mawruss, as I am going to stop on my way down town and see Kittler and a few other people."

They parted without further hostilities; and the following morning, armed with Mrs. Polongin's letter, Abe once more entered the specialty store of Simon Kittler.

"Mr. Kittler," he said after he had been admitted to the presence of that astute philanthropist, "I want you should read this letter from Mrs. Polongin, the wife of Jacob Polongin, of Portland."

He handed the missive to Kittler, who glanced over it hurriedly.

"That's all right," Kittler said. "It's a well-written letter."

"Sure, I know," Abe agreed; "but the point is I am collecting for Mr. and Mrs. Polongin, on account of them widders and orphans, Mr. Kittler. And I don't know how many times I am giving up for all them homes and asylums you are running, Mr. Kittler."

"You've always shown the right spirit," Kittler agreed; "but, though I have the utmost sympathy for the Teutonic Allies, as a native-born American citizen I feel it my duty to remain neutral, and I cannot see my way clear to helping the widows of German soldiers."

"But Polongin's widders is from Russian soldiers—not German soldiers," Abe insisted.

Kittler looked again at the letter.

"This letter," he said, "refers to German soldiers."

"What!" Abe cried in tones so anguished that even Kittler's coldly philanthropic heart was touched.

"Perhaps you've handed me the wrong letter," he said. "This one reads:

"'*My dear Mrs. Potash:* Won't you ask your husband to aid us in raising funds to

Send for this Interesting Book

It shows how you can make the walls and ceilings of your home artistically beautiful and permanent

"All Through the House with Upson Board" pictures an Upsonized home—shows how every room in *your* home, from kitchen to garret, can be made inviting, cheerful, beautiful. If you are thinking about building a new home, or replastering and repapering old, cracked walls and ceilings, do not fail to send for a copy of this interesting and valuable book.

Upson Board can be used in every kind of building—new or old.

It can be applied directly to new studding or over old plaster or to skeleton partitions.

It is more durable than plaster and cheaper than wood or steel. It shortens the time of building or repairing, as it can be applied in one-third the time of plaster. There is no muss, dirt or litter to clean up. It can never crack, chip or fall. It is sanitary and can be washed like woodwork.

We cannot caution you too strongly to be on your guard against inferior imitations of

UPSON PROCESSED BOARD

It is to your interest to insist upon getting it, because Upson Board possesses the good qualities of [illegible] wall boards, and five vitally important features of its own.

Upson Board is the only board *processed* by the original Upson method, which KILN CURES or thoroughly seasons every panel to minimize shrinkage or expansion.

Upson Board is also WATERPROOFED and SURFACE FILLED, which makes unnecessary a priming coat, which should save you at least $5.00 per room.

Upson Board should also save you at least another five dollars per room, because two coats of paint will always [illegible] as ordinary boards always require two, three and often four coats in addition to the priming coat.

If there is no Upson dealer near you, we will make it easy for you to buy direct.

Before you forget—mail back the coupon now for painted sample of Upson Board and a copy of the interesting Upson Book

THE UPSON COMPANY
Fibre Board Authorities
8 UPSON POINT LOCKPORT, N. Y

Thoughtful dealers will find it profitable to get in touch with us. The Upson sales policy is permanent, fair and square. It protects the jobber and dealer.

I am interested in using Upson Board for

Name

Address

LOOK FOR THE TRUE BLUE CENTER

A Boy Worth Having

HE approaches you confidently. He does not stammer, scuff his feet or hang his head. He approaches you at your office or home and asks you to buy your copies of *The Saturday Evening Post* from him. There are elements of real salesmanship in his talk. He is a product of the Curtis Boy Plan.

THERE are thirty thousand boys of this kind selling the Curtis publications today. They are the sons of doctors, lawyers and business men. They sell *The Saturday Evening Post* each week.

There is a big opportunity

for any boy who wants to earn a lot of money. There is a big opportunity for any parent who wants his boy to develop the sort of character and to get the sort of training which will be of incalculable value to him in later life.

We should like to hear from any boy who wants to do what so many thousands of other boys are successfully doing or from any parent interested in his boy's future. Address

Sales Division, Box 884
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"CHALMERS Lets the Body Breathe"

This Underwear *Must* Be Cool

You See Right Through this Light, Open, Durable Underwear Fabric

Think how cool, light and open our Union Suits must be Consider how comfortable for summer. As to durability? Unconditionally guaranteed.

Chalmers "Porosknit" cannot cling (sweaty, disagreeable, irksome) to the body. Instead it keeps your body dry and gives you summer comfort in as near to nature's way as one may go. With Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suits there can be no "short-waisted" feeling—no cutting in the crotch. Their Closed Crotch is comfortable, fits, stays put—cannot gape open or bulge. You have full elasticity in the seat, so that the garment gives easily with every turn or bend

CHALMERS TRADE MARK "Porosknit" GUARANTEED

This Label on Every Garment

For Men	Any Style	For Boys
50c	Shirts and Drawers per garment	25c
For Men	UNION SUITS Any Style	For Boys
$1.00		50c

Write for Handsome Book of All Styles

Chalmers Knitting Co., 1 Bridge St., Amsterdam, N.Y.
Also Makers of Chalmers Spring Needle Ribbed Union Suits, Fall and Winter Weight

She met the crisis

LEFT alone by the death of her husband, with five children to support, Mrs. H. S. Osburn, of Pennsylvania, was compelled to find some means of earning a living. That was in 1908. Since then Mrs. Osburn has been supporting her family by getting renewals and new subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.*

She writes:

"I feel that I have done pretty well, considering everything, and I certainly like the work. I have always been treated with respect and have steadily gained more confidence in myself."

Are you in need of money? Have you spare time or evenings that you want to convert into cash? Do you require more money to pay your living expenses? Our subscription work will enable you to meet any financial emergency. A post card inquiry will bring full details.

AGENCY DIVISION, BOX 878

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

relieve the widows and orphans of our poor soldiers who are fighting so bravely to defend the Fatherland? Mr. Polongin will be in New York on Thursday next and will call at your husband's place of business. I trust your husband and his partner will interest themselves in this matter.

"'Sincerely yours,

"'FLORA LOWENSTEIN POLONGIN.'"

After he had finished reading it he returned the letter to Abe.

"I think that's clear," he said.

"Sure it's clear," Abe replied. "Jacob Polongin comes to this country when a little boy from Kovno, Mr. Kittler. His father and me used to went to the same *cheder* together in Kovno, Mr. Kittler. And if Kovno ain't in Russland, Mr. Kittler, where is it in?—Long Island?"

"I don't know where Polongin was born," Kittler replied, "but the use of the word Fatherland would seem to me to mean Germany."

"*Aber*, ain't Russland the fatherland of the Russians?" Abe demanded. "And, furthermore, the letter says 'our' soldiers. That's the widders of Mr. and Mrs. Polongin's soldiers; and if that don't mean Russian soldiers, Mr. Kittler, then I don't read the English language at all."

Kittler shook his head and smiled.

"You're mistaken, Potash," he said. "Mrs. Polongin was Flora Lowenstein, a daughter of Sigmund Lowenstein, of Portland, who came from Kelheim, in Bavaria, on the same ship with my poor father—*Olav Hasholem;* and when Mrs. Polongin says 'our soldiers' she means German soldiers."

Large beads of perspiration began to gather on Abe's forehead and his ruddy cheeks grew suddenly mottled.

"What's more," Kittler added, "Mr. and Mrs. Polongin sent out ten thousand of these pamphlets to the garment trade. I am surprised you didn't get one."

He displayed to Abe a paper-covered book, bearing in Gothic letters the following title:

WHY GERMANY IS AT WAR
BY WOLFGANG VON HAUBERRISSER
PH. D., HEIDELBERG

Kittler threw the pamphlet on his desk and tilted back in his revolving chair.

"It appears," he said, "there was no violation by Germany of the Treaty of Berlin which in any way could be construed as a casus belli, and therefore when the diplomatic relations between Austria and ——"

The mottled appearance of Abe's cheeks had given place to the hue of a gray-green desk blotter.

"I don't deny what you say at all, Mr. Kittler," he said, struggling to his feet; "so if you'll excuse me, Mr. Kittler, I got to be getting back to the store."

With trembling fingers he replaced Mrs. Polongin's letter in his vest pocket.

"And I suppose Sammet Brothers, Sol Klinger, Polatkin & Scheikowitz, and all them other *Roshoyim*, got this here book too!"

"Unquestionably!" Kittler said; and after nodding his head sadly Abe almost staggered out of the office.

He returned at once to his place of business and for the remainder of the day maintained toward Morris a discreet silence as to the result of that morning's canvass. Nor was it until he entered the showroom on Thursday morning that the storm broke. Morris had unfortunately preceded him. Abe observed his partner to be reading a paper-covered pamphlet bearing a familiar title in Gothic letters.

Morris stood up and began with ominous self-control:

"Tell me, Abe," he said, "do you got that letter with you what Mrs. Polongin wrote to Rosie?"

Abe sat down to conceal the agitation of his knees and drew the letter from his breast pocket.

"Anybody could—now—make once in a while a mistake," he said, "which if you could show me where this here letter says German soldiers, and not Russian soldiers, I would eat it."

Morris snatched the letter from Abe, and then handed him a letter from Polongin which had accompanied Doctor Hauberrisser's pamphlet.

"Maybe you would eat this one too," he suggested.

It read as follows:

MESSRS. POTASH & PERLMUTTER.

Gentlemen: I am sending you herewith a pamphlet which ought to have been

Luxurious Silk Shirts

Made to Your Individual Measure $4.50

PRICE being equal, wouldn't you rather wear a Smart *Silk Shirt* [illegible] *Tailored to Your Individual Measure*—[illegible]

[illegible] sands of our [illegible] customers are doing today for they realize the advantage of wearing silk shirts with the exclusive air, the smart look and the *comfort-aidr-all-over fit*

By paying us ***$4.50*** you really ***save*** as much and more, because any other high-class Custom Shirt maker would charge exorbitant prices for *our kind* of Silk Shirts

Our Silks are of splendid quality,—***100% Pure Silk,*** and *specially woven* to meet our exacting specifications They are *full weight* and every washing restores their original lustre and smartness.

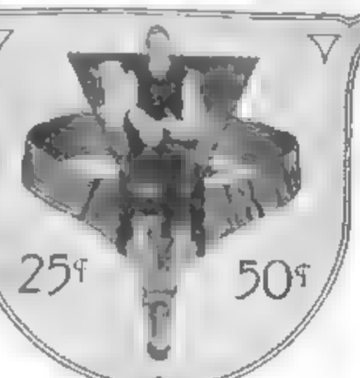
If you've never worn a made-to-your-measure shirt—*start now.* A trial will surprise you and you'll never go back to the ordinary kind.

It's Easy and Convenient to Order by Mail

Simply sign this coupon request and mail today, *now*—*don't delay.* We'll send at once, postpaid, a generous assortment of patterns with handsomely illustrated Style Book of Silk Shirts for **men** and **women**, also ordering and measurement directions.

W. A. LANIGAN CO. 1 West 42nd Street NEW YORK

W. A. LANIGAN CO. 1 West 42nd St., New York City
Please send Samples of Silk Shirtings, also Style Book
Name
Address



Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

Holds Your Sock Smooth as Your Skin

Men who wear the better things for the satisfaction they afford, buy the silk Boston Garter at 50 cents.

GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS . . BOSTON

SINGERS "Come—For It's June," a song of [illegible] Four keys: F (Pompton A[illegible] Ep, Dp and C, each 60 cents. All music dealers or THOMAS J. DONLAN, 503 Fifth Avenue, New York.

mailed with Mrs. Polongin's letter two days ago. I trust you will read it and pass it along to your friends. It shows just why our sympathy and help should go out to the German Fatherland in its struggle to save the civilization of the world.

I shall be in New York Thursday and will call to see you.

Sincerely yours,
JACOB POLONGIN.

Meantime Morris had finished reading Mrs. Polongin's letter, and he began to sway in his chair and to make nasal sounds indicating extreme suffering.

"Well, if Mrs. Polongin meant German Fatherland in her first letter why didn't she say so?" Abe almost whimpered.

Morris ceased his swaying and at once burst into a roaring denunciation of Abe's partnership behavior; and he was still in the full tide of his discourse when, at half past ten, the telephone rang. He tore the receiver from its hook as though he were about to wreck the instrument.

"Hello!" he began, in the same roaring tone. "Hel——"

Here his voice underwent an abrupt change from the blaring of a foghorn to the dulcet strains of a six-tone warning signal on a lady's electric phaeton.

"Why, hello, Mr. Polongin!" he said. "Me and my partner was just talkin' about you. . . . Yes; this is Mr. Perlmutter—not Mr. Potash. . . . It's too bad you can't get here—what? . . . Why, no, Mr. Polongin, we ain't so busy we couldn't take lunch *mit* you. *Aber* you must take lunch *mit* us. . . . Sure—at Wasserbauer's—at a quarter past twelve. . . . All right—Good-by."

Morris hung up the receiver and turned to Abe.

"He says he was detained uptown at Simon Kittler's store," he said; and Abe could not suppress an agonized groan. "And he wants us to meet him for lunch at Wasserbauer's."

Abe nodded and laid down Why Germany is at War, over which he had bent with unseeing eyes throughout Morris' entire tirade.

"What are we going to tell him, Mawruss?" he croaked.

"Tell him something you ain't accustomed to, Abe," Morris replied firmly—"and that's the truth!"

Abe groaned again.

"Kittler told him that already," he said.

V

WHEN Abe and Morris entered Wasserbauer's restaurant at a quarter past twelve an audience was not lacking to complete Abe's embarrassment. At various tables were seated Leon Sammet, Sol Klinger, Louis Elenbogen—and even Sam Feder, the new president of the Hardware National Bank—all of whom resorted to Wasserbauer's for their midday meal. It was apparent to Abe, as he walked toward the corner table which they had reserved in advance by telephone, that at least Sammet and Klinger had been comparing notes; for, when Jacob Polongin advanced to greet the partners, both Sammet and Klinger grinned in anticipation of their competitor's discomfiture.

Polongin had been already seated at the corner table, where Wasserbauer himself was arranging the knives, forks and glasses.

"Wasserbauer was just telling me about how you helped him out in the case of that soldier's widow," Polongin began.

Abe Potash glared at Wasserbauer, who grinned sheepishly.

"Such things shouldn't ought to be kept a secret, Mr. Potash," he said.

Abe shrugged his shoulders.

"It wasn't much," he muttered. "I should of given more, considering the feller was shot in defending the—now—Fatherland."

Morris had seated himself and was about to spear a dill pickle from the dish in the center of the table; but at the word "Fatherland" he paused, with his fork arrested in mid-air.

"Fatherland!" he exclaimed. "You?"

Abe had recovered a certain white-faced composure.

"Sure!" he said, almost nonchalantly. "Big Louis, the waiter here, goes to fight for Germany and gets killed, Mawruss. And his widder needs for the rent twenty-six dollars; so I give it to Wasserbauer."

"*You* give it to Wasserbauer?" Morris cried.

"My own individual check, Mawruss," Abe explained—"not the firm's check."

"But I give also a check for twenty-six dollars to Wasserbauer!" Morris said.

"For the widder of a soldier which died for the Fatherland," Wasserbauer agreed brazenly. "We are all from hinter-Berlin here, Mr. Polongin."

Morris and Abe exchanged indignant looks.

"And we both give you checks for that widder for the same two months' rent!" Morris exclaimed.

"That's a matter of bookkeeping," Wasserbauer said. "What's the difference what you gave the money for? It all went to Big Louie's widder!"

"Meantime, Wasserbauer," Polongin said, "we are starving here."

Wasserbauer displayed the bill of fare. "We got fresh-made for you, gentlemen, *Kreploch* soup, paprika chicken *mit Knockerl*, cheesecake, fresh out of the oven, and"—he concluded "an elegant cup coffee to follow." He bustled away, while Abe turned hesitatingly to Polongin.

"Well, Mr. Polongin," he began, "I got your wife's letter." He paused and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. "I got your wife's letter——" he began anew; "and——"

Here he became so husky he was obliged to pause again. He cleared his throat for a final effort; but Polongin could no longer maintain a grave face, and burst into a laugh so boisterous that the noise of it rose above the clatter of knives, forks and dishes, and reached the ears of Leon Sammet and Sol Klinger.

"So Kittler told me," Polongin said at last; and Morris bent on Abe a venomous frown.

"Such a great friend from Russland my partner is, Mr. Polongin!" he commented bitterly.

"Believe me, Mr. Polongin," Abe said, "I don't love Russland no more as you do. Furthermore, this mistake of mine cost me enough! Not alone Kittler roped me in twenty dollars for them *Schnorrers* in *Ye-rushologim*, Mr. Polongin, but also Sam Feder turns us down on a loan in the National Hardware Bank, on account I am asking him a couple of dollars for them Russian widders; which, after all, Mr. Polongin, a widder is a widder—even if she would be Swedish even.

"Feder is sitting over there right now," Abe continued, "and you can ask him if it ain't so."

Abe meant this as a rhetorical flourish; but Polongin took him at his word. He rose from his seat and at once crossed over to Feder, with whom, after presenting his card, he began an earnest conversation.

It was apparent to Abe and Morris that Feder was none too pleased at Polongin's information. He emphatically shook his head several times; and at last he rose and accompanied Polongin to the corner table, from which, had there been time enough, the trembling partners would have incontinently fled.

"See here, Potash," Feder bellowed, "what are you trying to do—put me in bad? What do you mean by telling this gentleman I turned you down because you was a Russian?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Feder," Abe protested shakily, "I am an American sitson from way before the Spanish War already; and when my partner called to see you, you did turn him down."

Morris nodded weakly in corroboration.

"I didn't do anything of the kind," Feder roared, while the entire restaurant paused to listen. "I was busy at the time and I couldn't see him. Furthermore, any customer of the National Hardware Bank is entitled to the accommodation that his solvency warrants."

"All we ask is three thousand dollars," Abe murmured.

"Well, you can have five thousand if you want it!" Feder shouted. "And you are lucky I don't sue you for libel in the bargain!" He shook hands patronizingly with Polongin.

"I am glad to have met you, Mr. Polongin," he said, "and I am sorry that a merchant of your rating should receive such a poor impression of me. I do business on business principles, whether a customer is a Russian or an Englishman."

As he turned away Leon Sammet and Sol Klinger confronted him.

"One moment, Mr. Feder," Leon Sammet said. "Me and Mr. Klinger gave Potash five dollars apiece for these here Russian widders. Also, we was both born in Russia; and we would be round to see you this afternoon at the bank at three o'clock."

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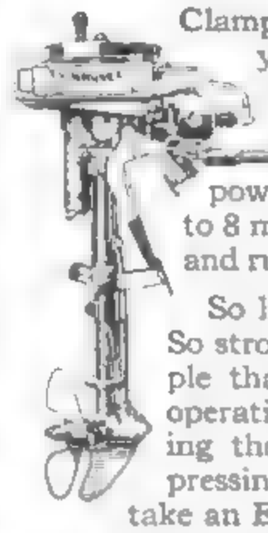

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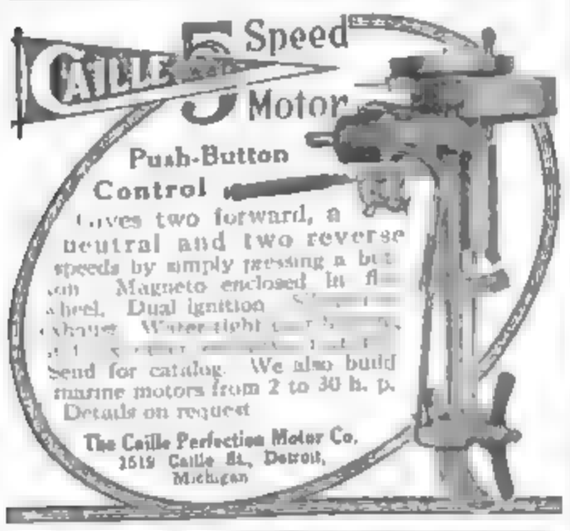
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THE DOUBLE TRAITOR

(Continued from Page 23)

was found dead in my rooms—a most mysterious affair," he added, his eyes meeting Selingman's. "The inquest is to be this afternoon."

"Your valet!" Selingman muttered.

"A very useful fellow," Norgate continued, strolling to the fireplace and standing there; "but with a very bad habit of wearing my clothes when I am away. I was down in Camberwell for three days and left him in charge."

They showered congratulations upon him, but in the midst of them the strangeness of his appearance provoked their comment.

"What does it mean?" Mrs. Benedek asked, patting his arm. "Have you turned soldier?"

"In a sense I have," Norgate admitted; "but only in the sense that every able-bodied Englishman will have to turn soldier in the course of the next few months. Directly I saw the present trouble coming I arranged for a commission."

"But there is to be no war!" Mrs. Barlow exclaimed. "Mr. Selingman has been explaining to us this afternoon what wonderful offers Germany is making so that we shall be able to remain neutral and yet keep our pledges."

"Mr. Selingman," Norgate said quietly, "is under a delusion. Germany, it is true, has offered us a shameless bribe; but I am glad to be able to tell you all that our Ministry, whatever their politics may be, have shown themselves men. An English ultimatum is now on its way to Berlin. War will be declared before midnight."

Selingman rose slowly to his feet. His face was black with passion. He pushed past a man who stood between them. He was face to face with Norgate.

"So you," he thundered, suddenly reckless of the bystanders, "are a double traitor! You have taken pay from Germany and deceived her! You knew, after all, that your government would make war when the time came! Is that so?"

"I was always convinced of it," Norgate replied calmly. "I also had the honor of deceiving you in the matter of Mr. Bullen. I have been the means, owing to your helpful information, of having the fleet mobilized and ready to strike at the present moment; and there are various little pieces of property I know about, Mr. Selingman, round London, where we have taken the liberty of blowing up your foundations. There may be a little disappointment for you, too, in the matter of Italy. The money you were good enough to pay me for my doubtful services has gone toward the establishment of a Red-Cross hospital. As for you, Selingman, I denounce you now as one of those who worked in this country for her ill; one of those pests of the world, working always in the background, dishonorably and selfishly, against the country whose hospitality you have abused. If I have met you on your own ground—well, I am proud of it. You are a German spy, Selingman!"

Selingman's hand fumbled in his pocket. Scarcely a soul was surprised when Norgate gripped him by the wrists and they saw the little shining revolver fall down toward the fender.

"You shall suffer for these words!" Selingman thundered. "You young fool, you shall bite the dust, you and hundreds of thousands of your cowardly fellows, when the German flag flies from Buckingham Palace."

Norgate held up his hand and turned toward the door. Two men in plain clothes entered.

"That may be a sight," Norgate said calmly, "which you, at any rate, will not be permitted to see. I have had some trouble in arranging for your arrest, as we are not yet under martial law; but I think you will find your way to the Tower of London before long, and I hope it will be with a dozen rifles pointing to your heart."

A third man had come into the room. He tapped Selingman on the shoulder and whispered in his ear.

"I demand to see your warrant!" the latter exclaimed.

The officer produced it. Selingman threw it on the floor and spat upon it. He looked round the room, in the farther corner of which two men and a woman were standing upon chairs to look over the heads of the

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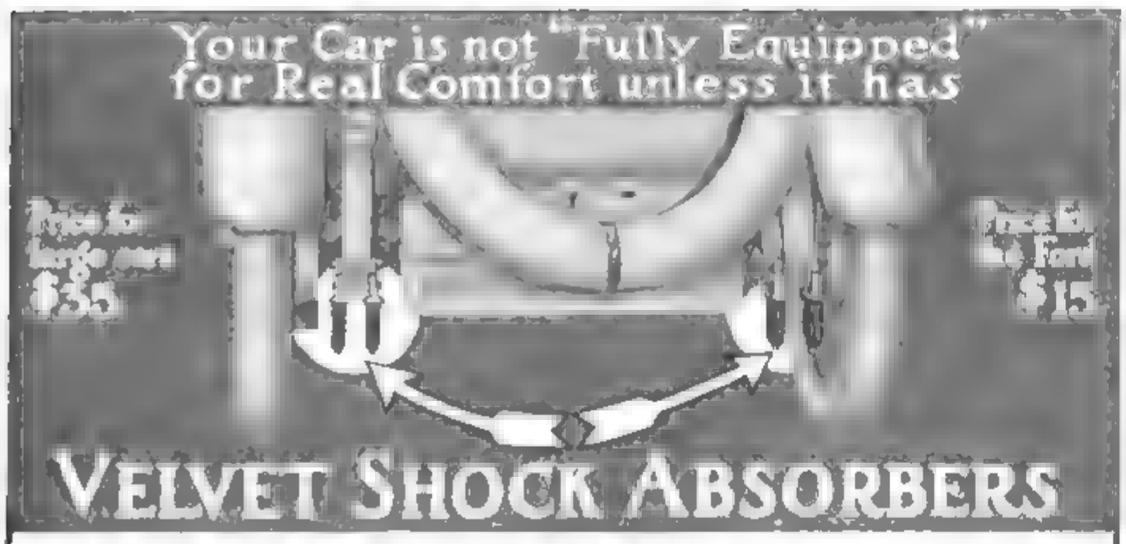

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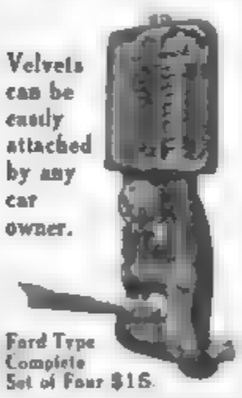

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little crowd. "Take me where you will," he snarled. "You are a rotten, treacherous, cowardly race, you English, and I hate you all! You can kill me first, if you will, but in two months' time you shall learn what it is like to wait hand and foot upon your conquerors."

He strode out of the room, a guard on either side of him, and the door closed after him. One woman had fainted. Mrs. Paston Benedek was swaying backward and forward upon the cushioned fender, sobbing hysterically. Norgate stood by her side.

"I have forgotten the names," he announced pointedly, "of many of that fellow's dupes. I am content to forget them. I am off now," he went on, his tone becoming a little kinder; "and I am telling you the truth. It's war. You men had better look up any of the forces that suit you and get to work, for we shall all be needed. There is work, too, for the women: any quantity of it. My wife will be leaving again for France next week with the first Red-Cross Ambulance Corps. I dare say she will be glad to hear from anyone who wants to help along the work."

"I shall be a nurse," Mrs. Paston Benedek decided. "I am sick of bridge and amusing myself."

"The costume is quite becoming," Mrs. Barlow murmured, glancing at herself in the looking-glass, "and I adore those poor dear soldiers."

"Well, I'll leave you to it," Norgate declared. "Good luck to you all!"

They crowded round him, shaking him by the hand, still besieging him with questions about Selingman. He shook his head good-humoredly and made his way toward the door.

"There's nothing more to tell you," he concluded. "Selingman is just one of the most dangerous spies that has ever worked in this country, but the war itself was inevitable.

"We've known that for years, only we wouldn't believe it. We'll all meet again, perhaps, in the work later on."

Late that night Norgate stood hand in hand with Anna at the window of their little sitting room. Down in the Strand the newsboys were shouting the ominous words. The whole of London was stunned. The great war had come.

"It's wonderful, dear," Anna whispered, "that we should have had these few days of great happiness. I feel brave and strong now for our task."

Norgate held her close to him.

"We've been in luck," he said simply. "We were able to do something pretty quickly. I have had the greatest happiness in life a man can have. Now I am going to offer my life to my country and pray that it may be spared for you. But above all, whatever happens," he added, leaning a little farther from the window toward where the curving lights gleamed across the black waters of the Thames, "above all, whatever may happen to us, we are face to face with one splendid thing—a great country to fight for, in a just cause. I saw Hebblethwaite as I came in. He is a changed man—talks about raising an immense citizen army in six months. Both his boys have taken up commissions. Hebblethwaite himself is going round the country recruiting. They are his people after all.

"He has given them their prosperity at the expense, alas, of our safety, and it's up to them now to prove whether the old spirit is there or not. We shall need two million men. Hebblethwaite believes we shall get them long before the camps are ready to receive them. If we do, it will be his justification."

"And if we don't?" Anna murmured.

Norgate threw his head a little farther back.

"Most pictures," he said, "have two sides, but we need look only at one. I am going to believe that we shall get them. I am going to remember the only true thing that fellow Selingman ever said—that our lesson has come before it is too late. I am going to believe that the heart and conscience of the nation is still a live thing. If it is, dear, the end is certain. And I am going to believe that it is!"

(THE END)

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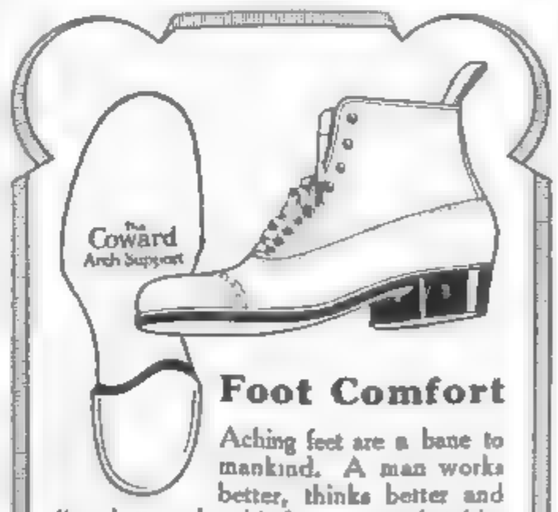

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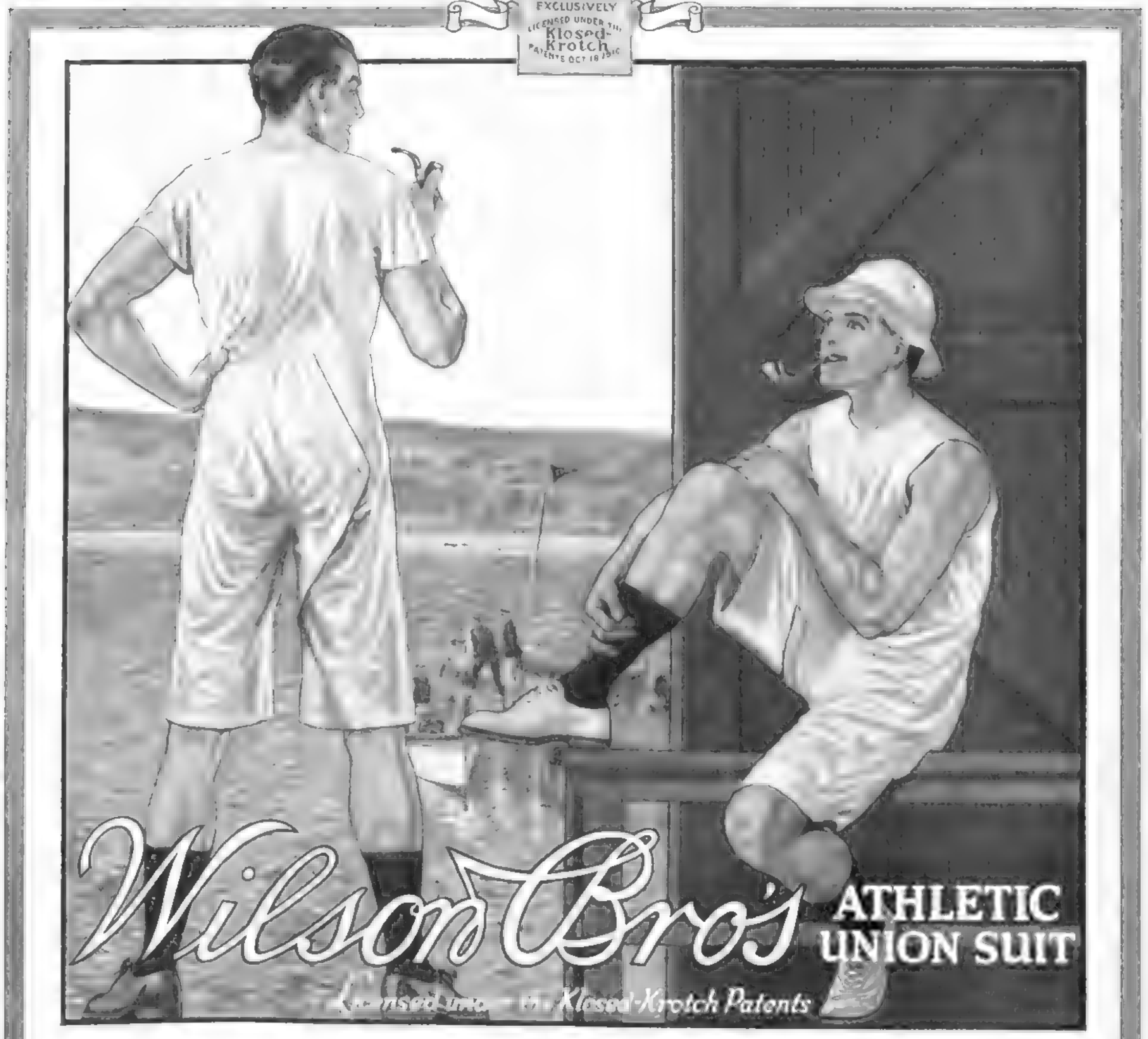

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THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

FOR KING AND COUNTRY

(Continued from Page 21)

either side into bedrooms. The corridor was bare of carpet, the whole upstairs freezing cold. There were none of the amenities. My room was at the end. It boasted two small windows, with a tiny stand between them containing a tin basin and a pitcher; a bed with one side of the mattress torn open and exposing a heterogeneous content that did not bear inspection; a pine chair, a candle and a stove.

They called it a stove. It had a coal receptacle that was not as large as a porridge bowl, and one small lump of coal, macerated, was all it held. It was lighted with a handful of straw. Turn your back and count ten, and it was out. Across the foot of the bed was one of the Continental feather comforts which cover only one's feet and let the rest freeze.

It was not so near the front as La Panne, but the windows rattled incessantly from the bombardment of Ypres. I glanced through one of the windows. The red tiles I had grown to know so well were not in evidence. Most of the roofs were blue, a weathered and mottled blue, most lovely, but, like everything else about the town, exceedingly cold to look at.

Shortly after I had unpacked my few belongings I was presented to General Foch, not at headquarters, but at the house in which he was living. He came out himself to meet me, attended by several of his officers, and asked at once if I had had *déjeuner*. I had not, so he invited me to lunch with him and with his staff.

Déjeuner was ready and we went in immediately. A long table was immediately laid for fourteen. General Foch took his place at the center of one of the long sides, and I was placed in the seat of honor directly across. As his staff is very large, only a dozen officers dine with him. The others, juniors in the service, are billeted through the town and have a separate mess.

Sitting where I did I had a very good opportunity to see the hero of Ypres, philosopher, strategist and theorist, whose theories were then bearing the supreme test of war.

Erect, and of distinguished appearance, General Foch is a man rather past middle life, with heavy iron-gray hair, rather bushy gray eyebrows and a mustache. His eyes are gray and extremely direct. His speech incisive and rather rapid.

Although some of the staff had donned the new French uniform of gray-blue, the general wore the old uniform, navy-blue, the only thing denoting his rank being the three dull steel stars on the embroidered sleeve of his tunic.

There was little ceremony at the meal. The staff remained standing until General Foch and I were seated. Then they all sat down and *déjeuner* was immediately served.

One of the staff told me later that the general is extremely punctilious about certain things. The staff is expected to be in the dining room five minutes before meals are served. A punctual man himself, he expects others to be punctual. The table must always be the epitome of neatness, the food well cooked and quietly served.

Luncheon With General Foch

Punctuality and neatness no doubt are due to his long military training, for General Foch has always been a soldier. Many of the officers of France owe their knowledge of strategy and tactics to his teaching at the *École de Guerre*.

General Foch led the conversation. Owing to the rapidity of his speech it was necessary to translate much of it for me. We spoke, one may say, through a clearing house. But although he knew it was to be translated to me, he spoke, not to the interpreter, but to me, and his keen eyes watched me as I replied. And I did not interview General Foch. General Foch interviewed me. I made no pretense at speaking for America. I had no mission. But within my limitations I answered him as well as I could.

"There are many ties between America and France," said General Foch. "We wish America to know what we are doing over here, to realize that this terrible war was forced on us."

I mentioned my surprise at the great length of the French line—more than four hundred miles.

"You do not know that in America?" he asked, evidently surprised.

I warned him at once not to judge the knowledge of America by what I myself knew, that no doubt many quite understood the situation.

"You have been very modest," I said. "We really have had little information about the French Army and what it is doing, unless more news is going over since I left."

"We are more modest than the Germans, then?"

"You are, indeed. There are several millions of German-born Americans who are not likely to let America forget the Fatherland. There are many German newspapers also."

"What is the percentage of German population?"

I told him. I think I was wrong. I think I made it too great. But I had not expected to be interviewed.

"And these German newspapers, are they neutral?"

"Not at all. Very far from it."

I told him what I knew of the German propaganda in America, and he listened intently.

"What is its effect? Is it influencing public opinion?"

The Battle of the Marne

"It did so undeniably for a time. But I believe it is not doing so much now. For one thing, Germany's methods on the sea will neutralize all her agents can say in her favor—that and the relaxation of the restrictions against the press, so that something can be known of what the Allies are doing."

"You have known very little?"

"Absurdly little."

There was some feeling in my tone, and he smiled.

"We wish to have America know the splendid spirit of the French Army," he said after a moment. "And the justice of its cause also."

I asked him what he thought of the future.

"There is no question about the future," he said with decision. "That is already settled. When the German advance was checked it was checked for good."

"Then you do not believe that they will make a further advance toward Paris?"

"Certainly not."

He went on to explain the details of the battle of the Marne, and how in losing that battle the invading army had lost everything.

It will do no harm to digress for a moment and explain exactly what the French did at the battle of the Marne.

All through August the Allies fell back before the onward rush of the Germans. But during all that strategic retreat plans were being made for resuming the offensive again. This necessitated an orderly retreat, not a rout, with constant counter-engagements to keep the invaders occupied. It necessitated also a fixed point of retreat, to be reached by the different Allied armies simultaneously.

When, on September fifth, the order for assuming the offensive was given, the extreme limit of the retreat had not yet been reached. But the audacity of the German march had placed it in a position favorable for attack, and at the same time extremely dangerous for the Allies and Paris if they were not checked.

On the evening of September fifth General Joffre sent this message to all the commanders of armies:

"The hour has come to advance at all costs, and to die where you stand rather than give way."

The French did not give way. Paris was saved after a colossal battle, in which more than two million men were engaged. The army commanded by General Foch was at one time driven back by overwhelming odds, but immediately resumed the offensive, and making a flank attack forced the Germans to retreat.

Not that he mentioned his part in the battle of the Marne. Not that any member of his staff so much as intimated it. But these are things that get back.

"How is America affected by the war?"

I answered as best I could, telling him something of the paralysis it had caused in business, of the war tax, and of our anxiety as to the status of our shipping.

"From what I can gather from the newspapers, the sentiment in America is being

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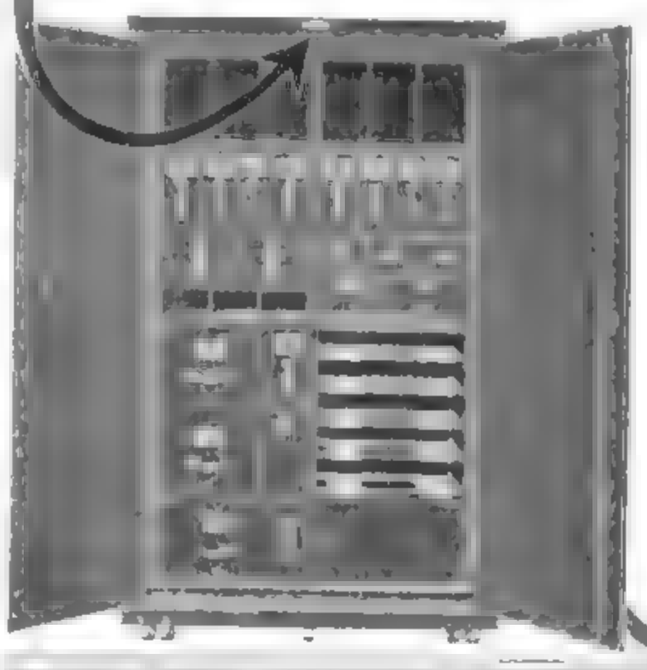

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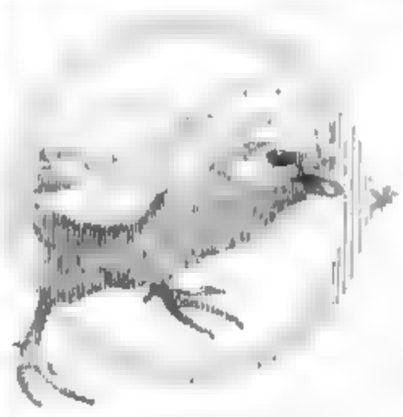

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greatly influenced by the endangering of American shipping."

"Naturally. But your press endeavors to be neutral, does it not?"

"Not particularly," I admitted. "Sooner or later they become partisan. It is difficult not to. In this war one must take sides."

"Certainly. One must take sides. One cannot be really neutral in this war. Every country is interested in the result, either actively now or later on, when the struggle is decided. One cannot be disinterested: one must be partisan."

The staff echoed this.

Having been interviewed by General Foch for some time I ventured to ask him a question. So I asked, as I asked every general I met, if the German advance had been merely ruthless or if it had been barbaric.

He made no direct reply, but he said:

"You must remember that the Germans are not only fighting against an army, they are fighting against nations; trying to destroy their past, their present, even their future."

"How does America feel as to the result of this war?" he asked. "I suppose it feels no doubt as to the result."

Again I was forced to explain my own inadequacy to answer such a question and my total lack of authority to voice American sentiment. While I was confident that many Americans believed in the cause of the Allies, and had every confidence in the outcome of the war, there remained always that large and prosperous portion of the population, either German-born or of German parentage, which had no doubt of Germany's success.

"It is natural, of course," he commented. "How many French have you in the United States?"

I thought there were about three hundred thousand, and said so.

"You treat your people so well in France," I said, "that few of them come to us."

He nodded and smiled.

"What do you think of the blockade, General Foch?" I said. "I have just crossed the Channel and it is far from comfortable."

"Such a blockade cannot be," was his instant reply; "a blockade must be continuous to be effective. In a real blockade all neutral shipping must be stopped, and Germany cannot do this."

The Invincible Army

One of the staff said "Bluff!" which has apparently been adopted into the French language, and the rest nodded their approval.

Their talk moved on to aëroplanes, to shells, to the French artillery. General Foch considered that Zeppelins were useful only as air scouts, and that with the coming of spring, with short nights and early dawns, there would be no time for them to range far. The aëroplanes he considered much more valuable.

"One thing has impressed me," I said, "as I have seen various artillery duels—the number of shells used with comparatively small result. After towns are destroyed the shelling continues. I have seen a hillside where no troops had been for weeks, almost entirely covered with shell holes.

He agreed that the Germans had wasted a great deal of their ammunition.

Like all great commanders he was intensely proud of his men and their spirit.

"They are both cheerful and healthy," said the general; "splendid men. We are very proud of them. I am glad that America is to know something of their spirit, of the invincible courage and resolution of the French to fight in the cause of humanity and justice."

Luncheon was over. It had been a good luncheon, of a mound of boiled cabbage, finely minced beef in the center, of mutton cutlets and potatoes, of strawberry jam, cheese and coffee. There had been a bottle of red wine on the table. A few of the staff took a little, diluting it with water. General Foch did not touch it.

We rose. I had an impression that I had had my interview; but the hospitality and kindness of this French general were to go further.

In the little corridor he picked up his dark-blue cap and we set out for official headquarters, followed by several of the officers. He walked rapidly, taking the street to give me the narrow sidewalk and going along with head bent against the wind. In the square, almost deserted, a number

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of staff cars had gathered, and lorries lumbered through. We turned to the left, between the sentry and the gendarme, and climbing a flight of wooden stairs were in the anteroom of the general's office. Here were tables covered with papers, telephones, maps, the usual paraphernalia of such rooms. We passed through a pine door, and there was the general's room—a bare and shabby room, with a large desk in front of the two windows that overlooked the street, a shaded lamp, more papers and a telephone. The room had a fireplace, and in front of it was a fine old chair. And on the mantelpiece, as out of place as the chair, was a marvelous Louis-Quinze clock, under glass. There were great maps on the walls, with the opposing battle lines shown to the smallest detail. General Foch drew my attention at once to the clock.

"During the battle of the Yser," he said, "night and day my eyes were on that clock. Orders were sent. Then it was necessary to wait until they were carried out. It was by the clock that one could know what should be happening. The hours dragged. It was terrible."

It must have been terrible. Everywhere I had heard the same story. More than any of the great battles of the war, more even than the battle of the Marne, the great fight along the Yser, from the twenty-first of last October to the twelfth of November, seems to have impressed itself in sheer horror on the minds of those who know its fearfulness. At every headquarters I have found the same feeling.

It was General Foch's army that reënforced the British at that battle. The word had evidently been given to the Germans that at any cost they must break through. They hurled themselves against the British with unprecedented ferocity. Elsewhere in these articles I have told a little of that battle, of the frightful casualties, so great among the Germans that they carried their dead back and burned them in great pyres. The British Army was being steadily weakened. The Germans came steadily, new lines taking the place of those that were gone. Then the French came up, and, after days of struggle, the line held.

General Foch opened a drawer of the desk and showed me, day by day, the charts of the battle. They were bound together in a great book, and each day had a fresh page. The German Army was black. The French was red. Page after page I lived that battle, the black line advancing, the blue of the British wavering against overwhelming numbers and ferocity, the red line of the French coming up. "The Man of Ypres," they call General Foch, and well they may.

"They came," said General Foch, "like the waves of the sea."

It was the second time I had heard the German onslaught so described.

He shut the book and sat for a moment, his head bent, as though in living over again that fearful time some of its horror had come back to him.

At last: "I paced the floor and watched the clock," he said.

How terrible! How much easier to take a sword and head a charge! How much simpler to lead men to death than to send them! There in that quiet room, with only the telephone and the ticking of the clock for company, while his staff waited outside for orders, this great general, this strategist on whose strategy hung the lives of armies, this patriot and soldier at whose word men went forth to die, paced the floor.

He walked over to the clock and stood looking at it, his fine head erect, his hands behind him. Some of the tragedy of those nineteen days I caught from his face.

But the line held.

To-day, as I write this, General Foch's army in the North and the British are bearing the brunt of another great attack at Ypres. The British have made a gain at Neuve Chapelle, and the Germans have retaliated by striking at their line, some miles farther north. If they break through it will be toward Calais and the sea. Every offensive movement in this new warfare of trench and artillery requires a concentration of reserves. To make their offensive movement the British concentrated at Neuve Chapelle. The second move of this game of death has been made by the other side on the weakened line of the Allies. During the winter the line, in this manner, automatically straightened. But what will happen now?

One thing we know: General Foch will send out his brave men, and, having sent them, will watch the Louis-Quinze clock and wait. And other great generals will send out their men, and wait also. There will be more charts, and every fresh line of black or blue or red or Belgian yellow will mean a thousand deaths, ten thousand deaths.

They are fighting to-day at Ypres. I have seen that flat and muddy battlefield. I have talked with the men, have stood by the batteries as they fired. How many of the boys I watched playing prisoners' base round their guns in the intervals of firing are there to-day? How many remain of that little company of soldiers who gave three cheers for me because I was the only woman they had seen for months? How many of the officers who shrugged their shoulders when I spoke of danger have gone down to death?

Outside the window where I am writing this, Fifth Avenue, New York, has just left its churches and is flaunting its spring finery in the sun. Across the sea, such a little way as measured by time, people are in the churches also. The light comes through the ancient, stained-glass windows and falls, not on spring finery, not on orchids and gardenias, but on thousands of tiny candles burning before the shrine of the Mother of Pity.

It is so near. And it is so terrible. How can we play? How can we think of anything else? But for the grace of God, your son and mine lying there in the spring sunlight on the muddy battlefield of Ypres!

For King and Country!

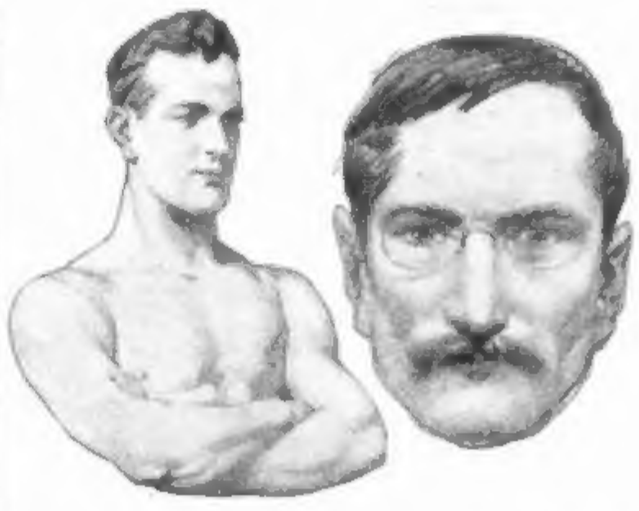
A Repeater

"A FEW years ago," declares a well-known receiver, "I was appointed receiver for a man who had gone through bankruptcy some two years before. Just previous to his failure his store had been burned and the principal part of his assets was his insurance policies. There was much discussion between the trustee and the insurance companies as to the amount of goods destroyed.

"When this man showed up as a repeater in bankruptcy I was naturally on my guard. He was so wise and circumspect that I was sure he had received crafty coaching. I proceeded very cautiously and finally succeeded in getting from the attorney who filed the petition the admission that he had done so at the suggestion of the lawyer for the bankrupt. But here is where I had a surprise coming to me. When that lawyer saw that the attorney for the bankrupt was scheming to use him as a tool, he came right out into the open and did the heartiest kind of work to clear up the mess.

"And we certainly were up against as crafty a gang as ever tried to do the Bankruptcy Court. We put the bankrupt on the stand and he swore that no goods had gone out of the store except in the regular order of business; that no assets had been removed or secreted, and that the estate had been turned over to the receiver intact. We began to scour the neighborhood and finally found a laborer who declared he had helped to haul goods from there. Through him we found other men who had also helped on the job. Finally we collected a dozen of these witnesses.

"The trail led to the door of a relative of the bankrupt. He had been a cheap clerk for the bankrupt at the time of the first failure, two years before, and now he was a prosperous merchant; but he was a fox of the first order. He knew we could not take any goods we could not positively identify, and he had prepared to head us off on that score by buying goods identical with those removed from the stock of the bankrupt. This clever trick confused identification and prevented the recovery of the goods, but it did not prevent the conviction of the bankrupt and his chief clerk for perjury. They were sent to the penitentiary. However, if the attorney who filed the petition had played into the hands of the attorney for the bankrupt, as that individual had intended when he made the first move in the game, the receiver certainly would have had a much harder row to hoe and the convictions might not have been secured."



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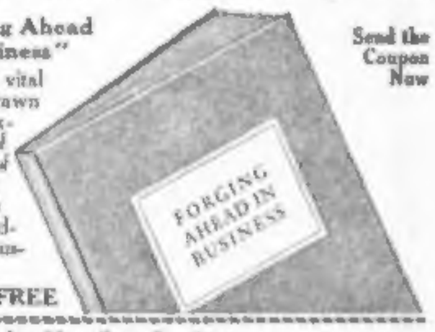

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Any Spare Time?

If you are going to have some spare time this summer we will buy it.

In every town in the country there are subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* which must be renewed and forwarded.

We will pay you in salary and commission

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

Do you judge a play by the price of the ticket— or by the performance you see?

Do you judge a sack of flour by the cost—or by the quality of the bread it makes?

Do you judge a suit by the tailor's bill—or by the fit and finish of the clothes themselves?

Do you judge a hotel by the rate per day—or by the service you get?

Does low price give you as much satisfaction as good quality?

Then why judge a motor car by its price?

You cannot get something for nothing. You get exactly what you pay for.

You can't get Chalmers Quality at less than Chalmers price.

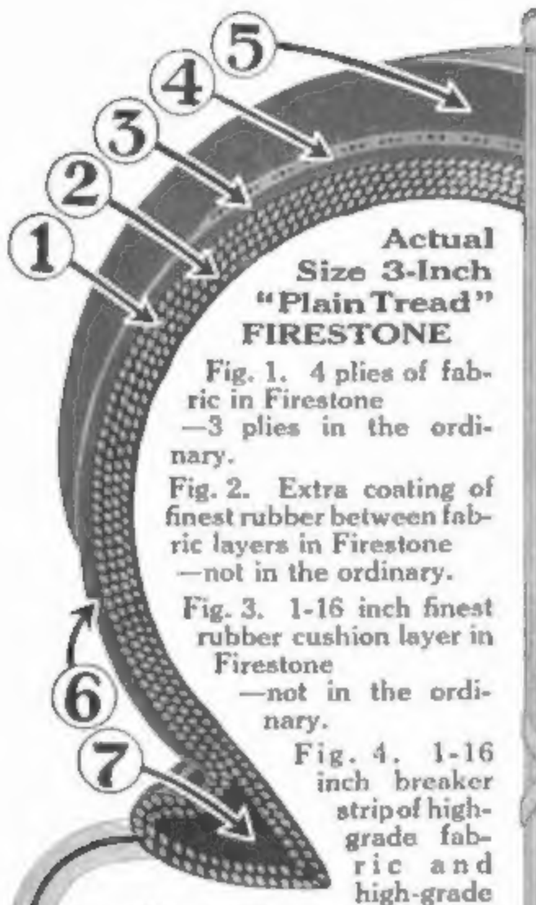
Chalmers Motor Company

Detroit, Michigan

New Six-40 *$1400*
Light Six-48 *$1650*
Master Six-60 *$2400*

Quality First

Measure Firestones by the Mileage Rule and you have the Answer on Prices



Actual Size 3-Inch "Plain Tread" FIRESTONE

Fig. 1. 4 plies of fabric in Firestone —3 plies in the ordinary.

Fig. 2. Extra coating of finest rubber between fabric layers in Firestone —not in the ordinary.

Fig. 3. 1-16 inch finest rubber cushion layer in Firestone —not in the ordinary.

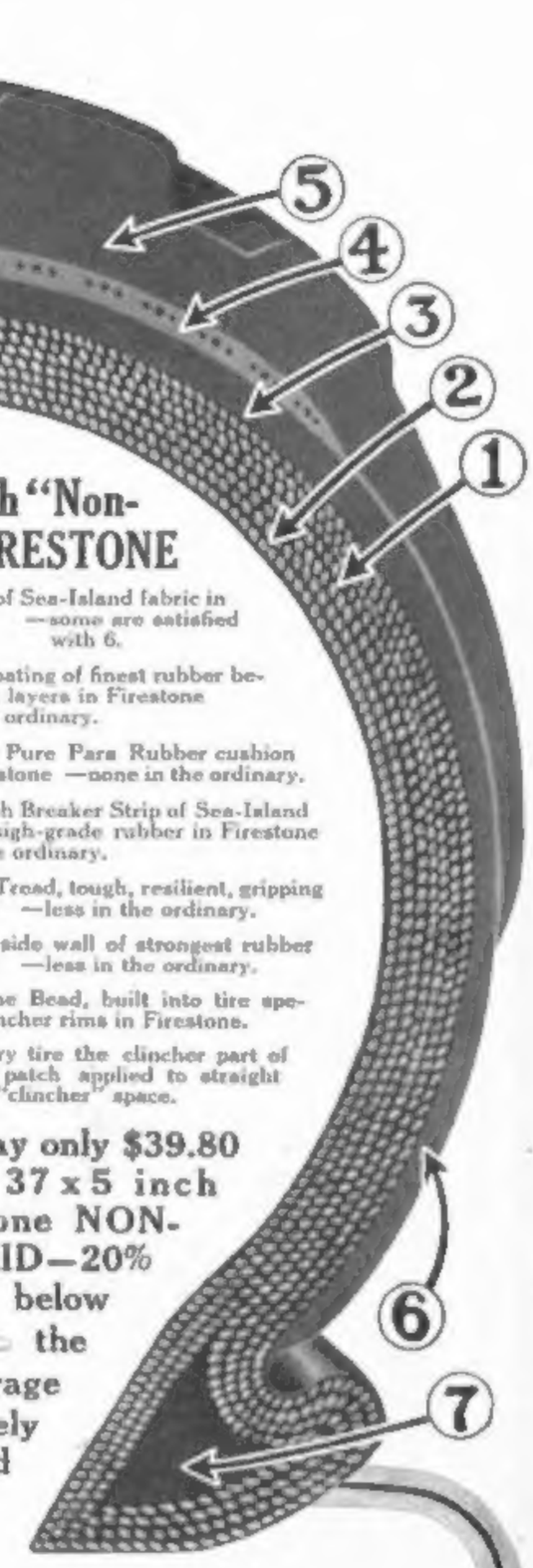
Fig. 4. 1-16 inch breaker strip of high-grade fabric and high-grade rubber in Firestone —same quantity in others.

Fig. 5. 1-4 inch tread, tough, resilient, in Firestone —3-16 inch in the ordinary.

Fig. 6. 1-16 inch side wall of strongest rubber in Firestone —same quantity in others.

Fig. 7. Bead of extra cohesive strength in the Firestone —same size bead in others.

Yet you pay only $9.40 for this 30x3 Firestone—less than 5% more than four widely advertised makes.



Actual Size 5-inch "Non-Skid" FIRESTONE

Fig. 1. 7 plies of Sea-Island fabric in Firestone —some are satisfied with 6.

Fig. 2. Extra coating of finest rubber between fabric layers in Firestone —not in the ordinary.

Fig. 3. 1/8 inch Pure Para Rubber cushion layer in Firestone —none in the ordinary.

Fig. 4. 3-32 inch Breaker Strip of Sea-Island fabric and high-grade rubber in Firestone —less in the ordinary.

Fig. 5. 1/2 inch Tread, tough, resilient, gripping in Firestone —less in the ordinary.

Fig. 6. 1/8 inch side wall of strongest rubber in Firestone —less in the ordinary.

Fig. 7. Firestone Bead, built into tire specially for clincher rims in Firestone.

In the ordinary tire the clincher part of bead is only a patch applied to straight side type to fill "clincher" space.

Yet you pay only $39.80 for this 37 x 5 inch Firestone NON-SKID—20% below the average of four widely advertised makes.

Most Miles per Dollar

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THE one rule that proves tire value to the user is the Mileage Rule. The miles of service you get for each dollar you pay determines the actual price of your tires.

We ask you always to use the Mileage Rule in measuring the values of Firestone Tires. It is to help you judge for yourself that we print again and again these faithful reproductions of Firestone cross sections showing the Inbuilt Extras—a small size and a large size. The same relative values apply in Firestone Tires of all sizes.

It Costs Us More—

to build these extra values into Firestone Tires. But they are all necessary to give you the Firestone Most-Miles-per-Dollar quality.

If quality alone determined prices, Firestone Tires could never be sold at anything like the prices of ordinary tires. Firestones would always be higher priced—much higher. But other great Firestone factors enable us to bring Firestone Tires almost down to the prices at which ordinary tires are sold. The money saving factors are:

The demand for Firestone Tires by tire users who have learned the economy of quality. This demand has made us the largest producers in America specializing on tires. It increased our output 78% last year. It brought us 50% more dealers last year.

Firestone marketing efficiency. Firestone Tires are delivered to car owners at lowest possible cost, through a distributing system of international scope, complete, efficient, economical.

Your gain from these Firestone advantages is Firestone Quality—at the prices quoted here.

Firestone Quality Tubes at Low Prices

You can compare tube quality before buying. The looks, the feel, the weight, the bulk of pure rubber, enable you to decide for yourself. By these tests, as well as the records of service, Firestone Tubes, Red and Grey, prove their superiority. Firestone Tubes are laminated, that is, built layer upon layer to an extra thickness, and given a "temper" that resists the hardest tests of temperature for the longest time.

So compare Firestone Tubes with others. Then compare prices. Firestone Tubes are lower in price because of specialized production on an enormous scale—specialized marketing facilities—Firestone policy of small profit to win largest demand and the low overhead costs and interest charges on the Firestone business.

The same relative difference, which means a bigger advantage to you, exists in the tire prices and values. See the Firestone dealer—and get the Tires and Tubes that are not only low priced, in first cost, but low priced measured by the Mileage Rule.

Firestone Net Prices to Car Owners

	Case Round Tread	Case Non-Skid	Grey Tube	Red Tube
30x3	$9.40	$10.55	$2.20	$2.50
30x3½	11.90	13.35	2.60	2.90
32x3½	13.75	15.40	2.70	3.05
34x4	19.90	22.30	3.90	4.40
34x4½	27.30	30.55	4.80	5.40
36x4½	28.70	32.15	5.00	5.65
37x5	35.55	39.80	5.95	6.70
38x5½	46.00	51.50	6.75	7.55

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"

Akron, Ohio—Branches and Dealers Everywhere

At your house, perhaps, there is some important member of the family who should be enjoying Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes—with good milk poured in the side of the dish—not on top—just enough to float the crispy flakes and bring out their delicate flavor. *Spare the sugar.*

Then too there is the WAXTITE package that keeps the fresh, good flavor in—and all other flavors out.

Oh, you'll *all* be eating them—and repeating oftener than with any other breakfast food—these golden flakes with the ever-alluring fresh-from-the-oven taste!

And remember *please* that you don't know corn flakes unless you know *Kellogg's*—the original Toasted Corn Flakes—with the pride of the originator to keep the delicate process *complete.*

Even Baby can tell the difference!

W. K. Kellogg

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